THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An [illegible] Weekly
Founde[illegible] Benj. Franklin

JULY 8, 1916 5c. THE COPY

Beginning

THE AGONY COLUMN—By Earl Derr Biggers

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PIONEER BUILDERS OF VALVE-IN-HEAD MOTOR CARS

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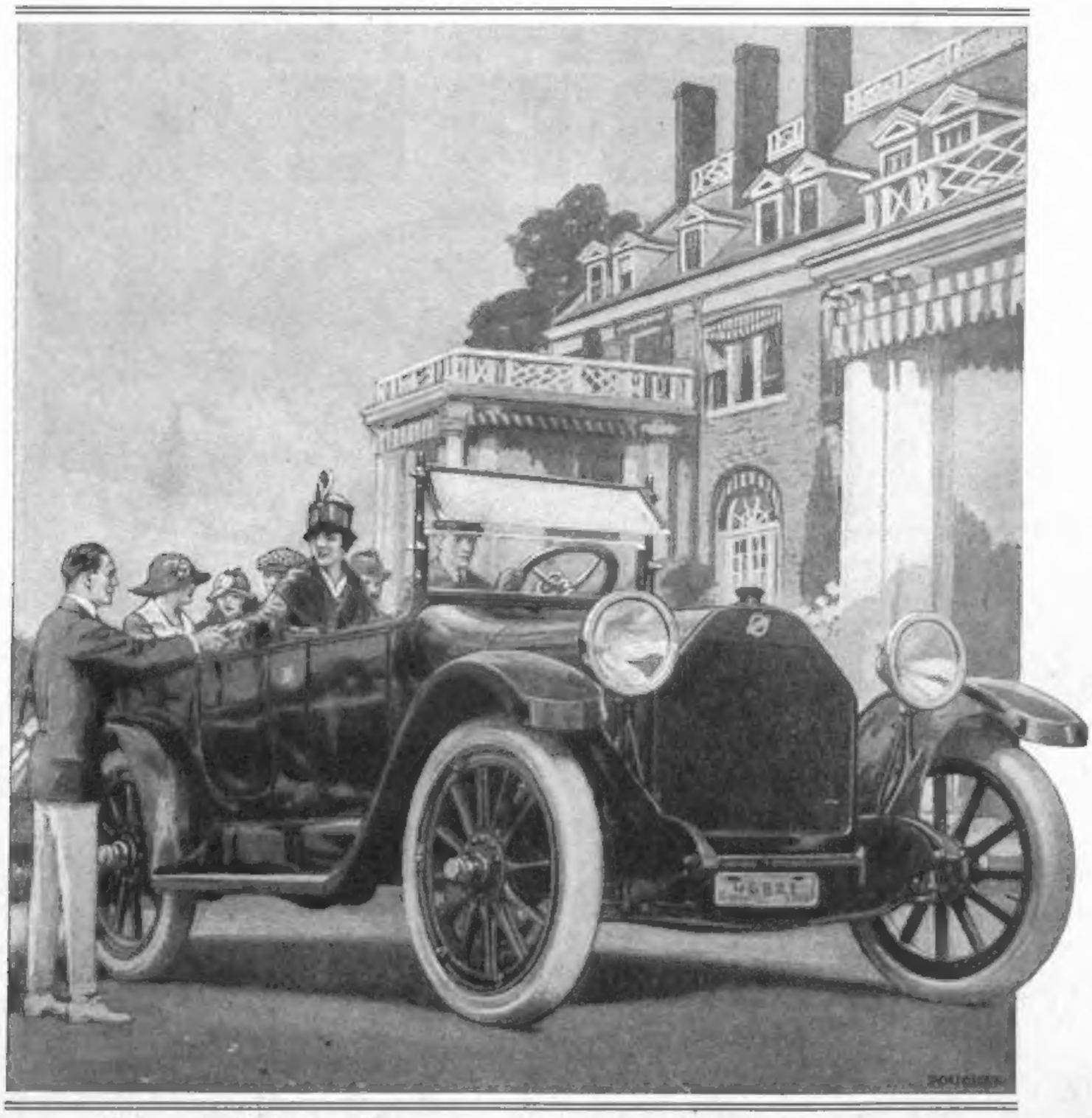

: : : Suburban life finds restful recreation in The Car of the Golden Chassis : : :

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THE AGONY COLUMN

By Earl Derr Biggers

ILLUSTRATED BY WILL GREFÉ

TWO years ago, in July, London was almost unbearably hot. It seems, looking back, as though the big, baking city in those days was meant to serve as an anteroom of torture—an inadequate bit of preparation for the hell that was soon to break in the guise of the great war. About the soda-water bar in the drug store near the Hotel Cecil many American tourists found solace in the sirups and creams of home. Through the open windows of the Piccadilly tea shops you might catch glimpses of the English consuming quarts of hot tea in order to become cool. It is a paradox they swear by.

About nine o'clock on the morning of Friday, July twenty-fourth, in that memorable year nineteen hundred and fourteen, Geoffrey West left his apartments in Adelphi Terrace and set out for breakfast at the Carlton. He had found the breakfast room of that dignified hotel the coolest in London, and through some miracle, for the season had passed, strawberries might still be had there. As he took his way through the crowded Strand, surrounded on all sides by honest British faces wet with honest British perspiration, he thought longingly of his rooms in Washington Square, New York. For West, despite that Geoffrey, was as American as Kansas, his native state, and only pressing business was at that moment holding him in England, far from the country that glowed unusually rosy because of its remoteness.

At the Carlton news stand West bought two morning papers—the Times for study and the Mail for entertainment—and then passed on into the restaurant. His waiter—a tall, soldierly Prussian, more blond than West himself—saw him coming and, with a nod and a mechanical German smile, set out for the plate of strawberries which he knew would be the first thing desired by the American. West seated himself at his usual table and, spreading out the Daily Mail, sought his favorite column. The first item in that column brought a delighted smile to his face:

"The one who calls me Dearest is not genuine or they would write to me."

Anyone at all familiar with English journalism will recognize at once what department it was that appealed most to West. During his three weeks in London he had been following, with the keenest joy, the daily grist of Personal Notices in the Mail. This string of intimate messages, popularly known as the Agony Column, has long been an honored institution in the English press. In the days of Sherlock Holmes it was in the Times that it flourished, and many a criminal was tracked to earth after he had inserted some alluring, mysterious message in it. Later the Telegraph gave it room; but, with the advent of penny journalism, the simple souls moved en masse to the Mail.

Tragedy and comedy mingle in the Agony Column. Erring ones are urged to return for forgiveness; unwelcome suitors are warned that "Father has warrant prepared; fly, Dearest One!" Loves that would shame by their ardor Abelard and Héloise are frankly published—at ten cents a word—for all the town to smile at. The gentleman in the brown derby states with fervor that the blond governess who got off the tram at Shepherd's Bush has quite won his heart. Will she permit his addresses? Answer; this department.

For three weeks West had found this sort of thing delicious reading. Best of all, he could detect in these messages nothing that was not open and innocent. At their worst they were merely an effort to sidestep old Lady Convention; this inclination was so rare in the British, he felt it should be encouraged. Besides, he was inordinately fond of mystery and romance, and these engaging twins hovered always about that column.

So, while waiting for his strawberries, he smiled over the ungrammatical outburst of the young lady who had come to doubt the genuineness of him who called her Dearest. He passed on to the second item of the morning. Spoke one whose heart had been completely conquered:

MY LADY sleeps. She of raven tresses. Corner seat from Victoria, Wednesday night. Carried program. Gentleman answering inquiry desires acquaintance. Reply here.—LE ROI.

West made a mental note to watch for the reply of raven tresses. The next message proved to be one of Aye's lyrics—now almost a daily feature of the column:

DEAREST: Tender, loving wishes to my dear one. Only to be with you now and always. None "fairer in my eyes." Your name is music to me. I love you more than life itself, my own beautiful darling, my proud sweetheart, my joy, my all! Jealous of everybody. Kiss your dear hands for me. Love you only. Thine ever.—AYE.

Which, reflected West, was generous of Aye—at ten cents a word—and in striking contrast to the penurious lover who wrote, farther along in the column:

——loveu dearly; wantoou; longing; missu ——

But those extremely personal notices ran not alone to love. Mystery, too, was present, especially in the aquatic utterance:

DEFIANT MERMAID: Not mine. Alligators bitingu now. 'Tis well; delighted.—FIRST FISH.

And the rather sanguinary suggestion:

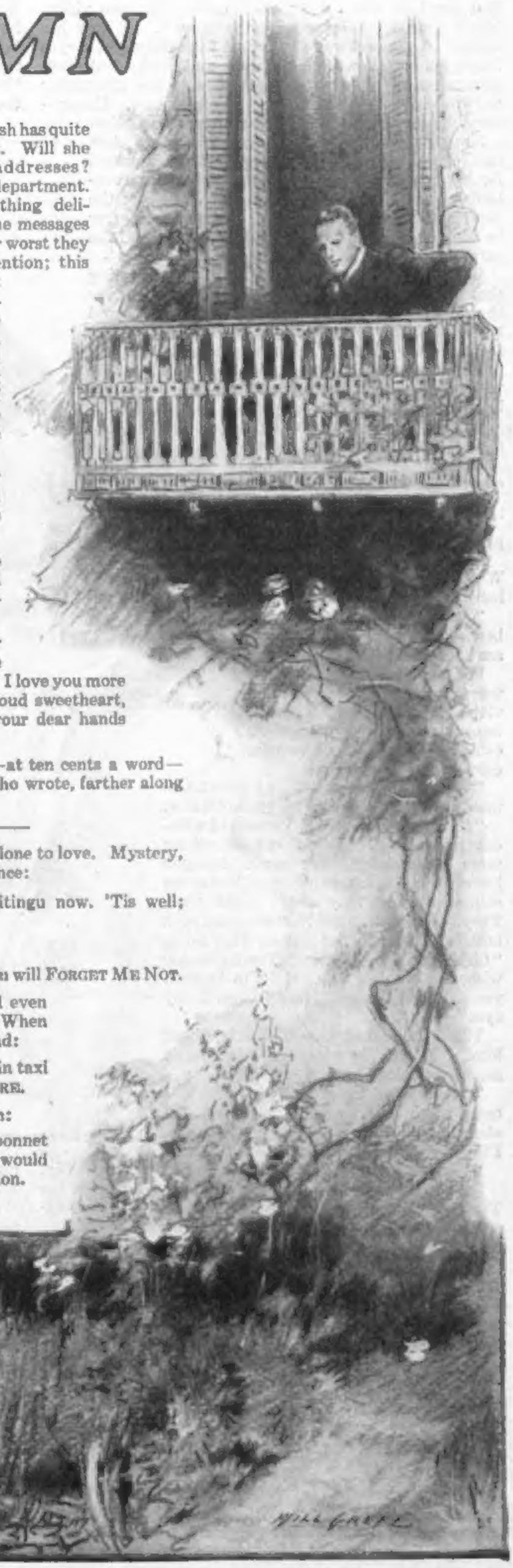
DE BOX: First round; tooth gone. Finale. You will FORGET ME NOT.

At this point West's strawberries arrived and even the Agony Column could not hold his interest. When the last red berry was eaten he turned back to read:

WATERLOO: Wed. 11:53 train. Lady who left in taxi and waved, care to know gent, gray coat?—SINCERE.

Also the more dignified request put forward in:

GREAT CENTRAL: Gentleman who saw lady in bonnet 9 Monday morning in Great Central Hotel lift would greatly value opportunity of obtaining introduction.



This exhausted the joys of the Agony Column for the day, and West, like the solid citizen he really was, took up the Times to discover what might be the morning's news. A great deal of space was given to the appointment of a new principal for Dulwich College. The affairs of the heart, in which that charming creature, Gabrielle Ray, was at the moment involved, likewise claimed attention. And in a quite unimportant corner, in a most unimportant manner, it was related that Austria had sent an ultimatum to Serbia. West had read part way through this stupid little piece of news, when suddenly the Thunderer and all its works became an uninteresting blur.

A girl stood just inside the door of the Carlton breakfast room.

Yes; he should have pondered that dispatch from Vienna. But such a girl! It adds nothing at all to say that her hair was a dull sort of gold; her eyes violet. Many girls have been similarly blessed. It was her manner; the sweet way she looked with those violet eyes through a battalion of head waiters and resplendent managers; her air of being at home here in the Carlton or anywhere else that fate might drop her down. Unquestionably she came from oversea—from the States.

She stepped forward into the restaurant. And now slipped also into view, as part of the background for her, a middle-aged man, who wore the conventional black of the statesman. He, too, bore the American label unmistakably. Nearer and nearer to West she drew, and he saw that in her hand she carried a copy of the Daily Mail.

West's waiter was a master of the art of suggesting that no table in the room was worth sitting at save that at which he held ready a chair. Thus he lured the girl and her companion to repose not five feet from where West sat. This accomplished, he whipped out his order book, and stood with pencil poised, like a reporter in an American play.

"The strawberries are delicious," he said in honeyed tones.

The man looked at the girl, a question in his eyes.

"Not for me, dad," she said. "I hate them! Grapefruit, please."

As the waiter hurried past, West hailed him. He spoke in loud, defiant tones.

"Another plate of the strawberries!" he commanded. "They are better than ever to-day."

For a second, as though he were part of the scenery, those violet eyes met his with a casual, impersonal glance. Then their owner slowly spread out her own copy of the Mail.

"What's the news?" asked the statesman, drinking deep from his glass of water.

"Don't ask me," the girl answered without looking up. "I've found something more entertaining than news. Do you know—the English papers run humorous columns! Only they aren't called that. They're called Personal Notices. And such notices!" She leaned across the table. "Listen to this: 'Dearest: Tender, loving wishes to my dear one. Only to be with you now and always. None "fairer in my eyes" ——'"

The man looked uncomfortably about him. "Hush!" he pleaded. "It doesn't sound very nice to me."

"Nice!" cried the girl. "Oh, but it is—quite nice. And so deliciously open and aboveboard. 'Your name is music to me. I love you more ——'"

"What do we see to-day?" put in her father hastily.

"We're going down to the City and have a look at the Temple. Thackeray lived there once—and Oliver Goldsmith ——"

"All right—the Temple it is."

"Then the Tower of London. It's full of the most romantic associations. Especially the Bloody Tower, where those poor little princes were murdered. Aren't you thrilled?"

"I am if you say so."

"You're a dear! I promise not to tell the people back in Texas that you showed any interest in kings and such—if you will show just a little. Otherwise I'll spread the awful news that you took off your hat when King George went by."

The statesman smiled. West felt that he, who had no business to, was smiling with him.

The waiter returned bringing grapefruit, and the strawberries West had ordered. Without another look toward West, the girl put down her paper and began her breakfasting. As often as he dared, however, West looked at her. With patriotic pride he told himself: "Six months in Europe, and the most beautiful thing I've seen comes from back home!"

When he rose reluctantly twenty minutes later his two compatriots were still at table, discussing their plans for the day. As is usual in such cases, the girl arranged, the man agreed.

With one last glance in her direction, West went out on the parched pavement of Haymarket.

Slowly he walked back to his rooms. There was work there waiting for him; but, instead of getting down to it, he sat on the balcony of his study, gazing out on the courtyard that had been his chief reason for selecting those apartments. Here, in the heart of the city, was a bit of the countryside transported—the green, trim, neatly tailored countryside that is the most satisfying thing in England. There were walls on which the ivy climbed high, narrow paths that ran between blooming beds of flowers, and opposite his windows a seldom-opened, most romantic gate. As he sat looking down he seemed to see there below him the girl of the Carlton. Now she sat on the rustic bench; now she bent above the envious flowers;

The Captain Turned Back and Began to Read the Letter Again

now she stood at the gate that opened out to a hot, sudden bit of the city.

And as he watched her there in the garden she would never enter, as he reflected unhappily that probably he would see her no more—the idea came to him.

At first he put it from him as absurd, impossible. She was, to apply a fine word much abused, a lady; he supposedly a gentleman. Their sort did not do such things. If he yielded to this temptation she would be shocked, angry, and from him would slip that one chance in a thousand he had—the chance of meeting her somewhere, some day.

And yet—and yet —— She, too, had found the Agony Column entertaining and—quite nice. There was a twinkle in her eyes that bespoke a fondness for romance. She was human, fun-loving—and, above all, the joy of youth was in her heart.

Nonsense! West went inside and walked the floor. The idea was preposterous. Still—he smiled—it was filled with amusing possibilities. Too bad he must put it forever away and settle down to this stupid work!

Forever away? Well ——

On the next morning, which was Saturday, West did not breakfast at the Carlton. The girl, however, did. As she and her father sat down, the old man said:

"I see you've got your Daily Mail."

"Of course!" she answered. "I couldn't do without it. Grapefruit—yes."

She began to read. Presently her cheeks flushed and she put the paper down.

"What is it?" asked the Texas statesman.

"To-day," she answered sternly, "you do the British Museum. You've put it off long enough."

The old man sighed. Fortunately he did not ask to see the Mail. If he had, a quarter way down the column of personal notices he would have been enraged—or perhaps only puzzled—to read:

CARLTON RESTAURANT: Nine A. M., Friday morning. Will the young woman who preferred grapefruit to strawberries permit the young man who had two plates of the latter to say he will not rest until he discovers some mutual friend, that they may meet and laugh over this column together?

Lucky for the young man who liked strawberries that his nerve had failed him and he was not present at the Carlton that morning! He would have been quite overcome to see the stern, uncompromising look on the beautiful face of a lady at her grapefruit. So overcome, in fact, that he would probably have left the room at once, and thus not seen the mischievous smile that came in time to the lady's face—not seen that she soon picked up the paper again and read, with that smile, to the end of the column.

The next day was Sunday; hence it brought no Mail. Slowly it dragged along. At a ridiculously early hour Monday morning Geoffrey West was on the street, seeking his favorite newspaper. He found it, found the Agony Column—and nothing else. Tuesday morning again he rose early, still hopeful. Then and there hope died. The lady at the Carlton deigned no reply.

Well, he had lost, he told himself. He had staked all on this one bold throw; no use. Probably if she thought of him at all it was to label him a cheap joker, a mountebank of the penny press. Richly he deserved her scorn.

On Wednesday he slept late. He was in no haste to look into the Daily Mail; his disappointments of the previous days had been too keen. At last, while he was shaving, he summoned Walters, the caretaker of the building, and sent him out to procure a certain morning paper.

Walters came back bearing rich treasure, for in the Agony Column of that day West, his face white with lather, read joyously:

STRAWBERRY MAN: Only the grapefruit lady's kind heart and her great fondness for mystery and romance move her to answer. The strawberry-mad one may write one letter a day for seven days—to prove that he is an interesting person, worth knowing. Then—we shall see. Address: M. A. L., care Sadie Haight, Carlton Hotel.

All day West walked on air, but with the evening came the problem of those letters, on which depended, he felt, his entire future happiness. Returning from dinner, he sat down at his desk near the windows that looked out on his wonderful courtyard. The weather was still torrid, but with the night had come a breeze to fan the hot cheek of London. It gently stirred his curtains; rustled the papers on his desk.

He considered. Should he at once make known the eminently respectable person he was, the hopelessly respectable people he knew? Hardly! For then, on the instant, like a bubble bursting, would go for good all mystery and romance, and the lady of the grapefruit would lose all interest and listen to him no more. He spoke solemnly to his rustling curtains.

"No," he said. "We must have mystery and romance. But where—where shall we find them?"

On the floor above he heard the solid tramp of military boots belonging to his neighbor, Captain Stephen Fraser-Freer, of the Twelfth Cavalry, Indian Army, home on furlough from that colony beyond the seas. It was from that room overhead that romance and mystery were to come in mighty store; but Geoffrey West little suspected it at the moment. Hardly knowing what to say, but gaining inspiration as he went along, he wrote the first of seven letters to the lady at the Carlton. And the epistle he dropped in the post box at midnight follows here:

Dear Lady of the Grapefruit: You are very kind. Also, you are wise. Wise, because into my clumsy little Personal you read nothing that was not there. You knew it immediately for what it was—the timid, tentative clutch of a shy man at the skirts of Romance in passing. Believe me,

Somebody Was Coming Down the Stairs Very Quietly

old Conservatism was with me when I wrote that message. He was fighting hard. He followed me, struggling, shrieking, protesting, to the post box itself. But I whipped him. Glory be! I did for him.

We are young but once, I told him. After that, what use to signal to Romance? The lady at least, I said, will understand. He sneered at that. He shook his silly gray head. I will admit he had me worried. But now you have justified my faith in you. Thank you a million times for that!

Three weeks I have been in this huge, ungainly, indifferent city, longing for the States. Three weeks the Agony Column has been my sole diversion. And then—through the doorway of the Carlton restaurant—you came ——

It is of myself that I must write, I know. I will not, then, tell you what is in my mind—the picture of you I carry. It would mean little to you. Many Texan gallants, no doubt, have told you the same while the moon was bright above you and the breeze was softly whispering through the branches of—the branches of the—of the ——

Confound it, I don't know! I have never been in Texas. It is a vice in me I hope soon to correct. All day I intended to look up Texas in the encyclopedia. But all day I have dwelt in the clouds. And there are no reference books in the clouds.

Now I am down to earth in my quiet study. Pens, ink and paper are before me. I must prove myself a person worth knowing.

From his rooms, they say, you can tell much about a man. But, alas! these peaceful rooms in Adelphi Terrace—I shall not tell the number—were sublet furnished. So if you could see me now you would be judging me by the possessions left behind by one Anthony Bartholomew. There is much dust on them. Judge neither Anthony nor me by that. Judge rather Walters, the caretaker, who lives in the basement with his gray-haired wife. Walters was a gardener once, and his whole life is wrapped up in the courtyard on which my balcony looks down. There he spends his time, while up above the dust gathers in the corners ——

Does this picture distress you, my lady? You should see the courtyard! You would not blame Walters then. It is a sample of Paradise left at our door—that courtyard. As English as a hedge, as neat, as beautiful. London is a roar somewhere beyond; between our court and the great city is a magic gate, forever closed. It was the court that led me to take these rooms.

And, since you are one who loves mystery, I am going to relate to you the odd chain of circumstances that brought me here.

For the first link in that chain we must go back to Interlaken. Have you been there yet? A quiet little town, lying beautiful between two shimmering lakes, with the great Jungfrau itself for scenery. From the dining room of one lucky hotel you may look up at dinner and watch the old-rose afterglow light the snow-capped mountain. You would not say then of strawberries: "I hate them." Or of anything else in all the world.

A month ago I was in Interlaken. One evening after dinner I strolled along the main street, where all the hotels and shops are drawn up at attention before the lovely mountain. In front of one of the shops I saw a collection of walking sticks and, since I needed one for climbing, I paused to look them over. I had been at this only a moment when a young Englishman stepped up and also began examining the sticks.

I had made a selection from the lot and was turning away to find the shopkeeper, when the Englishman spoke. He was lean, distinguished-looking, though quite young, and had that well-tubbed appearance which I am convinced is the great factor which has enabled the English to assert their authority over colonies like Egypt and India, where men are not so thoroughly bathed.

"Er—if you'll pardon me, old chap," he said. "Not that stick—if you don't mind my saying so. It's not tough enough for mountain work. I would suggest ——"

To say that I was astonished is putting it mildly. If you know the English at all, you know it is not their habit to address strangers, even under the most pressing circumstances. Yet here was one of that haughty race actually interfering in my selection of a stick. I ended by buying the one he preferred, and he strolled along with me in the direction of my hotel, chatting meantime in a fashion far from British.

We stopped at the Kursaal, where we listened to the music, had a drink, and threw away a few francs on the little horses. He came with me to the veranda of my hotel. I was surprised, when he took his leave, to find that he regarded me in the light of an old friend. He said he would call on me the next morning.

I made up my mind that Archibald Enwright—for that, he told me, was his name—was an adventurer down on his luck, who chose to forget his British exclusiveness under the stern necessity of getting money somehow, somewhere. The next day, I decided, I should be the victim of a touch.

But my prediction failed; Enwright seemed to have plenty of money. On that first evening I had mentioned to him that I expected shortly to be in London, and he often referred to the fact. As the time approached for me to leave Interlaken he began to throw out the suggestion that he should like to have me meet some of his people in England. This, also, was unheard of—against all precedent.

Nevertheless, when I said good-by to him he pressed into my hand a letter of introduction to his cousin, Captain Stephen Fraser-Freer, of the Twelfth Cavalry, Indian Army, who, he said, would be glad to make me at home in London, where he was on furlough at the time—or would be when I reached there.

"Stephen's a good sort," said Enwright. "He'll be jolly pleased to show you the ropes. Give him my best, old boy!"

Of course I took the letter. But I puzzled greatly over the affair. What could be the meaning of this sudden warm attachment that Archie had formed for me? Why should he want to pass me along to his cousin at a time when that gentleman, back home after two years in India, would be, no doubt, extremely busy. I made up my mind I would not present the letter, despite the fact that Archie had with great persistence wrung from me a promise to do so. I had met many English gentlemen, and I felt they were not the sort—despite the example of Archie—to take a wandering American to their bosoms when he came with a mere letter.

By easy stages I came on to London. Here I met a friend, just sailing for home, who told me of some sad experiences he had had with letters of introduction—of the cold, fishy, "My-dear-fellow-why-trouble-me-with-it?" stares that had greeted their presentation. Good-hearted men all, he said, but averse to strangers; an ever-present trait in the English—always excepting Archie.

So I put the letter to Captain Fraser-Freer out of my mind. I had business acquaintances here and a few English friends, and I found these, as always, courteous and charming. But it is to my advantage to meet as many people as may be, and after drifting about for a week I set out one afternoon to call on my captain. I told myself that here was an Englishman who had perhaps thawed a bit in the great oven of India. If not, no harm would be done.

It was then that I came for the first time to this house on Adelphi Terrace, for it was the address Archie had given me. Walters let me in, and I learned from him that Captain Fraser-Freer had not yet arrived from India. His rooms were ready—he had kept them during his absence, as seems to be the custom over here—and he was expected soon. Perhaps—said Walters—his wife remembered the date. He left me in the lower hall while he went to ask her.

Waiting, I strolled to the rear of the hall. And then, through an open window that let in the summer, I saw for the first time that courtyard which is my great love in London—the old ivy-covered walls of brick; the neat paths between the blooming beds; the rustic seat; the magic gate. It was incredible that just outside lay the world's biggest city, with all its poverty and wealth, its sorrows and joys, its roar and rattle. Here was a garden for Jane Austen to people with fine ladies and courtly gentlemen—here was a garden to dream in, to adore and to cherish.

When Walters came back to tell me that his wife was uncertain as to the exact date when the captain would return, I began to rave about that courtyard. At once he was my friend. I had been looking for quiet lodgings away from the hotel, and I was delighted to find that on the second floor, directly under the captain's rooms, there was a suite to be sublet.

Walters gave me the address of the agents; and, after submitting to an examination that could not have been more severe if I had asked for the hand of the senior partner's daughter, they let me come here to live. The garden was mine!

And the captain? Three days after I arrived I heard above me, for the first time, the tread of his military boots. Now again my courage began to fail. I should have preferred to leave Archie's letter lying in my desk and know my neighbor only by his tread above me. I felt that

(Continued on Page 33)

"Not for Me, Dad. Grapefruit, Please"

SLIM FINNEGAN

By Ellis Parker Butler

ILLUSTRATED BY NORMAN ROCKWELL

"I'm Glad We Aren't Mad Any More"

WELL, I guess the nearest Ting ever came to having a lot of money was the time Mr. Murphy got it and Ting didn't. It was a thousand and five hundred dollars, and if Ting didn't get it Mamie Little ought to have had it; and if Mamie Little didn't get it I ought to have had it; but we didn't any of us get it, because Mr. Murphy got it.

Mamie Little was my girl; but maybe she didn't know it, because a feller don't say so right out, or any way. When he has a girl he just has her, and if anybody says she's his girl he fights until they say she isn't; but she is, just the same. Only, the time she ought to have had the thousand and five hundred dollars, if Ting oughtn't to have had it, she was mad at me. If she hadn't been mad at me she wouldn't have had the chance to ought to have the thousand and five hundred dollars. Nobody would ever have had it.

The reason Mamie Little was mad at me was because I had changed over and wasn't prohibition any more; and that made her mad at me, because she was prohibition because her father was prohibition and published in his newspaper that the saloons ought to be closed; and so they blew up his house with dynamite—only it was gunpowder. But they called it dynamite. They called the men that blew up the house the dynamiters. They blew up two other houses, too, and that was why Mr. Murphy was in town. He was a detective. He came and worked in the sawmill, and nobody knew he was a detective until he got the money me or Ting or Mamie Little ought to have had.

The way I come to change over from prohibition to antiprohibition was like this: Me and Ting and Eddie was sitting on the empty manure bin back of our barn, smoking corn-silk cigarettes, and that reminded us of the time we were up the river smoking driftwood grapevine cigarettes, when we saw Slim Finnegan steal the gunpowder, and we got to talking about it.

"Well, if anybody ever finds out Slim Finnegan stole it he won't stab me!" Ting said; "because he wouldn't think I told on him, because I ain't prohibition and I never was; and I guess Slim and everybody knows it."

So that made me and Eddie feel pretty scared, because everybody knew Slim Finnegan was a stabber. He'd just as soon stab you as not. I don't remember whether he ever had stabbed anybody; but I guess he had, because everybody said so. Anyway, he was always showing us the knife he stabbed fellers with when he wanted to stab them, and he said he'd stab any of us for two cents. The knife had a staghorn handle and a six-inch blade, with a curve in it and a spring in the back that, when you pressed it, snapped the blade open all ready to stab with.

Once, when he met me when I was alone, he grabbed me by the neck and backed me against a fence post, and pulled out the knife and opened it. I bellered and said: "Aw, lemme alone, Slim! I never done nothin' to you!" And he said he knew mighty well I hadn't and that I'd better not try to, because he was a stabber, and if I did anything he didn't like he'd cut my heart out and leave it sticking to the fence post with the knife in it, to show fellers not to monkey with Slim Finnegan. So I said I'd never, never do anything he didn't want me to, and please to let me go. So he said, well, he guessed he'd stab me, anyway, while he had me; and he put the point of his knife against my stomach and leaned up against me, so that all he had to do was lean a little harder against the handle of the knife and I'd be stabbed.

I thought I was going to be killed, sure. I held my breath, and my bones felt like water; and just then he laughed at me and bumped my head against the post three times and threw me down on the grass and went away.

That was before me and Ting and Eddie saw him set the lumberyard afire too. After we saw him set the lumberyard afire we were all more scared of him than ever; even Ting was scared of him, and said so. When we saw him set the lumberyard afire Slim was in our class at school; but he was twice as big as anybody in our room, because he only went to school when he wanted to and he didn't want to very often; and after the fire he quit going to school. I guess he went bumming for a while.

The first I knew about Slim Finnegan was when I was a little bit of a kid and not big enough to ride belly buster or knee gut on a sled or slide down the big hills. I had a high sled and rode on it sitting down, and rode from the sidewalk into the gutter, and things like that. So my father got me a new sled on my birthday, a clipper sled with half-round irons, and it was painted red and was named Dexter. I took it out on the hill where the big kids were sliding and tried to ride belly buster on it, which is lying flat on your stomach and steering with both feet, like knee gut is lying on one knee and steering with the other foot, but the runners on my sled were so slick that when I put the sled down it slid away before I could get onto it.

So I was trying that when Slim Finnegan came up. I hadn't ever seen him before, but he acted nice and said the way I was trying to get onto the sled wasn't the right way and he would show me how. So he took my sled and ran away and belly busted onto it. He went down the hill like a flash. I watched him until I couldn't tell which was Slim and which was some other feller, away down the hill, and then I couldn't tell anyone from any other, and I waited for him to come back. One feller came up the hill, and then another and dozens came up, but Slim didn't come back with my sled; and after a while I began to blubber the way kids do, and a girl I didn't know took me by the arm and led me home, saying, "Don't cry, Georgie! Don't cry, Georgie!" all the way.

So the girl told my mother somebody had stolen my sled, and that was the first I knew it was stolen. When my father came home he asked me what the boy was like that took my sled and I told him, and he went out and after a long time he came back and he had my sled. It was all painted over with fresh drab paint except where my father had scraped the paint off to show that it was my sled. He said: "That drunken Finnegan's dirty son stole it!" So that was the first I knew of Slim Finnegan.

When I got old enough to play away from the house I mighty soon knew that Slim Finnegan was the feller that would sneak up on us little kids when we were playing marbles and grab up our marbles and steal them and, if we said anything, twist our arms behind us until we yelled. He was the one that would sit in the long grass out in the field when we played ball and, if the ball came near him, grab it up and put it in his pocket and laugh at us. He was the one that, if he came on us when we were fishing, would throw our worm can in the slough and take the fish we had caught, and then swear at us. He was a sneak and a thief and a tough, and his father was a tough and a drunkard; and it wasn't safe to send your washing to Mrs. Finnegan because sometimes she got drunk and didn't do it for a week, and sometimes it didn't all come back.

Well, Ting said that Slim Finnegan wouldn't stab him, because he was antiprohibition and Slim was too; so me and Eddie thought maybe we'd better turn antiprohibition, and we did; and Ting went and told Mamie Little, so she was mad at me after that. She was mad at me when Eddie's mother had his birthday party.

Well, one day that spring—but pretty late—me and Ting and Eddie went down to the levee and hired a skiff from Eldert for fifteen cents the first hour and ten cents an hour after that, like we always did; and we rowed across the Mississippi to the Illinois shore above the old ferry landing. I guess maybe we were after turtle eggs, but it was too early for them; so when we saw the shore was all mud Ting said:

"Let's row up to the head of the slough and row down the slough."

"What for?" I asked him.

"Oh, just for cod!" he says. So we did.

We rowed up to the place where the slough branches off from the river, and there was a good deal of water in the slough yet, so we rowed down the slough until we came almost to the ferry road, and then we thought we would stop and get some grapevine driftwood to smoke, and we did. We rowed to the shore of the slough and got out and found plenty of driftwood where it had lodged against the bushes and tree roots, and we lit up and smoked and sat a while just doing that.

Then Ting said: "Come on! Let's go over to that sand by the powder house and see if there are any turtle eggs there yet."

That was a good place for turtle eggs, because the sand was hotter there sooner than anywhere else. It was a sort of cleared place without many trees or bushes, all soft sand and not very far from the ferry road. So we walked along down the slough and pretty soon we came to a skiff pulled up on the shore. I was nearest, so I jumped into it; but Ting didn't. He said:

"Garsh! You'd better get out of that skiff. Some feller has just left that skiff there, because his footprints on the bow seat ain't dry yet. If he came back and seen us playing in his skiff he'd like as not give us good and plenty!"

And that was right, because when a feller rows over from town or anywhere he don't like kids to fool with his skiff: because if the skiff got away how could he get back to town? So if they catch you in their skiffs they bat you a good one. So I got out of the skiff and Ting went on ahead, and me and Eddie followed; and we come to the sandy place by the powder house.

A powder house is a little square shack about as big as a closet, covered with sheet iron and painted red for danger. This was the only one on the Illinois side, but

Mamie Little Raised Her Chin in the Air and Said: "No; Thank You!"

there were two more on the Iowa side, up the river from town a good ways; and the reason they were so far from town was because the wholesale grocers sold powder, but the city didn't allow them to keep any inside the city limits. When they sold some they sent over to get it. The powder houses were painted with big letters to say Danger! and that nobody must shoot at them or build a fire near them, or they might explode. So that was why this one was in the middle of the sandy place—sand can't burn like grass does.

So we come through the bushes to where we could see the powder house and we all stopped short right there, for there was Slim Finnegan coming out of the powder house with a bag over his shoulder, with what anybody could tell was an iron powder keg in it. As soon as we saw him he saw us and we dodged back into the bushes and ran. We ran pretty far, and then we stopped and listened and didn't hear anything; so we hid down behind a log and waited. We knew that if Slim Finnegan found us he'd stab us or something. Anyway, we thought he would. Me and Eddie did. I guess Ting did too.

After we had waited what seemed like a couple of hours—but I guess it was about half a minute—Ting put his head up above the log and looked, and didn't see anything. Then he got up and went round the log and started to go back to the powder house. Eddie didn't say anything, because he was too scared, but I yelled "Ting! Ting!" in a whisper, because I wanted him to come back; but he just turned and motioned us to be still, and he went on. He walked as careful as he could. Pretty soon he came back and dropped down behind the log again.

"It's Slim Finnegan, all right," he said—only he said "orl right," like he always does; "and he's a stealing a keg of powder"—only he said it sort of like "kerg of powder."

"What'd you see, Ting?" I whispered.

"I seen him shift the bag from one shoulder to the other," Ting said, "and I could see the ridges on the keg, all right! If we wanted to we could tell the police and they'd put him in jail."

"Aw, don't, Ting!" I said. "If you do that he'll wait until he gets out and then he'll stab all of us. Aw, don't tell the police, Ting!"

"Maybe I will and maybe I won't," Ting said. "I ain't made up my mind yet what I'll do. I ain't afraid of his old stabbin' knife, I tell you that! He can't scare me! There ain't any Slim Finnegan that ever lived could scare me. If he pulled his old frog stabber on me I'd——"

We Did Everything We Could to Get Ready Not to be Stabbed

He stopped short and I saw him put out one hand and grab the log, and his face looked like a dead man's, and then I looked up from the callus I was fixing on my foot and I saw Slim Finnegan too. He was standing right in front of us with a pistol in his hand and the pistol was pointed right at us. He had a mean-looking face, sort of foxy and sort of sneery, and now it had a sort of grin on it, and it was ugly. It was the kind of grin he had when he twisted a little kid's arm and made him scream. He was just like he always was, sort of muddy-haired and yellow-faced and slouchy in the shoulders, and tobacco juice in the corners of his mouth. He looked just the way he always looked when he was going to have some fun hurting somebody.

I felt pretty sick. I felt hot in the stomach, as if a bullet had already made a hot hole there. I sort of twitched in different places as each place got to thinking it was the place the bullet was going to hit. I don't know what Eddie did; I had all I wanted to do without thinking of anybody else. All of a sudden Slim opened his dirty mouth and swore at us the worst anybody ever heard.

"Get up out of there, you"—something—"rats!" he said in the meanest voice he had. "Get up!"

So we got up.

"You get along there, now!" he ordered, swearing some more; and he waved us where to go.

We didn't say a word, not even Ting. We just went; and instead of thinking I felt the bullet coming into my stomach I thought I felt it coming into the joints of my back. I put my hand behind me to sort of help stop it if it came. That way he sent us through the brush to the sandy place. He walked us toward the powder house, and then, all at once, he shouted at us to throw down our grapevine cigarettes. He asked us if we wanted to blow him to hell. So we threw them down.

Then he came up to me and hit me on the side of the head and knocked me down in the sand, and threw Eddie on top of me, and slapped Ting so he staggered; but Ting didn't fall. He swore back at Slim, and Slim slapped him again and knocked him down. For a million dollars I wouldn't have sworn back at a stabber that had a pistol; but that's how Ting is. Anyway, he was the only one of us that could swear good enough to make it worth while swearing back.

Well, Slim had left the door of the powder house open and when he had us all knocked down he came over and kicked at us, and I was the one he kicked. He swore all the time, a steady stream, and it was the thoroughest swearing I ever heard. It sounded like business. Then he jerked Ting up and slung him toward the powder house and slung him inside, and then he took me and Eddie and slung us the same way. He slung us all into the powder house.

"I'll teach you to go blattin' about me when you see me!" he said. "Dirty little rats! I'll learn you a lesson! You'll never come your sneakin' spyin' on me again! You'll have enough when I get through with you this time. You want to know what I'm goin' to do with you?"

Well, we did sort of want to know, but we didn't say so.

"I'm goin' to lock you in there," he said; "and I'm goin' to leave you in there to starve, like the dirty sneaks you are. I'll teach you to go tellin' lies about me! You'd go and say I stole that can of powder, wouldn't you? Well, I didn't steal it—see? I bought it. I bought it and they sent me over to get it. It's none of your business, anyway. You sneakin' rats!"

Eddie started to cry. Slim told him to shut up, and he did. He scowled at us.

"No, by"—something—he said, swearing; "starving is too good for tattle-tellin' rats like you. Somebody might come and let you out. I know what I'm goin' to do to you. I'm goin' to lock you in and then I'm goin' to set a fire and blow you to a million pieces. I'll blow you up, like the sneakin' rats you are!"

I can't make it sound the way it sounded to us, because I can't swear the way he did. He swore, to show he meant it, and then he slammed the iron-covered door and we heard the iron bar scrape as he put it across the door, and we heard the padlock click into the staple. We were in the dark, darker dark than I was ever in before. Eddie began to cry sort of funny, like a sick animal with a voice that was too weak to cry very good. All I can remember was that I put out my hands and felt Ting and hung onto his coat with both hands.

I hung on and held my breath and waited for the explosion to come. We heard Slim cracking sticks across his knee; we could hear the sticks snap. Then we heard him piling the sticks against the outside of the powder house, and pretty soon we heard scratch! scratch!—like a match on a box. It was the hardest waiting for anything I ever did. Waiting to be blown up is always like that, I guess.

The place where he was piling the sticks was one of the front corners of the powder house, and there wasn't so very much powder in the house, and what there was was in different piles, for the different kinds and sizes of kegs. All of a sudden Ting pushed my hands off him and stooped down and began feeling on the floor in the corner where the fire was going to be. There were four or five little kegs of powder in that corner and Ting began picking them up and putting them on one of the other piles that was not so near the corner. I guess nobody but Ting would have thought of doing that; but when he started I started, too, and we moved the powder as fast as we could. Then the door opened.

Slim had taken off the padlock and the iron bar so quietly we hadn't heard him, and when he opened the door he caught us shifting the kegs.

"Come out of there!" he said. "Now you know what I'll do to you if you go telling about me. If I ever hear you have mentioned my name, or if you ever say it to each other, I'll get you and bring you over here and finish this job right!"

Well, we guessed he'd do it.

"I'd have done it now," he said, "only I don't want to blow up powder that don't belong to me. And here's the keg I had," he said, throwing one into the powder house. "Now, you get! And if you ever say a word you'll know what'll happen to you. Get!"

We ran. We ran like scared deer, and all I wanted to do was to get as far away as I could. We ran a long way up the slough and then Ting stopped, and I stopped because he stopped, but Eddie kept on running.

"Come on!" I said to Ting. "What you stopping for?"

"Hide in there," he said, pointing to some bushes. "I'll come back."

He crouched Indian fashion and went toward the slough and out of sight. It was quite a while before he came back.

"Garsh, he's a liar!" he said when he came back. "That keg of powder he stole wasn't the one he put back. He's got that one in his skiff yet. It was another one he put back."

"Ting, you ain't goin' to tell on him, are you?" I asked.

"You bet I ain't!" he said. "I just wanted to know. You bet I ain't going to tell; if I did he'd stab us in a minute."

Well, I guess we waited round an hour before we went home, and then we were mighty glad there was any of us left to go home, because we had all thought we were going to be blown into such little pieces nobody would ever find any of us again.

(Continued on Page 65)

BY REQUEST

By HENRY RUCKER

ILLUSTRATED BY F. VAUX WILSON

THIS year I expect to spend a very quiet Fourth of July. It is more than likely that our Glorious and Star-Spangled Natal Day will find me anchored up at Toby Woods' Hotel, in Cincinnati, where the uncertain exigencies of the cigarette business will probably cast me ashore about that time. You will be able to locate me this Fourth seated under an electric fan in Toby's Egyptian dining room, with a foaming gin fizz in one hand and a copy of my favorite author in the other. My favorite author is Monseer Doebare—which is the way it sounds to my savage ear. He is the obese and competent foreigner at Toby's who makes out the daily menu cards and bosses the cooking; and he can foment a rabbit stew which will cause you to believe that heaven is at hand.

Every now and then I shall lean back and refresh myself with recollections of the last Fourth of July, and then my cup of bliss will overflow again and happiness will seize me. It is practically impossible to get the human mind into a happier state than mine gets whenever I think of the last time our favored but now somewhat shin-kicked nation celebrated its birthday. Until that epochal Fourth Day in the month of lockjaw, lemonade and lingerie, I had believed that this universe was run upon a haphazard and inequable plan, and that misfortune struck down the good and the deserving while it ignored those who have disaster coming to them by virtue of their meanness. Now I know I was wrong. I am convinced now that the Law of Compensation is oiled and working, and that in the end the unrighteous get paid in full, with interest compounded annually and figured up by an adding machine which never makes mistakes.

Most likely you have never heard of Uba City, and if so you belong with eighty or ninety other ignorant millions; but it is a thriving community on the edge of the Little Bug River—which is not a river at all in summer, but a sandy depression, full of tin cans and defunct bottles. In the course of my career as a cigarette salesman I have lingered in Uba City a number of times; but I can't say I ever really enjoyed the place until Fourth of July, one year ago.

Uba City would probably be referred to as a typical Western town, and it is all of that. The O. & B. Railroad runs along the main street; and when your train crawls into town the first thing you notice is a Mexican of the leisure class asleep against a board fence in a standing position, with seven million flies playing he's a banquet. Ownerless burros in urgent need of vacuum cleaning gather round your coach and try to climb in with you and go somewhere; and you pat them on the head with simulated affection, securing nothing in return but a greasy black substance on your hands which cannot be washed off in less than three hours.

The town is high and dry, and not given to luxuries or the ostentatious display of wealth. Poor people from the East land there with one lung and one dollar, and try to save them both. Unquestionably it is a healthy community, though many of its male citizens still cling to the quaint Western custom of carrying weapons.

Uba City is connected with the world by the O. & B. lines; and twenty miles to the south, on the Little Bug, the town of Patterson simmers in the heat. Patterson is no metropolis, and knows it. By the residents of Uba City the neighbor town is considered a low form of life; and yet, such are the uncertainties of the cigarette business, I was forced to call on Patterson, and it was there I drifted innocently into a mess of trouble.

I remember now that I made a detour in order to hit Patterson first and have it over; and when I checked in at the Tuttle House the first thing I observed was a group consisting of six despondent and soiled-looking individuals. They were languishing in droopy and dejected attitudes on the bench that would be used by the bell-hops if the Tuttle House had bell-hops. Without knowing anything further I felt that what concerned one concerned them all, and that they had probably encountered misfortune. They bore a sort of stricken air, as though they expected the coroner's jury at any minute.

Well, I found out about the six sons of sorrow fifteen minutes after I signed the book and shook hands with Herman Tuttle.

"Yes," Herman said without a sign of joy on his face; "I know who you mean. They're a bunch of bums. I have their baggage in the storeroom under lock, and I'm due to throw them out as soon as I get round to it. They're musicians. If you talk to them leave your watch with the clerk."

I learned later that woe had come along and betided the six citizens while the betiding was high and disastrous. They had wafted into Patterson along with a pretentious medicine show operated by a swindler named Mooney, whose effort was to sell the deluded populace such liquids in bottles, at a dollar a bottle, as might cure anything from goiter to gastritis.

Mr. Mooney carried his own tent and his own band. The tent was all right, but the band was dissolute; and in Patterson the six musicians took it upon themselves to hie into the byways and become mildly polluted, or to such extent as rendered harmonious noises on their instruments impossible. It seems that the musical debauch in Patterson was only one of many. It was the last straw; and Doc Mooney became enraged to the point of firing his chorus.

Furthermore, to indicate his bitterness, he went away without paying the band's hotel bill, which irked the band not at all, owing to the fact that it was still ossified, both en masse and per capita. Herman Tuttle, however, began immediately to suffer severe pains in the region of his currency nerves.

"What'll I do with them sots?" Mr. Tuttle demanded with great heat as Doc Mooney prepared to depart.

"All a matter of preference," retorted the medical quack coldly. "Some would shoot them; but I favor poison. And you don't need to write me any news about what happens. I'm through!"

So Herman separated the band from its cornets, bass drum, trap drum, trombones and tuba, and deposited those ozone blasters in the cellar, together with the band's suitcases, holding the stuff in lieu of payment. The leader of the band was the blower on the E-flat cornet, and looked up from his alcohol whenever you called him Pelops Kane. Upon emerging from his comatose state and comprehending the disaster, Pelops immediately began telegraphing for fictitious relief funds; and he continued this subterfuge until Herman Tuttle saw through it and refused to pay for more telegrams. That happened the morning I arrived in Patterson, which, in the nature of events, would be the same morning dedicated to throwing the band out on its head. So far as actual money was concerned, the band couldn't have evolved the price of a toothpick.

Now I am a humane person and soft-hearted. I go along through life looking for underdogs so I can be for them; and the story of Pelops' misfortune smote me. I entered into discourse with him during the morning and found him to be a fluent and genteel liar, but rather likable. The five other producers of discord didn't matter much. I never learned their names, and only recall now that one of them wore a green patch on his left eye. They were just plain band, like a wedding ring.

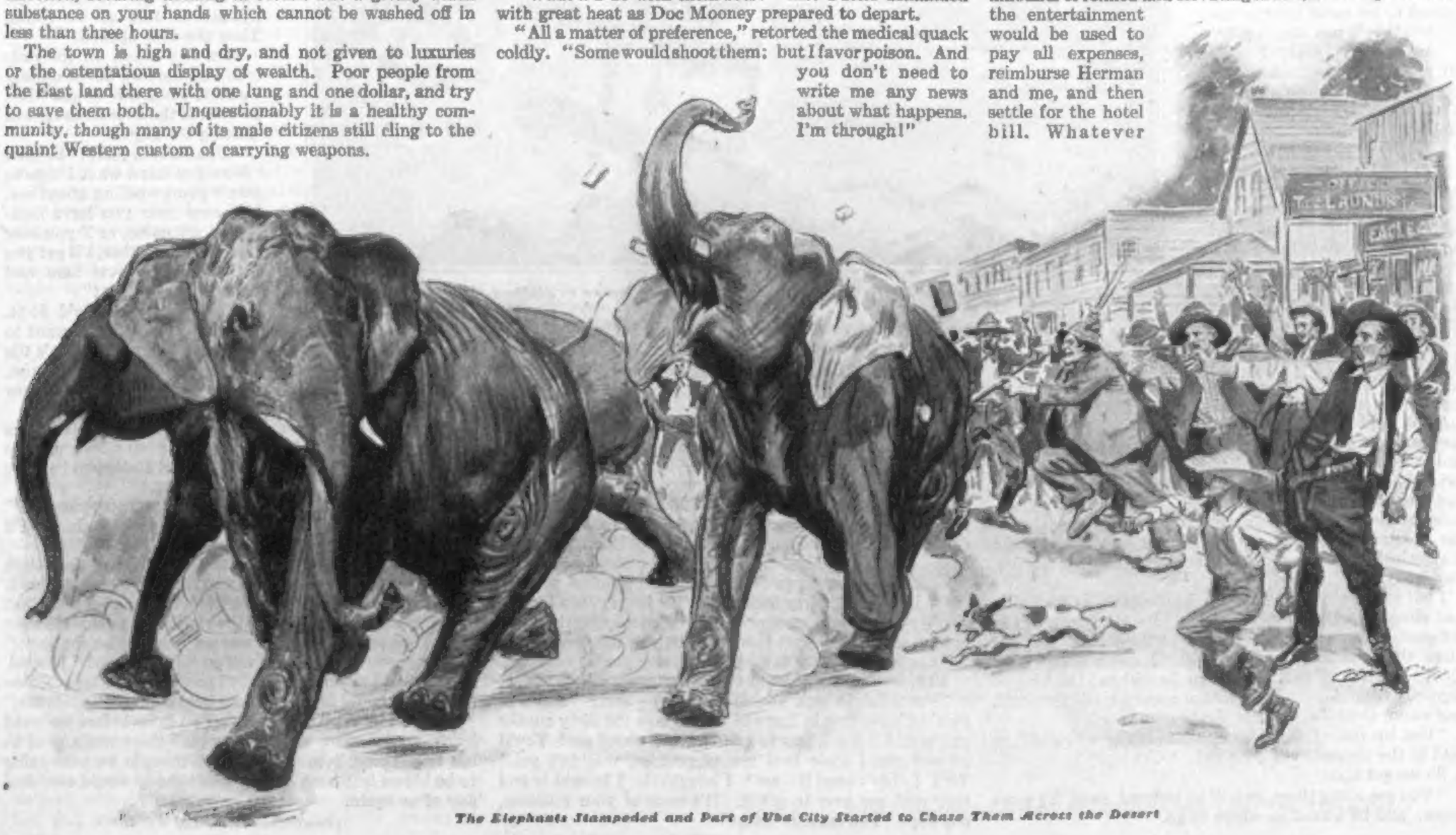
There was something pathetic about Pelops and he appealed to me; so presently I got to thinking and I outlined a little plan for restoring the band to a state of comparative respectability. It might be possible to restore the organization and make it a going concern. I went to Herman Tuttle and explained. He said that if he could do anything to make the band a going concern he was for it; and the sooner the going began, the better he'd be pleased.

"Anyway, you ought to take a hand in this," I told him, "because you'll get your rent money and the band can be on its way."

"If you feel that way about it, all right," Herman answered; "but I wouldn't trust them guys far. They're poison!"

However, I went ahead right cheerily; and what I had fixed on was a simple little town dance. You can always make money if you promote a dance in a small town, because small-town people like to dance and will break into the crock on the mantelpiece every time for the privilege. Under Herman's able direction I rented the hall over the Meat Market, and had cards printed stating that those citizens desiring to shake a leg might consort in the dreamy pastime along about eight o'clock on Tuesday evening. Prices were alluring, as indicated on the bottom.

The stranded band would, of course, supply large amounts of refined and elevating music, and the proceeds of the entertainment would be used to pay all expenses, reimburse Herman and me, and then settle for the hotel bill. Whatever



The Elephants Stampeded and Part of Uba City Started to Chase Them Across the Desert

remained would be handed to the band, with a word of encouragement and a friendly tip to lay off the brown demon. Herman, being a man for detail, thought up several extra activities by which we could gather in other dollars; and by Tuesday afternoon the town of Patterson was all fidgety with enthusiasm. When I leap into an undertaking I go hard, and that day was a busy one. I acted as general manager, and Pelops Kane seemed thoroughly cheered up over the prospect of getting back his instruments and baggage. As a matter of business precaution Herman Tuttle retained a firm grip upon the cornets and other implements until almost dancetime that night, and all went genially along right up to the blow-off.

As I may have said, Pelops Kane was persuasive with words, and could, if given the opportunity, talk a simple-minded person into lending him money. Having nothing much to do until he was given his cornet, he wandered over to the dance hall to look at the preparations; and there he encountered the cashier, whom he watched at the pleasant task of taking it in. The sight must have caused Pelops unalloyed comfort; and somewhere about that time a bright thought struck him, and he used it freely. As a result, the stone-headed cashier, who worked in the livery in his sane moments, turned over the receipts to Pelops. The conversation producing this disaster was later repeated to me by the intellectual giant to whom we had intrusted our receiving.

"Mr. Tuttle," Pelops had said through the little window, "has sent me over for the receipts, so he can divide up with the band before we start."

"All right," responded the incipient Cecil Rhodes; and, without a trace of formality, he handed over the advance sale to Pelops Kane, who apparently galloped away to find the band and break the joyous news.

He did not go anywhere near Herman Tuttle or me. He shamelessly put the money in his pocket and sought not division, but diversion. To make it right short and sweet, he took his loathsome contemporaries by the hand and they began reducing the visible supply. One hour later the six of them were once more slowly sinking by the bow and the money was squandered behind doors reading: No Minors Allowed.

There was no dance that night in Patterson. To a pointedly sarcastic and insulting populace Herman Tuttle and I handed back entrance fees until our joint minds staggered under the shock. With low moans of anguish we refunded everything, paid the bills, blew out the lights and tottered into the street. Herman, who knows a good many words that would surprise you, told me what he thought of me, leaving nothing whatever to my imagination; and I slunk into my bedroom, accompanied by the general sensations of a man who was standing on the spot which they later marked with an X.

No more sweet charity for me! No more stroking the underdog unless I did my stroking with a gas pipe. Personally I resolved to get off the Samaritan business and stay off. From then on I swore to be a grouch, a hard-heart and an unsympathetic cynic. If I owned the seashore I wouldn't give a homeless clam a shell.

"I told you them guys was poison!" Herman said, shutting a door somewhere; then I went to sleep.

With these bitter sentiments seething in my wounded soul, I surged on over to Uba City the next day, feeling that human beings were vile. Herman saw me go without visible regret. I had set him back quite a sum, and injured myself down to page twelve in my expense account. So far as Pelops Kane was concerned, I felt that he would hang some day, unless rum killed him first. Still, I suppose drinking is a disease, and I may have been too hard on Pelops and his symphony shooters.

Later I learned that Herman tossed the renegades out into the cold world as soon as they could understand English, retaining their baggage and instruments; and when they again recovered they took up quarters in a deserted shack on the edge of the railroad and concluded to stay in Patterson for the time being. . . .

All this happened two or three days before the Natal Celebration of our Freedom; and when I blew into Uba City I bore a strong dislike for band persons and a general resentment for mankind. Some of my best ideals had been shattered.

II

IN UBA CITY my stopping place has always been the Merchants' Hotel, and I figured I'd better loaf along over the Glorious Fourth, on account of the very slight volume of cigarette business in prospect. I can always sell Pete Hammond a shelf or two of five-cent cigarettes, and I aimed to call on Pete at once. It shows you how things turn out in this world, because if I had postponed that call on Pete I shouldn't have known all the late Uba City news; and, not knowing it, I might have missed something.

Coming into the station in the morning, I noticed a sort of subdued restlessness among the populace. Here and there were little agitated knots, talking about something that seemed to be causing them the most poignant anguish. I went out through the station and into Main Street, and more people blocked my progress. To my ears there came fierce mutterings. Now and then a low moan escaped from some male bosom and floated in the thin air; and I gathered, as I moved onward, that some kind of horrible calamity had come along and climbed right into bed with the whole municipality.

The proprietor of Hammond's Cigar Store shook hands with me in a gloomy and morose manner, which is the opposite of Pete's usual condition; and I braced him.

"Say," I demanded, "what in thunder struck this town anyhow? What's up? Don't you know the joyous Fourth is at hand?"

"That's the answer," Pete replied in a hollow tone. "The Fourth of July is no longer spoken of in this town as a festive event. Uba City has just had the hide peeled clean off and we are now standing here quivering. The Glorious Fourth! Say, if you want to avoid dying of some lingering disease, just walk outside and speak of the Fourth in a loud voice."

Pete sat down and glared through the window, and after he got control of his emotions he explained; and if ever there was a town that needed cheering up about a year ago this time, it was Uba City. My, my! How that little town did suffer!

Leaving out Pete's adjectives, the tale was a simple one; and it centered wholly about the tall, dignified figure of Porterby Newton, whom the people of Uba City had elected to watch over them and guide their destinies as mayor.

Mr. Newton had held the unqualified confidence of the populace for a long time, and was annually elected, in spite of the fact that he was known to all as the singing mayor. I recall that at one time Boston was more or less blessed with a mayor who sang upon the slightest provocation, and the newspapers made much of him. Likewise Uba City had its silver-throated executive. He was afflicted with music in its most virulent form, and up to now his constituents had not discovered a cure.

Mr. Newton's system, I learned from Pete, was apparently brimful of harmony, and it overflowed upon the populace at town meetings, dedications, barbecues, church socials, lawn fêtes, lodges of sorrow, christenings, marriages and political gatherings of all kinds. He managed to inject a bit of melody into each holiday, beginning with New Year's Day and ending with the same. Creed or condition of his auditors had nothing to do with his efforts. He sang for one and all, including the Scandinavian.

If the boys arranged an intercity baseball game Mayor Newton mounted the home plate and sang. If there was no home plate he sang just the same and with even more vigor. On Commencement Day at the High School things seemed to lack the proper punch, and little girls hid their diplomas behind them until the mayor came along and sang. After that nobody cared what happened. To make his singing completely definite and never to be forgotten, Mayor Newton, of Uba City, sang but one lone, single and unsupported song. He sang Sweet Marie. And he sang nothing but Sweet Marie.

He had a tall, commanding presence—built like a knitting needle, as Pete Hammond put it—and seemingly an unlimited supply of wind. He would gather what he needed in the way of atmosphere and then warble halfway through Sweet Marie without drawing fresh breath; and his voice might have been called a barytone—at least he himself so designated the noises that emanated from his thorax.

Nothing in this world could keep Mayor Newton from singing Sweet Marie, and in time the voters of Uba City became accustomed to it—the same as you can get used to a deaf aunt or water in the cellar. They knew that every time there was a public gathering, indoors or out, the mayor would oblige with a rendition, standing before them all, his head thrown slightly back, his eyes closed, presumably in unshared rapture, and with his Adam's apple working anxiously up and down like a demented piston.

This was the picture of the esteemed mayor that was most familiar to Uba City. In every home was a photograph of the executive and always in the attitude of caroling. In Andrew Coffin's stationery shop you could buy picture postcards showing Mr. Newton on a platform in the middle of a lyric debauch on the occasion of dedicating the First Baptist Church. An itinerant sculptor paused in

Just About Then the Entire World Turned Upside Down

Uba City long enough to make little plaster casts of the mayor at his favorite pastime, and in Memorial Hall was a huge oil painting of the mayor singing Sweet Marie.

These details are explained so you will understand that Mayor Newton, Uba City and Sweet Marie were all hooked up together like the weavings of a pretzel. Think of one and you thought of the two others. The populace condoned their singing leader, but strangers coming into town listened to him and expressed the opinion that some preventive action could be legally taken.

Then, as last Fourth approached, Mayor Newton called together the leading citizens of the town and expressed his views. The gathering occurred in the mayor's rooms over Mathew Ring's drug store and was attended by Mathew; Sol Holbein, the printer; Stuffy Eaton, proprietor of the Uba City Telegraph; Howard Hall, the undertaker; Banning Richards, the lawyer; and other solid business men, including my informant, Pete Hammond.

"The trouble with Uba City," Mayor Newton had stated on that momentous occasion, "has been that we've been wasting our money. The citizens of this town have been guilty of foolish spending in the past. They have bought skyrockets, blue fire, paper lanterns, pinwheels and rum; and the results have been unsatisfactory, because the buying was done by individuals. There was no concerted action. This year ought to witness a change; and, instead of having a scattering, haphazard celebration, the town itself ought to take charge of the coming event."

"That's right," agreed Stuffy Eaton, who always agreed to every suggested change on the theory that it meant news for the paper.

"And," continued the mayor, "we shall have a dignified and civic celebration of which the town can be justly proud. Everyone shall participate. Everyone will be happy and the foolish spending of money will be avoided. I suggest that we appoint a committee right here to take charge of all details. I suppose I had better be the chairman of this informal committee, which will prepare a program of events, arrange all details, and collect an Amusement Fund from the citizens of this town."

The considering committee voted the mayor's idea through with applause. That being settled, his honor stood on a chair and concluded the meeting with Sweet Marie; and the next day the Telegraph explained in detail, outlining what would happen on the Glorious Fourth and what was expected of each loyal inhabitant. Everybody in town, from the crossing tender to the mayor, was expected to come across with the kale, and five prominent citizens went about with slips of paper and open palms.

The financial result was astounding and indicative of Uba City's easy generosity. To begin with, most of the population suffered the belief that our prosperous and confident nation stood a mighty near chance of blocking some foreign fist with the end of our national nose, and patriotism tingled.

"I'm Cutting Down Expenses, Homer; and, Though I'm Sorry, I'll Have to Let You Go"

Money rolled in right cheerily. Mrs. Sweeney, the candy lady, denuded herself of a ten-dollar note, and Sol Holbein peeled a hundred from the rim of his portly roll. When the collection committee finished up, the list of honor showed every male citizen present, with the lone exception of Henry Foraker, the town plumber. Henry was excused on general principles. Henry held the world's record—and there was no desire to shatter it—of never having given a cent for anything. It was Henry's fixed opinion that his blood could circulate if it felt like it, but his money—never! He wouldn't have given as much as a thin dime to look at the Flood from Mount Ararat.

These were the leading-up details which I learned from Pete, and they explained the surging and uneasy crowds on the street, because two days prior to my arrival Mr. Porterby Newton, once their honored mayor, had suddenly registered among the missing. He had quietly slipped away while the slipping was still good, and he had taken with him a large sum of the town's money, known until that moment as the Amusement Fund. That was the tragedy.

Every last dollar was gone, and whither the errant mayor had hied himself no man knew. Uba City was as busted financially as a child's balloon on the ninth day, and somewhere athwart the horizon the vocalizing mayor was speeding from the anger of his fellow men.

Back of his disappearance lay a long and complicated story of Chicago bucket shops and wild investments, the agonizing details of which were beginning to leak out as the Board of Control started its investigation. Newton had used up his own money in speculation and then had begun a rapid incineration of Uba City's cash. Last of all, he seized the Fourth of July Amusement Fund for his own vile purposes; and at that point he sought safety in flight.

Uba City was plain stunned. It could not believe that one so fair had sunk so low. Three months before, a night prowler had broken into the Gander home and pounded Mrs. Gander with her own parlor lamp; and now, so bitter was public opinion, citizens openly expressed a belief that the thing was not beyond Porterby Newton.

"And," said Pete Hammond disconsolately, "I put in fifteen dollars myself for the fund. That ain't no Amusement Fund for me. I'll bet if I had five minutes, and that hound's right thigh bone, I could make him sing Sweet Marie! Fifteen large bucks is what I chipped in for his prepaid excursion—all in Federal Reserve bills."

"Maybe they'll bring him back," I ventured hopefully.

"If they do he'll come on a stretcher," Pete went on mournfully. "There's twelve posses hunting him right now from here to Capistrano. Every so often a fresh bunch of bloodseekers starts out. I've been in two small but maddened mobs myself. Wouldn't you think somebody might have found out about this depraved scoundrel before it was too late?"

I joined Pete in words of harsh disapproval and we discussed the frailty of man. From a pedestal of unprecedented popularity and civic acclaim the mayor of Uba City had tumbled headlong into an abyss of shame. Hanging was too good for him. Boiling in oil had a more reasonable sound to the stung citizens as they walked and muttered in front of the deserted mayoralty office. Every now and then some angered soul telegraphed a fresh description of the fugitive to a far-off sheriff.

Uba City, high and low, suffered poignantly, and it was upon this scene of civic desolation that the last Fourth rapidly approached—a town sans mayor, sans Amusement Fund, and sans joy. In a day or so other places would be shooting off the festive fireworks, but in Uba City the Glorious Fourth would mean nothing but twenty-seven days to August.

III

I REMEMBER now that the Fourth came on Saturday; and on Friday morning, at ten o'clock, I was lounging in the lobby of the Merchants' Hotel when, of all the people in the world, in walked George Gimble! I knew him in a second; and that's remarkable when you think that it was the first time I had laid an eye on George in fifteen years. He was a little thicker through the chest and his mustache was grayer, but otherwise he was the same old George Gimble. He wore the inevitable silk hat and carried a five-pound mahogany cane. A heavy gold chain circled his bosom and you knew him for a man of stability.

Yes, it was the same old George; and he knew me too. We shook hands without constraint, though there was a time when we would not have shaken hands at all. Old Man Time is a great soother. Fifteen years ago this summer George Gimble and I were partners in a circus and I thought my future was settled; but, to put it plain, George trimmed me—trimmed me cruelly and threw me out.

For some time I hated him bitterly; but I suppose rancor, like everything else, fades under the hand of Time. You can't carry a gnawing grouch over a period of fifteen years; and, anyhow, I am not a vengeful man at heart. . . . Yes, sir; fifteen years ago George Gimble slipped the prong into me about nine linear inches and twisted until it revolved freely. I'll tell you the brief but painful facts:

Mayor Newton Sang Sweet Marie—and He Sang Nothing But Sweet Marie

To begin with, George was and is a good business man, and I am exactly the opposite.

I suppose I am too dreamy.

You have to be hard-headed to make a success of business. I'll bet if some of our business men were examined the hardness of their heads would make ivory seem like Irish-moss blancmange.

Well, George and little Homer Butler—which is still my name in spite of many things—began life with the old Ranlett Circus; and in the course of time the Ranlett Circus went the way of feeble things, and T. J. Ranlett died, leaving the circus in a leaning position and a lot of hired hands wondering about their pay. The circus was broke; but George Gimble had some money, and an aunt of mine had just died in a friendly state of mind, bestowing on me something like twenty-four hundred dollars. Up to then George and I were clowns for Mr. Ranlett—and darn good clowns too.

"This," George had said to me enthusiastically, "is our chance, Homer. We can put this circus back on its feet and make some money."

"How?" I had asked.

Whereupon George outlined. I gave him my twenty-four hundred dollars, understanding in a vague way that by so doing I horned in with him and became half owner of the new circus, which was to take up the obligations of the defunct organization. There was no contract between us. There wasn't a scrap of writing. I believed then that when you talked over a business deal with a friend you had long known, and handed him your share of the cash, you didn't need anything further in the way of surety. I was going on friendship; and George, as I saw later, was thinking of business.

Well, we kept the tents up with my twenty-four hundred and George's money, and in a week the organization was known as Gimble's Three Ring Circus. It wasn't three-ring—but no matter. It was, as I recall the bills, a colossal convention of internationally celebrated gymnasts, acrobats, aërialistic and hippodramatic champions, with an Oriental pageant. We had, in type, a cavalcade of elephants, camels and horses, three rings, and a labyrinthine wilderness of midair contortionists. In a word, it was Gimble's Prodigious Parliament of Physical Phenomena.

Right away you begin to detect signs of George's superior business acumen, because my own name did not appear anywhere—even in small type along with the information that the bills were printed by union labor. George dropped his clowning at once and became proprietor; but, for reasons of economy, I went on for a while with the old work of trying to make the children laugh. In the course of time I discovered that I was a fair clown but a rotten business man; and one day George took me aside and broke the news.

"I'm cutting down expenses, Homer," he said; "and, though I'm sorry about it, I'll have to let you go."

"All right," I said, some astonished. "Are you going to let go of my twenty-four hundred too? I thought I was half-owner of this circus!"

"Your money was expended long ago for legitimate purposes," George went on coldly. "I shall probably be able to induce fresh capital to join me, but your interest ceased some time ago. I wouldn't let you go if there was any other way out; but there isn't."

And thus was I fired. I lost my job and my legacy on that painful day fifteen years ago, and I also found a large burned spot on my faith in mankind. Naturally I felt mighty broken up about it; but I am a light-hearted person and in time the pain wore off. I hunted round and found a job in the cigarette business, and I have followed that unromantic line ever since; but I have always had my opinion of one friend who would deliberately skin another out of his fortune and then discharge him.

I might have been rich by this time if George had played fair. Of course all this is ancient history, but it shows that

(Continued on Page 25)

BURNING MILLIONS

By Forrest Crissey

"MILLIONS to burn" seems to be the slogan of the American housewife. At least this is the way it appears to the distressed paper makers and the anxious manufacturers of shoddy and of sheet roofings.

Just how many millions of good American dollars go up in smoke on the altar of the trash fire no interested party is apparently able to say but all concerned insist that it is a plenty, and also a "burning shame." Some authorities say that ten millions is too small a sum to cover this annual American sacrifice to the greedy God of Waste, while others shake their heads dubiously and declare that ten million dollars is a power of money. It is; but any man at all handy with figures can take the statements of leading authorities in this odd line of merchandising and show conclusively that this estimate is conservative—and then some.

As a suggestion of the startling results to be achieved in this way take the statement of a large wholesale junk dealer. He declares that twice as much household waste is destroyed as is returned for remanufacture, and that this unreclaimed volume amounts to at least one dollar a head for our population—which is to say more than a hundred million dollars a year.

This is only one of a score of examples of the wasteful and thriftless habits of American life.

There was a time when the Yankee tin peddler was the patron saint of thrift in America, and when a home without a rag bag had a hard time to maintain its respect in any settled community.

To-day the big paper manufacturers are heaping blessings upon the memory of the tin peddler and referring to him as the "missing link," for which a dependable substitute must be found to fight off a paper famine and to keep a supply of raw materials coming in from the more remote country districts.

To a certain extent it is true that the junk gatherer of to-day is the direct descendant of the ancient tin peddler who traveled the country roads with a red wagon stocked with notions and household wares of every sort which he swapped with the shrewd and thrifty housewives along his rambling route for rags, old copper and other junk—only the junk-cart man does not comb the back districts as did the peddler.

Then, too, the Yankee had a double advantage over the Jewish junk dealer of to-day; if he encountered a housewife who demanded a stiff price for her rags or copper, he could still protect his profit by raising the price of his own wares. Now the gleaner of family waste pays spot cash, and so confines his chance of profit, so far as dealing with the housewife is concerned, wholly to buying. The element of barter is entirely eliminated, except in the case of a few cart men who carry brooms.

Pin Money That Goes Up in Smoke

THE American housewife has lately become awakened to the fact that she has been overlooking pin money, or better, by burning her rags and waste papers and throwing her other household waste into the trash barrel.

The alarm clock that has roused her sleeping sense of thrift is the agitation started by the big paper and roofing manufacturers. Seeing the chance to render a real thrift service to the country and stop a big economic leak, Secretary Redfield sent out something more than half a million copies of the following:

DEPARTMENT OF COMMERCE
WASHINGTON
DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

STORAGE OF
PAPER MATERIAL

SAVE YOUR WASTE PAPER AND RAGS

The attention of the Department of Commerce is called, by the president of a large paper-manufacturing company, to the fact that there is a serious shortage of raw material for the manufacture of paper, including rags and old papers. He urges that the Department should make it known that the collecting and saving of rags and old papers would greatly better existing conditions for American manufacturers.

Something like 15,000 tons of different kinds of paper and paper board are manufactured every day in the United States, and a large proportion of this, after it has served its purpose, could be used over again in some class of paper. A large part of it, however, is either burned or otherwise wasted. This, of course, has to be replaced by new materials. In the early history of the paper industry publicity was given to the importance of saving rags. It is of scarcely less importance now. The Department of Commerce is glad to bring this matter to the attention of the public in the hope that practical results may flow from it. A little attention to the saving of rags and old papers will mean genuine relief to our paper industry and a diminishing drain upon our sources of supply for new materials.

A list of dealers in paper stocks can be obtained from the local Chamber of Commerce or Board of Trade.

WILLIAM C. REDFIELD, Secretary.

The Campaign for Household Waste Conservation Is Nation-Wide

These were conspicuously posted in Federal buildings throughout the United States.

Many paper makers make a direct appeal to the housewives.

Here is a sample advertisement of this sort that brought out many tons of hidden and neglected materials and thousands of letters from thrifty housekeepers:

HOUSEWIVES!

CASH FOR OLD PAPER!

Are you willing to help the paper mills to run by selling us all your old Magazines and Printed Matter you have lying round in attics and store-rooms?

We will pay you 1c per lb. for Books and Magazines—1-2c per lb. for old Newspapers. You can help by filling out coupon and mailing to us. Have ready for wagon to call.

For example, banks that had not sold their old papers and records for forty years or more brought into the market many tons of the choicest ledger papers. The State of Texas, which had never been considered on the map so far as contributing this kind of waste was concerned, suddenly threw about ten thousand tons on to the market.

Still other attempts to break the famine of waste materials came from the roofing manufacturers, who published the following almost frenzied appeal:

SAVE RAGS—THEY'RE WORTH BIG MONEY NOW!

PRICES PAID FOR RAGS EIGHT TIMES AS HIGH AS A YEAR AGO.

Rags! Rags!—Got any rags? You're lucky if you have a lot of old rags round the place, because they'll bring you big money now; eight times as much as you used to get for them. Last year rags sold round ½c a pound—now they are bringing 4c a pound, and manufacturers are glad to get them at that price.

Rags form the basis of many well-known products, such as writing paper, roofing, etc. The roofing mills alone used a quarter of a million tons of rags last year. At present prices this quantity of rags cost $12,500,000 more than a year ago—an increase in price of $40,000 a day for roofing.

Gather up all the rags and "cash in" on them at present prices.

Boys and girls!—This is your chance to make some money. Get busy and hunt up all the rags you can find. Sell them! They'll bring you good money. If you are not offered their real value write our nearest office.

This nation-wide campaign for the conservation of household waste has undoubtedly resulted in rescuing an immense amount of rags and old papers from the flames of the furnace and the refuse burner. On the other hand, it has brought about some curious reactions that could scarcely have been anticipated by the most far-sighted. Certainly no outsider would have suspected these developments, and nothing short of actual contact with the men who gather the waste from the housewives could suggest the odd turns of human nature as it has performed under the pressure that has been exerted to bring out the accumulations of this form of family waste and start it toward the paper mill instead of the ash heap.

The Spunky Lady's Bonfire

A FEW days ago, while in the office of a junk station to which about fifty wagon men sell their gleanings, the writer set off a vocal explosion by making the remark:

"No doubt the general agitation in the newspapers about saving rags and papers instead of burning them has brought out a fat harvest for you."

A smooth-shaved young man, clad in a dripping slicker and an oilskin hat of Cape Cod design, leaped excitedly to his feet and exclaimed:

"Oh, sure it has, mister! Sure!"

Then his dark eyes danced with fun as he continued:

"The folks who started that noise forgot something. Everything would have happened just as planned if it hadn't been that the womenfolk are the ones who sell the rags and papers. The fellows who have filled the newspapers with all this dope about a rag-and-paper famine forgot that when you get a woman excited over something which means money in or out of her pocket she's bound to break all the rules and act in a way nobody has expected.

"Let me tell you what happened this morning: A lady calls up my house and tells me to come and get a lot of old magazines. Her attic has been full of them, for years she says, and now she has decided to clean it all out. I go to her house, leave my wagon in front, and knock at the side door. She comes out smiling, points to a big pile of magazines and asks how much I will pay.

"When I say sixty cents a hundred she acts as if I'd tried to steal her baby, and she says:

"'Less than a cent a pound? Well, I guess not! Don't you think I read the papers? Do you suppose that I haven't found out there's a paper famine in this country and that old magazines are worth a lot of money? Last Sunday I read a piece in the paper that said they were worth two cents and a half a pound. Why, I'll burn 'em right here this minute before I'll let you have 'em at any such price as sixty cents!'

"Then I motioned to my wagon boy to drive in, and the lady exclaimed:

"'What you doing that for? I'm not going to sell you those papers. I'm going to burn them. You don't believe it?' And she does burn them too—right before my face! But when

The Modern Junkman Seldom Peddles Anything and Is a Buyer Only

it comes to that point now I give an answer which brings them to terms.

"'Madam,' I say, 'now is the time when you make enough money to buy you a dress. And all because you know the prices of old paper! On the wagon is already five hundred pounds of magazines and you get them at a cent and a tenth a pound. I shall not dispute what any lady knows. You are sure this is worth two cents and a half—so you will have a fine profit.'

"She looks at me sharp and asks if I mean it, and I say I certainly do. Then she asks:

"'What school did you study in?'

"'The University of Jerusalem,' I answer; and this makes her laugh. But don't think it works that way every time. Oh, no! Lots of ladies don't give you a chance. They just get mad and say:

"'You can't cheat me that way. I'll burn that stuff before I'll sell it to you for a cent less than the paper says it's worth. I guess the paper knows what it's talking about and I'm going to show you that you can't play any more sharp tricks on me. Stay right here while I get a match and you'll see whether I'm fooling or not!'

"Then she does just what she says she will—burns the papers because she can't get the top price that is paid at the paper mills, hundreds of miles away, after those papers have been sorted and passed through the hands of four or five dealers. And when it comes to rags, the work that is put on them would astonish any housewife in the country. She wouldn't do that work for five times what it costs—and yet she doesn't take it into account at all in the price she demands.

"I believe that more waste paper and rags are being burned to-day, just because the ladies become angry over the fact that we wagon men can't pay what they expect, than were burned before all this noise was started in the papers."

Other peddlers—as the cartmen are sometimes called—admit that experiences of this sort are by no means uncommon, and that these "spite bonfires" must amount to a considerable total. Wholesalers, however, declare that if the amount of rags and waste paper sacrificed in the flames is as great now as before the conservation campaign started, then the volume of reserve brought out of hiding by the present agitation must be immense, for certainly the visible supply available for paper making has been greatly increased by the appeals to the people on the part of the makers of papers requiring materials superior to wood pulp.

Mr. Hastings on the Paper Trade

THE present campaign to stir the American housewife to save rags and paper waste is by no means a novelty. As far back as 1801 the founder of one of America's great paper mills circulated the following appeal, which has a decidedly familiar sound:

AMERICANS!

ENCOURAGE YOUR MANUFACTURES AND THEY WILL IMPROVE

LADIES, SAVE YOUR RAGS!

As the subscribers have it in contemplation to erect a paper mill in Dalton the ensuing spring, and the business being very beneficial to the community at large, they flatter themselves that they shall meet with due encouragement. And that every woman who has the good of her country and the interest of her own family at heart will patronize them by saving her rags, and sending them to their Manufactory, or to the nearest Storekeeper—for which the subscribers will give a generous price.

HENRY WISWELL.
ZENAS CRANE.
WORCESTER, February 8, 1801. JOHN WILLARD.

Once Prosperous Mills are Now in Ruins

In Civil War times it was again found necessary to attempt to awaken the American housewife to the necessity of saving her household waste in order to meet a sharp demand on the part of the paper makers and other manufacturers depending upon this kind of raw material. Then, as now, price and publicity rather than patriotism were found to be the most effective means of moving the housewife to take an interest in this kind of thrift and disgorge the accumulations of rags, old books, magazines and papers that had been gathering for years in the family attic.

Mr. Arthur C. Hastings, president of the American Writing Paper Company, at Holyoke, Massachusetts, looks at the household-waste situation in this way:

"There is just one way," says Mr. Hastings, "to get a clear view of just what our American lack of thrift in the matter of failing to save the family waste can do to a single industry—the one that is most sensitively caught by it. Within fifty miles of this city, which is the center of fine paper making in the United States, I can show you scores of abandoned and dilapidated paper mills that were once prosperous and profitable; in fact, not a few of them made the men who operated them rich, for their day and generation, and foundations of several immense fortunes were laid in these deserted old mills that are now falling into decay and ruin.

"For example, I could take you to a paper-making town that was familiar to me in my boyhood. At that time it contained three busy and prosperous paper mills. To be sure, they were small; but they turned out a distinctive kind of product, and in this particular they discharged a rather important function.

To-day those mills are simply ramshackle ruins. Their old-fashioned water wheels are apparently stilled for all time, and I believe that actually the whole town, including the mills and their water rights, could be bought for two or three thousand dollars.

"To me this is one of the most pathetic sights that I could find on the American continent, because of my personal associations with this village, and because I know that our national lack of thrift—of a systematic and sustained kind—is really responsible for the wreckage and decay that make this abandoned hamlet a visual suggestion of Goldsmith's Deserted Village.

"This depressing kind of scene is to be encountered almost anywhere in that part of New England once given over to the manufacture of the better grades of paper and the cheaper grades of clothing in which at least a portion of the materials has seen service before in manufactured form as a fabric woven from virgin wool, linen or cotton.

"The blight which has stricken these paper mills into their present uselessness has been a lack of the materials that have been wantonly sacrificed on the family trash fire. Every large manufacturer to-day in the paper-making line keeps closely in touch with the supply of raw materials. This is one of the biggest responsibilities resting on his shoulders. Consequently it has been up to me to give careful consideration to this problem and to canvass it rather thoroughly."

Conditions Due to the War

"ALL the information I have been able to assemble on this subject forces me to the conviction that this country every year produces enough waste rags and papers, if saved and collected with anything like the care and diligence exercised in any of the European countries, to keep every existing paper mill producing steadily and consistently, not only making all the paper we need for our own use but also putting us in position to furnish quite a large part of that demanded by many other countries. Anyhow, we should be able, very comfortably, to keep ourselves going in all the kinds of paper requiring rags and waste papers into which rag stock has originally gone. And I repeat that we should probably be able to do some export business besides.

"Just to give you a rather intimate look into the wholesale paper situation, let me say that this very day a man was in my office who has orders for fourteen thousand tons of paper, mostly for export to England, and from there to be distributed to various parts of the world. There has never before been such a demand for paper to go to other countries as there is to-day; and it is my opinion that for several years at least the paper manufacturers of America ought to be in better condition, so far as business and profits are concerned, than they have been for many years past.

"This is due, first, to the fact that there is such an unprecedented demand for export, and, second, because it is practically impossible to secure any new paper-making machinery for many months, not to say for several years to come. The great European war, and the consequent demand upon every branch of industry involved in the making of machinery and tools, almost eliminate from consideration the question of increasing the capacity of paper mills now in position to operate. Even if it were possible to build and equip new mills, the cost of doing so would be at least a hundred per cent greater to-day than five years ago.

"Do not forget, too, that this investment must be permanent, and that when general industrial conditions return more closely to normal such an investment and its consequent carrying charges would be decidedly abnormal. If the paper mills that have fallen into disuse and decay because of an insufficient and undependable supply of waste rags and papers with which to work were right now in condition to run, and could obtain their materials at a reasonable rate, they could make a splendid record and help to found a great international trade in American-made papers.

"To-day our company has contracts with foreign dealers for thousands of tons of rags that cannot be shipped because of the embargo placed upon them by the countries from which they must come. All other makers of

"The Blight Which Has Stricken These Paper Mills Has Been a Lack of the Materials Sacrificed on the Family Trash Fire"

This is the Kind of Scene to be Encountered in Almost Any District Once Given Over to the Manufacture of Paper

the better grades of papers are in the same position, and this is what has compelled us to make a strong appeal to the American people to the end of rousing a spirit of thrift and stopping a disastrous economic leak.

"While the American people are shamefully extravagant in not saving their household waste, they are equally extravagant in their uses of almost every article of family supply, including paper. In other words, we burn the candle of supply at both ends, and that right recklessly! In one sense of the term the greatest friend the paper industry ever had was the Yankee tin peddler of half a century ago or less. If he were following the country roads and byways to-day as he once was, the paper maker would have less to worry about than he has now; for this type of itinerant New England trader brought in a steady and unfailing supply of waste rags and paper—not to speak of waste metals and rubber—from the most remote country localities, whether in New England or in the Middle West.

"Not a few of the most famous paper makers in America were graduated from the red wagon of the tin peddler. These circuit riders of household commerce, these wandering missionaries of waste conservation, were looked upon with decided respect in their day, and the average householder hailed the red cart of the tin peddler as an American institution of honorable traditions and a usefulness that could not be questioned. To secure a good working substitute for the old Yankee tin peddler in the chain of household waste collection seems to me to be one of the problems that the manufacturers using waste rags and papers must solve in the near future. So far as the cities are concerned, the foreigner and his little junk cart serve very well; but in the back towns of the real country district the problem is still a most difficult one.

"I confess the only available substitute in sight, so far as I can see personally, is the keeper of the general store in the small village, the hamlet and at the country crossroads. I do not think that he will ever be able to draw from their hiding places so many waste rags and papers as did the old tin peddler with his cart; but the fact remains that the country storekeeper can make a good, fair profit by encouraging this line of thrift on the part of his customers. This may require some educational work on his part in order to rouse a proper amount of thrift sentiment throughout his territory.

"In this work he will unquestionably receive the support and assistance of the paper manufacturers and the makers of clothing into which so-called shoddy enters."

The Tin Peddler's Successor

"SO LONG as the American public destroys more waste rags and waste papers than it returns to the mills, these manufacturers must go to any reasonable length in order to encourage this line of household thrift and make it not only universal but dependable.

"Though it is true that the campaign for household waste saving which has just swept the country has brought out a hidden reserve of old rags and papers, and by this token has apparently broken the backbone of the extreme famine, at the same time the one thing needful for the mills, and also for the best economic interests of the public, is to establish the first link in the whole chain of collection and put it on a permanent and self-supporting basis.

"A sudden outpouring of reserve stocks of this kind of waste from the attics and storerooms of the whole country helps some in the acute emergency we are now facing, but it is far from satisfactory in every respect. In fact, there is no doubt it is decidedly unsatisfactory to thousands of housewives who have been encouraged to get together all their old rags and papers, and who have answered advertisements only to find that the situation has been relieved, and that the larger dealers who have done the advertising are no longer sufficiently interested to send to any point outside of the regular junkman's circuit in order to bring in the offerings.

"It is very likely, too, that dealers have not all found this emergency appeal and its results entirely agreeable. Certainly it has been disturbing, and anything that overturns the natural routine of a business is not wholly desirable. The ideal conditions for the mills, the middlemen and the housewives would be a thoroughly established and orderly agency of collection that would keep the attics and the storerooms cleaned up and yield a moderate profit to all those concerned in the collection, the forwarding and the rehandling of rags and waste papers who are not discharging a superfluous function; and, so far as I know, there is not now an unnecessary link in the chain.

"The country merchant, equipped with a modern baling machine, which can be bought for a few dollars, is probably the natural successor of the tin peddler in the rural districts; and he will find that the mill men needing rags and waste papers will coöperate with him heartily, not only in teaching his customers to save their rags, waste papers, rubber and metal waste, and bring them in to him as they do their eggs, but also in aiding him to dispose of the waste he gathers through the regular channels, and to the best advantage."

Although the modern junkman seldom peddles anything and is a buyer only, his customers generally call him the junk peddler, while the owner of the local junk yards to whom he sells his motley load gives him the name of the cartman. The men of the junk cart are generally foreigners, and the Russian Jews outnumber all others thus employed. Occasionally, however, a lean and grizzled Yankee of the true New England type will be found following this trade. Wherever you find one of these bluff descendants of the Yankee tin peddler you can put your hand on the shoulder of an uncommonly successful waste collector.

In Aurora, Illinois, is a fine example of this form of the "survival of the fittest." The largest junk dealer of that city remarked:

"I'm a Polish Jew myself, and naturally I am inclined to think that the Russian Jews make good junk gatherers. They do; but the fact is that not one of them can keep up with Old Man Newton, a Vermont Yankee, eighty-one years old, who generally brings in two good loads a day and who enjoys the confidence and support of a clientèle that would not think of telephoning to any other cartman to come and take away their stuff. Of the forty or fifty men who sell their junk to us, not one of them makes more money than this sly old Vermonter who once rode on a tin peddler's cart. He came into the junk game just about the time when the tin peddler gave way before the Jewish invasion; so he switched over to the new order of things more easily than if he had not ridden the red wagon over New England hills for a long period of years.

"Mr. Newton makes uncommonly good money and buys close, but his customers like him. He is a type of the Yankee waste saver that survived in many communities but is fast vanishing."

This Idle Stream Once Turned the Wheels of Paper Mills

What a Hustling Junkman Earns

ACCORDING to the junkmen, whether wholesale or retail, the advertisements of the manufacturers have inflamed the mind of the average housewife with expectations of receiving prices for rags, papers, and other kinds of waste entirely beyond the power of the peddler to pay. If mixed rags, for example, are bringing three cents or three cents and a half at the mill, the housewife feels that the junkman who stands on her doorstep and offers her a cent a pound is not only trying to beat her out of her fair share of the mill price, but that, by the same token, he is the natural enemy of household thrift, and that he has probably been playing upon her credulity for many years.

Though it is impossible to determine the toll generally taken by the various middlemen between the man on the cart and the buyer for the big mill, I am convinced that the average cartman is not in receipt of a bloated income, even in these piping days of unprecedented demand for rags, old papers, rubbers, and metals of every sort and kind.

The owner of a junk cart who averages a gross profit of from three to four dollars a day, at the present time, is entitled to consider himself as a well-established and successful junk gatherer—the venerable Mr. Newton, for example, who stands at the head of the class, with about forty competitors. His gross earnings average five dollars a day. His investment in his horse and wagon is about one hundred and twenty-five dollars, and it costs him six dollars a week to feed and shoe his horse. Occasionally a cartman is able to feed his horse on four dollars a week, provided he travels a country instead of a town circuit. A comparatively new man, fighting for a clientèle, considers himself in luck if he is able to make a gross profit of three dollars on the average, or a net profit of about two dollars and a quarter.

Junk horses are by no means immune from disease and death, and the loss of the animals often cuts down the average of the net earnings. In the same community where the junk peddler contrives to make his trade in waste materials pay him a net of from two dollars to four dollars a day, according to his shrewdness and industry, the ordinary day laborer commands the wage of two and a half a day, or better. If he is able to get to a shop and work at a machine he may draw four dollars a day.

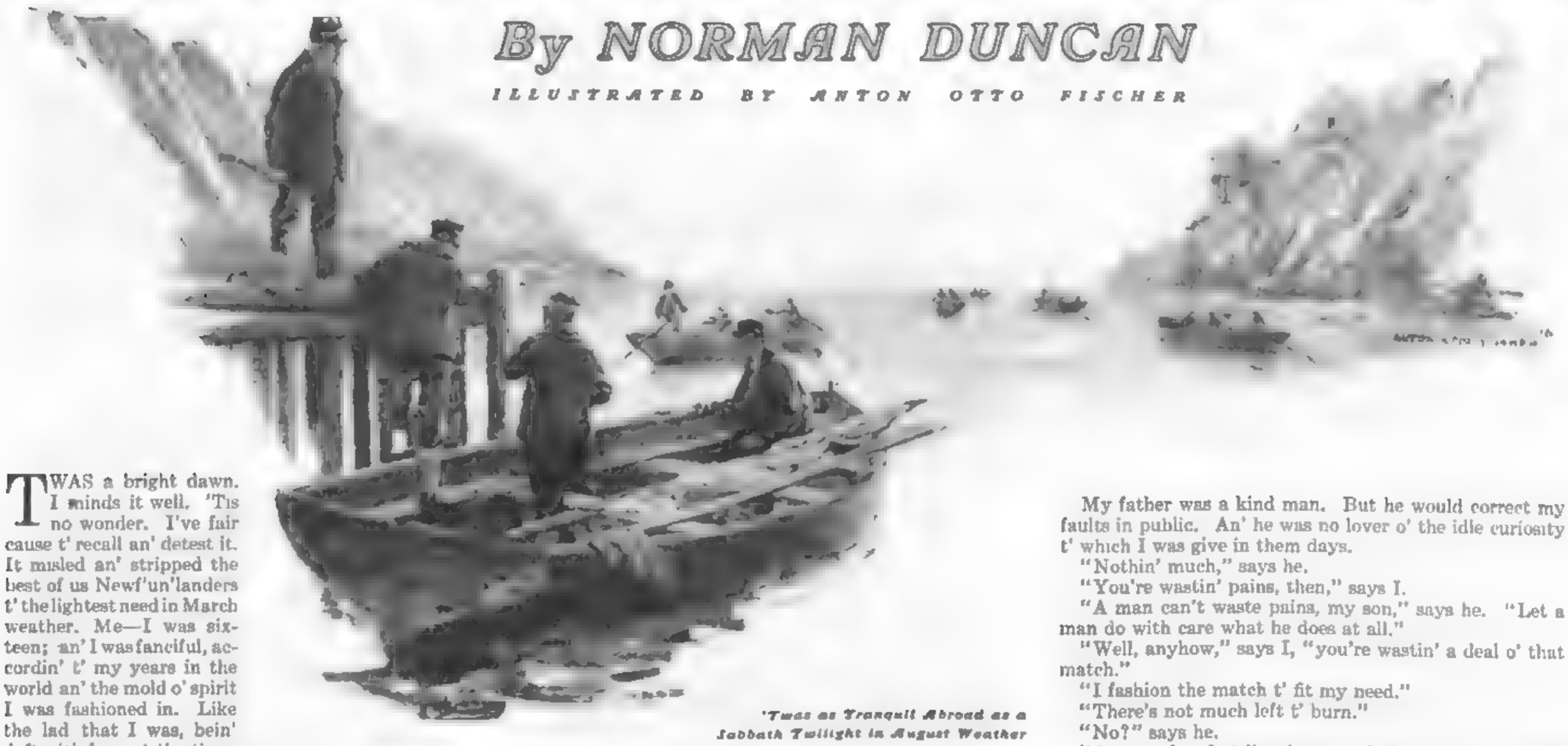
In view of these facts it is apparent that the junk peddler must stand acquitted of the indictment the housewife has brought against him after reading the advertisements and articles published in the waste-saving campaign started by the paper and the shoddy mill men. No matter how petty a business the collecting of junk may seem to her, it is, nevertheless, an independent business in which the one who follows it must not only invest his time and take his chances of securing a profit, but he must also invest more or less money. If he does not secure from his efforts and his investment something better than the wage given to the ordinary

(Continued on Page 61)

THE LAST LUCIFER

By NORMAN DUNCAN

ILLUSTRATED BY ANTON OTTO FISCHER



'Twas as Tranquil Abroad as a Sabbath Twilight in August Weather

'TWAS a bright dawn. I minds it well. 'Tis no wonder. I've fair cause t' recall an' detest it. It misled an' stripped the best of us Newf'un'landers t' the lightest need in March weather. Me—I was sixteen; an' I was fanciful, accordin' t' my years in the world an' the mold o' spirit I was fashioned in. Like the lad that I was, bein' daft with love at the time, I likened the light to a blush; an' I thought o' the cheek of a maid I knowed, as calves will. From my father's landin' stage at Rough-an'-Tumble Harbor, shiverin' in the frost, with sleep still gluin' my eyes, I watched the great dawn o' that day swell over the floe an' climb up the sky. It come rosy an' swift. I don't mind ever seein' all the colors o' glory flow through the clouds an' flood the sea in a way more lovely t' behold. Thinks I—an' I fancied 'twas clever t' think of: "The heavens will waste an' exhaust their store o' color in the east an' there'll be nothin' left for the sunset this day." Nor was there any flutter or whisper o' wind in the world. 'Twas as tranquil abroad as a Sabbath twilight in August weather; an' ol' Johnnie Wheel was ringin' the church bell, too, jus' like Sunday—spreadin' a rumor o' seals on the floe, which news had come over from Telltale Island in the night. Ay, 'tis true—we folk o' Rough-an'-Tumble was all deluded an' ensnared in a way that we've not forgot.

"Swiles! Swiles!"

We men o' Rough-an'-Tumble was jus' roarin' mad t' be off t' the floe an' first at the slaughter.

"Cast off!" says my father.

We fair shot through the tickle in the lead o' the Rough-an'-Tumble fleet o' small craft.

"Civil weather," says my Uncle Mark; "the sea's as flat as a pancake all the way t' the ice."

By an' by a blue day begun t' break. It jus' fair cracked out o' the sky. Thinks I—an' I chuckled with pleasure: "The sky has jus' hatched the mornin'!" 'Twas t' be yellow that day, thinks we. 'Twould be drippin' hot on the ice. A man could shed his coat an' go easy, glad t' be rid o' the heat an' burden of it; an' afore noon, anyhow, foolishly bundled for frost an' a smart wind, he would be wet with the labor o' the slaughter. A nor'east breeze o' wind had urged the ice in from the open in the night. 'Twas lyin' a mere matter o' six miles out from the heads o' Rough-an'-Tumble Harbor. There was no call for caution. In that still weather the ice was jus' dawdlin' past in the drift. Between, the sea was clear an' flat; an' clear an' flat 'twould remain, thinks we, until the punts crawled home loaded in the frost o' dusk. An' thinks I—an' I shuddered t' think of it: "The night will come creepin' out o' the sea on swift feet an' may catch us unwary." All at once then, 'way off shore, the floe flashed in the first sunlight; an' by that time the punts o' Rough-an'-Tumble was racin' for it, all hilarious an' eager, an' we could see the men o' Chance Cove an' Telltale Island at work in the swarm o' swiles, an' I had livelier notions t' busy me than the soft feet an' savage purpose o' the night, whatever it might be.

We was in my father's big punt. There was four of us aboard. Mark Oldland, my mother's brother, him that was a lay preacher, was scullin' the course, whilst we others bent the spruce, there bein' no wind t' favor our speed.

"Anybody got a lucifer?" says my father.

"I ain't," says I.

"Not me," says Uncle Mark.

I never heared my father ask for a lucifer in that way afore. 'Twas so sudden, an' t' my notion so queer, since there was no reason in it that I could fathom, that I laughed outright.

"What you laughin' at anyhow?" says my father.

"You're no smoker, sir," says I.

"True," says he; "but that's nothin' t' laugh about, is it? You've knowed that all your life long, my son, an' you've hitherto managed t' control your amusement. Come now," says he; "what you laughin' at?"

"I'm laughin' at you smokin'."

"I isn't goin' t' smoke."

"You're so pious an' goodly, sir," say I, "that 'twas comical jus' t' think o' you with a pipe in your big brown beard."

"'Tis a spectacle o' waste an' ungodliness, my son," says he, "that will never stir your naughty mirth."

'Twas jus' like my father. He was no lover o' waste. Flushed with the correction, I pulled stoutly on my oars.

"I'm sorry for my fault, sir," says I. "I'll mend my humor."

George Salt says: "Here's a match, Skipper John."

"I'm 'bliged t' you," says my father.

"You is welcome, sir," says George Salt. "I got more."

"Bein' a heavy smoker," says my father, "I've no doubt your weskit pocket is jammed with matches."

"Ay," says George; "maybe 'tis."

My father took the match then from George Salt; an' he opened his clasp knife an' begun t' whittle the wood to a sharp point. I mind he bungled the task. With nothin' t' do but strain my back I watched un idly whilst I pulled on my oars. The haft o' the little match broke off—oh, maybe half an inch or a mite more; an' my father went "Tst, tst, tst!" in disgust, jus' as if he fancied hisself wonderful clumsy an' wasteful. My father hoped, says he, that George Salt would spare un another, if need be. Skipper George dropped his oar t' search his weskit pocket; but my father says "Pull away, ye idle lubber!" an' nothin' come of it. Still an' all, afore my father accomplished a point sharp enough t' content the captious taste of un, a deal o' that lucifer was in shreds on the floor o' the skiff. I mind well enough the pitiful state o' that match—the mean remnant that was left—because o' what come t' pass. Not the half of it was left—I've cause t' know that; an' when the shavin' of it to a point is considered the bulk of it approached not much more than a quarter. Take it weight for weight, an you will, an' compare the part with the whole. Well, I'll say, then, that 'twas more than a quarter an' less than a half. I reckon that's near enough for good judgment. An' you'll bear it in mind an you please, my sirs.

Anyhow, whilst my father shaped the match t' suit his purpose, he looked up; an' he says, as I've told you:

"I'm 'bliged t' you, Skipper George. I'm in sore need of a match."

"What you goin' t' do with it?" says I.

My father was a kind man. But he would correct my faults in public. An' he was no lover o' the idle curiosity t' which I was give in them days.

"Nothin' much," says he.

"You're wastin' pains, then," says I.

"A man can't waste pains, my son," says he. "Let a man do with care what he does at all."

"Well, anyhow," says I, "you're wastin' a deal o' that match."

"I fashion the match t' fit my need."

"There's not much left t' burn."

"No?" says he.

"An you dared strike that match," says I, "I venture t' predict that you'd burn your fingers an' drop it like a stingin' bee."

"Do you pull away, my son, an' not stare at your elders," says he. "I'll employ this match in secret an' enlighten your curiosity at my leisure hereafter."

From that comes my tale o' the last lucifer—whether 'tis worth tellin' or not.

Long afore noon we was landed on the floe. There was men from Chance Cove there—men from Telltale Island an' Lobster Bight an' Hook-an'-Line an' Chain Harbor—four hundred men an' more, 'twas afterward computed. Thinks I, when I seed the ice flow red—an' I sickened t' think of it: "All the world walks hand in hand with sudden death this day an' there's no compassion anywhere." In the quiet weather the ice was loose—gone abroad, spread wide, an' shot an' honeycombed with lanes an' lakes o' water; an' we had trouble gettin' about—passin' from pan t' pan. Man, 'twas hot on the floe, too—the sun pourin' down from aloft an' strikin' up from the ice—an' we sweated ourselves drippin' wet, an' flung off our mitts an' jackets an' weskits. Still an' all, 'twas an easy slaughter, I mind—harp swiles an' their fat young white-coats. 'Twas no great trouble t' shoot the mothers an' bat the young whilst they squirmed an' whimpered like babies.

So great was the bounty o' the Lord, says my Uncle Mark, that the folk o' the coast should live righteously that season thereafter, in gratitude an' praise; an' 'twould be but spiteful fellows, says he, that would grieve the Lord's goodness with sin. We had killed a load afore we nibbled our hard bread in the noonin'; an' we had hauled the kill t' the edge o' the ice, too, where my father's big skiff lay moored.

"The day's not spent," says my father.

"An we're smart enough," says Uncle Mark, "we've time t' receive more o' the Lord's abundance. The weather's settled, true enough. But there's no tellin' where the wind will blow from next. I'm thinkin' the floe will be gone t' sea by mornin'. As for me," says he, "I'm all for industrious behavior. I'm in favor of a second load."

"Think there's time?" says my father.

"Time enough for tryin'."

"'Tis a long way ashore," says George Salt. "I'm in favor o' bein' content with what we got. I've not much heart for pullin' in this hot weather."

"Hut!" says Uncle Mark.

"We'll be cotched by the dusk," says George, "an' delayed for supper."

"It costs nothin' but labor t' try," says Uncle Mark. "If 'tis nothin' gained, 'tis nothin' wasted."

"You'll be sore with hunger by nighttime, Skipper Mark."

"I learned years ago," says Uncle Mark, "t' subject my belly t' my will."

"Ay, Mark," says my father; "the wisdom is with you. You an' the crew take the fat t' harbor, then. I'll bide here on the ice an' kill what I can."

"So be it," says Uncle Mark.

"Ay," says George.

"Lively, lads!" says my father. "I'm not likin' t' be left out here on the ice too long alone."

"An you please," says George, "jus' a jiffy."

"All hands," says my father, "an' no delay."

"Jus' a jiffy," says George, "by your favor."

George struck a match. It went out—jus' sizzled an' died. 'Twas damp. He flung it away.

"Make haste!" says Uncle Mark

"I wants t' light my pipe," says George. "I'll pull all the better for it."

"You been lightin' your pipe all this day," says Uncle Mark.

"Oh no!" says George.

"You is! I been fair stumblin' over the burnt matches you've cast away!"

"I got lots," says George.

"You're a wasteful fellow in all things," says Uncle Mark. "There'll come a day when you'll be beggin' what you now casts away."

"Matches, Skipper Mark?"

"I don't mean matches."

"I could build a raft with the matches I got."

"Still an' all, there's a bottom t' that weskit pocket."

"As for me," says my father, "whatever I haves I conserves against a time o' need."

"'Tis good discretion in a man," says Uncle Mark, who favored my father in all his ways, like a twin, "t' hang on t' what he has until need fair compels un t' cast loose."

"When a man haves no matches," says my father, "an' needs one "

Another match sizzled out.

"Have done! Come aboard!"

In haste George struck again. Too great haste—the match went out. He struck again. That match, too, failed un. He grew wrathful with the delay. An' he wasted another match or two an' cursed the trader that sold them.

"I got these here lucifers from Bill Prest o' the Flyin' Robin," says he. "I'll trade no more good fish for bad matches along o' he."

"You'll never strike a match," says Uncle Mark, "on them bloody trousers."

George burst out laughin'.

"'True enough!" says he. "I'm all bloody!"

The next match was struck on the gunwale o' the punt. It burned. 'Twas a splendid match. I 'low a man couldn't find a better match nowhere. An' George lit his pipe an' come puffin' aboard. An' then we sot out from the floe t' land the fat at Rough-an'-Tumble.

We landed the fat. By that time we was squirmin' with uneasiness about the day.

"Bad omens," says Uncle Mark. "I'm grieved."

It felt like foul weather. The day was sullen an' heavy. With my father on the ice t' be fetched home or drift t' sea an' freeze solid, we put out daft with fear an' haste. When the wind fell down on us we was halfway back t' the floe—well past Little Rock an' Ol' Wives' Lee, I minds. It come wonderful sudden an' sly—that vast, cold gale o' wind. Dear man, 'twas like the leap of a black host from ambush. I can think o' nothin' so apt t' describe the onslaught an' the tumblin' clamor an' power of it. Thinks I—an' my heart shrank from the black sight: "The armies o' the wind rush out t' slay an' all we insufficient will perish in the white tramp o' their feet on the sea."

A black cloud swelled large over the land. It burst aloft—smeared an' spattered the sky. A squall, jumpin' fair out o' the tickle t' Rough-an'-Tumble, slapped us in the face. After that, the first gusts come whirlin' out, whippin' the sea in their passage; an' the full blast o' the gale tumbled off shore an' galloped down, the sea boilin' white an' the air turned thick an' nauseous with spindrift. 'Twas not long, mark you—this rash change o' face from the yellow warmth an' calm o' noon t' the drivin' gale o' wind that burst that evenin' an' blowed all through the night. An' the truth's in me; they tells the same tale of it at Chance Cove an' all the harbors o' the Bay.

They tells, too, how mortal cold it was—a drop o' forty degrees in an hour an' a half. An' there we was in the thick of it, cotched at sea by wind an' frost, jus' as they tells the tale o' that gale from Twillingate Long Point t' Mother Burke o' Cape John; an' we was all involved in the mess an' murk of it, an' battlin' for life in the smother, almost afore we knowed that trouble was brewin'—the pack of us: Men from Chance Cove an' Telltale Island, Hook-an'-Line an' Chain Harbor, Lobster Bight an' Rough-an'-Tumble. "An' all damp with sweat an' blood," they'll tell you—an' 'tis true; "an' the frost jus' pourin' down with the wind!"

Cold weather fell like sudden death in the wake o' the first squalls an' gripped us; 'twas below zero in a twinklin'—so bitter all at once, I minds, that we whimpered a complaint of it, like trustful men taken unaware with injustice, an' scorned an' sore maltreated. We run out under sail with the wind from shore. Spindrift flushed us like sheets o' rain—snatched off the sea an' flung forth. 'Twould have drenched us t' the bones had it not froze as it fell; but freezin' speedily it left us dry within an' shed water like an oilskin slicker. We was shiverin' cold—the naked flesh of us was soon touched with frost—yet we was not damp deep beneath the fuzz of our jackets; an' I minds that I marveled about this an' grinned t' think o' the queer thing—the cloth o' ice I was clad in that day.

The skiff gathered ice an' come into peril with the weight of it. We chopped her free lest she topple an' founder. I minds well the state o' my Uncle Mark, him with the steerin' oar, sittin' still an' watchful, his head down an' his shoulders hunched—his beard was froze to his breast, an' icicles hung from his cap as from the eaves of a cottage ashore; an' upon occasion, t' release his sight, he brushed the icicles off with a slap of his hand. All in the same state as we, Chance-Cove an' Hook-an'-Line punts passed us the while, sodden with ice, pullin' into the teeth o' the gale—crews o' Sammy Luff an' ol' Pat Hard. An' I minds that ol' Pat Hard called t' know where we was bound for an' how many dead we had aboard, there bein' two dead an' stiff already in Deacon Philip Lute's punt, says he. An' he bawled back, then, that young Jimmie Hines had give up in misery an' been cast overboard. An' thereafter, presently, Thomas Call o' Lobster Bight, workin' for shore with a rag o' barked sail, said that Alex Breed o' Rough-an'-Tumble, my cousin's husband, had foundered, with all hands perished. An' Richard Dalton, passin' t' le'ward, him with the crooked back, yelled down the wind that George Bart o' Chance Cove was cast away with his three sons, an' 'twas rumored, says he, that a Telltale Island crew was adrift an' drivin' t' sea with the floe, an' could not be found by their mates

A squall o' wind struck Crooked Dick's punt.

"Look!" says George Salt. "Oh, dear me!"

Crooked Dick's punt went over. When we had come about an' pulled up t' that place, there was no sign o' Crooked Dick, or his crew, or his punt.

"Went down like lead, poor men!" says Uncle Mark.

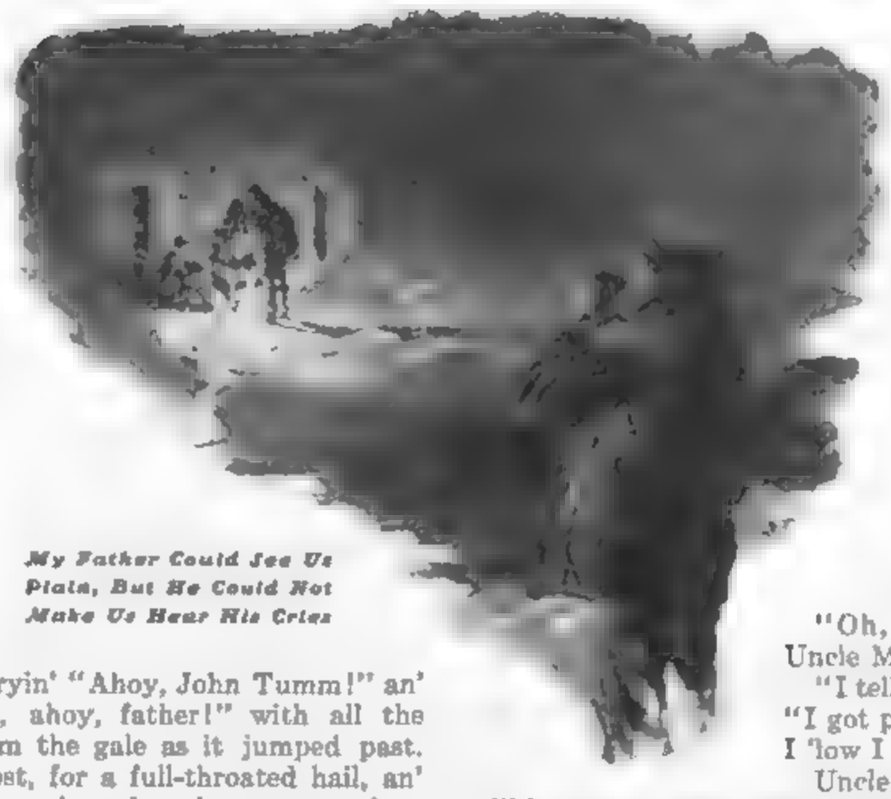
We bore away with the wind.

"God's pity!" thinks I. "'Twill be a catastrophe this night such as old men tells of!"

I knowed then, with Crooked Dick an' his crew gone chokin' an' cold t' the bottom o' the sea, flung from life t' death in a flash—I knowed then that the wind was

Death Stalked the Sea With His Great Nets o' Wind an' Frost Flung Out for the Souls o' Men

abroad like a foe in earnest. Death stalked the sea with his great nets o' wind an' frost flung out for the souls o' men—oh, I knowed that well enough!



My Father Could See Us Plain, But He Could Not Make Us Hear His Cries

'Twas blowin' a blizzard afore we cotched up with the floe, which was drivin' off shore then, with the sea swellin' beneath an' tumblin' the pans about; an' the snow blinded our search for my father—the mist o' snow an' spindrift an' dusk. We skirted the edge o' the ice, all the while callin' his name—George Salt cryin' "Ahoy, John Tumm!" an' me bawlin' "Father, oh, ahoy, father!" with all the breath I could wrest from the gale as it jumped past. Breathin' deep o' the frost, for a full-throated hail, an' breathin' deep again, yet again an' again, we come into peril o' freezin' our lungs. An' my Uncle Mark commanded us t' draw breath through our nostrils—there t' warm it—an' be slow, too; an' by an' by he bade us cease altogether, lest we die o' gangrene o' the chest, as many a rash man had died, says he. Call as we might, we got no answer at all. The wind flung out our cries an' spread them broadcast over the floe t' win'ard—we knowed that much an' waited expectant for my father t' stumble out o' the snow; but we knowed, as well, that our hails would be mixed with the tumult o' the drivin' ice an' be concealed—the pans crunchin' an' smashin' together an' the big bergs topplin' over. An' presently, after that, havin' counseled it over, we determined that my father must perish or survive, poor man, accordin' t' the strength he had for battle, an' God help un, whilst we looked to our own lives!

We found the sea furnished with power t' overwhelm us then, an we didn't look sharp t' defeat it.

"We'll land without delay," says Uncle Mark; "an' in the mornin' we'll be here t' carry Skipper John ashore."

'Twas too much for the punt t' withstand. We must leave the sea or perish in the smother. Bein' afeared t' risk the punt in the midst o' the floe we hunted a commodious pan, in a sudden, driven terror, t' save ourselves alive from the sea an' the frost, an' made t' haul the punt out on the ice.

"Fetch the ax," says Uncle Mark.

"'Tis aft with you," says George.

"I'm froze to the thwart," says Uncle Mark. "I can't stir a inch."

I begun t' chop un free.

"Easy!" says he.

'Twas hard t' wield the ax an' strike true in the heave an' wallow o' the sea.

"Mind my leg, ye dunderhead!" says he. "Ye'll cleave it through!"

"There now," says I.

He ripped hisself loose an' stood up.

"Fetch my beard a wallop," says he. "'Tis froze t' my jacket an' I can't lift my head."

I cracked his great beard out o' bondage with all the care I could command. 'Twas painful to un, I fancy, as I looks back. I minds that he growled "Ouch!" an' "Aouw!" in a temper with me afore I had done. Anyhow I broke his beard free without stavin' in his chest, an' struck the ice from his legs an' the icicles from his cap. An' then from the lee of a point of our pan we hauled the punt out o' the water an' turned it over for shelter from the wind.

"You got any o' them lucifers left?" says Uncle Mark t' George Salt, when we was stowed away.

George fumbled in his weskit pocket.

"I got a plenteous supply, Skipper Mark," says he. "I 'low I'll have a smoke."

"Oh, no, you won't!" says Uncle Mark.

"I tells you, sir," says George, "I got plenty an' t' spare. Why, I 'low I must have ——"

Uncle Mark turns on him.

"Never you mind how many you haves," he says. "There'll be no lucifers wasted on pipes this night. 'Twill be bitin' cold here afore long. An' the wind's blowin' high, lad—the wind's blowin' high!"

Well, now, dark fell thick. 'Twas snowin' prodigally, too. We cowered in the lee o' the punt, squattin' on our haunches, close together, our knees drawed up an' our heads down. An' then we begun t' wait for the mornin', with the wind roarin' past an' curlin' down over the edge o' the punt an' creepin' under the punt t' wind about us silent, all of us, presently, bein' too cold an' dull an' miserable for talk. A long, long time, an hour maybe, blowed the length of its tale o' frosty minutes an' left the measure of its snow in drifts upon us. I counted up t' sixty t' test the speed o' the night: "One, two, three, four, five, six" a measured minute, ticked off like a clock. 'Twas a long minute. "Man alive!" thinks I; "the length of it's nothin' short o' fearful! I wonders," thinks I, "what time o' night it can be!"

'Twas early enough—eight o'clock maybe, or half after that. We had the whole night t' live through—nine o'clock, ten o'clock, eleven o'clock, midnight, one o'clock in the mornin', an' all the dismal hours beyond; an' I fancied, bein' near new, after all, t' the hardship o' life, that not one of us would win through alive t' the dawn. Still an' all, we was well bestowed. When I thought o' my father, alone an' shelterless, I grieved for he an' was grateful for our bit o' cosy lee. An' maybe he was dead an' well out of it, thinks I, an' we'd all perish t'gether, anyhow, an' what matter?

By an' by Uncle Mark says:

"Isn't no sense in perishin' without a struggle, is there?"

"I'm fallin' wonderful sleepy, sir," says I.

"An we don't look out," says George Salt, "we'll freeze an' know nothin' about it."

"I'm all for a caper," says Uncle Mark.

"Me, too," says George.

Well, we capered.

"I'm winded," says Uncle Mark. "Is you warm, my son?"

"I isn't the least bit warm," says I.

"Me neither," says George.

"Hum!" says Uncle Mark.

We capered again jus' leaped an' galloped in a stumblin' way; an' we kep' within hand touch o' the punt lest we stray an' be lost in the dark. Man alive, the wind was big an' bitter!

"Warm?" says Uncle Mark.

"Not me, sir," says I.

"I'm chilled t' the bones," says George. "Is you warm, Skipper Mark?"

"Dear me, no!"

"We'll caper some more," says George.

"I'm not able for it," says Uncle Mark. "The wind tears the breath out o' my chest an' the snow is fair chokin' me t' death."

Uncle Mark was wore out an' gaspin'. 'Twas plain the ol' man could bear no more. He bade us carry on with it an' hisself crawled under the punt t' rest; an' as for we, says he, we must caper all the more t' start the blood, whilst he rested.

"When you're hot," says he, "come in an' warm me up."

George Salt spoke in my ear.

"He've gone in there t' die," says he.

"Oh, not t' die!"

"Ay," says he; "'tis his purpose t' slip away. Come now, we'll defeat it!"

With that, then, we went round an' round the punt, leapin' vigorously an' swingin' our arms, so that the ice was shed from our clothes in flakes an' we moved dry an' with ease. By that time we was in a glow o' warmth—I minds that I was sweatin' a dew; an' I called t' George Salt, afeared that if I sweated myself wet the frost would strike in an' freeze my underclothes afore I dried off—called t' George that I was hot enough for the purpose an' bade un come in with me t' Uncle Mark. It heartened Uncle Mark somewhat t' have us near. We snuggled as close t' the shiverin' ol' man as we could, an' wrapped our arms about un; but 'twas no great heat that we communicated, if any at all, an' what heat we had, with the wind curlin' down over the edge o' the punt an' creepin' in below, was soon expended. Pretty soon we begun t' shiver an' t' clutch one another close—the three of us t'gether; an' we give in then, an' called the expedient a sad failure. I minds a queer thing about it, too: When we sought t' go asunder, we found ourselves sealed fast, the one t' the other an' all t'gether—we had warmed the frozen spindrift in Uncle Mark's jacket an' trousers to a brief meltin', which had frozen again, look you. An' I had t' rip my arms an' legs loose from Uncle Mark t' be free of un, an' George Salt had to, too.

"I'll find the ax," says George.

"Ye won't!" says Uncle Mark.

"Will too!" says George.

"I wouldn't do it," says Uncle Mark. "'Tis not yet time for desperate measures. 'Twill be worse by an' by. Bide a while in patience, George ——"

"Where's that ax?"

Dear man! Well, well, well! Had it come t' that?

"We're doin' well enough as it is," says Uncle Mark.

"I wants that ax."

"Let the worse come t' the worst," says Uncle Mark, "afore you ——"

That was like my Uncle Mark an' my father—thus t' wish t' let the worse come t' the worst afore they spent what they had t' fend it off.

"Grapple round for that ax," says George. "I must have it at once."

'Twas jus' like my Uncle Mark t' counsel desperate waitin' t' the end. I knowed he'd do it.

"Ah, wait!" says he. "The need's not full as yet. You're a wonderful waster, George. In an hour ——"

(Continued on Page 42)

After Dawn the Pelican Steamed Out o' Twillingate Harbor an' Begun t' Search Out the Last

SUDDEN JIM

By Clarence Budington Kelland

ILLUSTRATED BY HARVEY DUNN

XII

JIM found Zaanan Frame at his desk, Tiffany's Justices' Guide open before him as it always was in his moments of leisure. Zaanan nodded.

"Set," he said.

"Judge," said Jim, "I've been invited to help beat you at the next election."

"Um."

"They tell me a corporation hasn't a chance with you."

"Some hain't," said Zaanan briefly.

"And that a laboring man gets all the best of it."

"An even chance is the best of it for a poor feller," said Zaanan. "Cale'late you was fetchin' me news?" The old man's eyes twinkled. "Moran's a convincin' talker," he observed after a brief pause.

Jim made no reply.

"Thinkin' of throwin' in with him?" Zaanan asked.

Jim started to speak, but stopped, startled. It seemed to him for an instant that Marie Ducharme sat before him. He could see her move with the wonderful grace that was hers; he could see the sure, graceful lines of her figure; he could see her face, mobile, intelligent, with possibilities that would have made it interesting, even compelling, but for the expression of sullen discontent that masked it. So real, so material did she seem, that it seemed to Jim he could stretch out his hand and touch her. Then she was gone.

Jim's teeth clicked together, and his good, square-cornered jaw set.

"I'll tell you what I'm going to do," he said with that sudden resolution which seemed to have become a part of him. "I'm going to chase Michael Moran out of Diversity County."

"Um. Hain't you perty busy savin' your own goods from the fire?"

"I'll keep mine and add something of his," Jim said grimly.

"Wa-al, sich things has been done. Ever hear tell of Watt Peters and his bear? Watt he was campin' with a crowd back in the timber, huntin' bear. One day he was cruisin' round and come onto a old he-bear consid'able more sudden than he cale'lated on. Watt he never got famous for boldness, so this time he clean forgot he was huntin' bear and turned and run for all was in him. Seems like he irritated that bear somehow, for he turned to and chased Watt most to camp. Watt he tripped over a root and like to busted his neck. Old bear he kept a-comin'. Wasn't anything for it but to shoot, so Watt he up and shot. Dummed if he didn't kill that there bear deader'n a doornail. Fellers in camp came a-runnin' out.

"'Most catched you, didn't he?' says a feller.

"'Catched me!' says Watt. 'What you mean, catched me?'

"'He was a-chasin' you, wasn't he?'

"Watt he looked scornful like and answered right up: "'Think I want to lug a bear two mile into camp?' says he. 'No, sir, I lured this here bear in so's I could kill him handy to where I wanted him. I jest figgered to make him carry himself into camp,' says he. Wa-al, young feller, things does happen that way sometimes, but it looks to me right now like the bear was chasin' you."

"I know Moran is in with Welliver and his bunch. I know Moran is at the bottom of the trouble we're having at the mill. He's having our logs spiked, and a man of his is tampering with our machinery. I know it, but I can't prove it even to myself. The first thing I do is to make certain."

"If I was goin' to take a drive," said Zaanan, "I'd take the River Road. Cale'late I'd drive till I come to where a beech and a maple's growin' so clost it looks like they come up from one root, and I'd up and hitch there. Then I'd walk off to the right, takin' care to make plenty of noise so's not to seem like I was sneakin'. About that election, Jim, I cale'late I'm obleeged to you. G'by, Jim."

"Good-by, Judge," said Jim.

He went to the livery for a rig and presently was driving out the River Road according to Zaanan's directions. It seemed like a long time before he discovered Zaanan's landmark, but it appeared at last, and Jim was interested to see that another horse had been tied there not long ago. The marks of its pawing hoofs were visible in the soft soil; the work of its teeth showed on the bark of the tree. It was here that Dolf Springer had tied not many hours before.

Jim looked about him for some indication of man's presence that would show him how to proceed, but there was none. Away from him on all sides stretched a growth of scrub oak and jack pine, with here and there the grayed and splintered shaft of an ancient pine that had been riven by lightning or broken off by wind or age. There was no path, no sign of human usage.

Forgetting Zaanan's caution to proceed noisily, Jim walked slowly, almost stealthily through the underbrush. He did so unconsciously; it was the natural impulse of one walking into the unknown. At times he stopped to look about him, dubious if he had not alighted at the wrong landmark.

Presently he fancied he heard voices and stopped to listen with straining ears. Unquestionably there were voices. Jim drew nearer softly, and in a few moments reached a point where words and tones and inflections could be distinguished. There was a man's voice and a child's voice. Jim stopped again and listened. The conversation he overheard was not a conversation, it was a ritual. As the words came to Jim he knew it was but one repetition of what had been conned and repeated many times before. Yet there was fire in it, fire and fierce determination.

"Where is your mother?" asked the man's voice.

"Dead," answered the child's.

"Who killed her?" asked the man.

"She killed herself," said the child.

"Why?"

"On account of me."

"Did she do right?"

"Yes."

"Who do you hate?"

"Michael Moran," said the child.

"What have you got to do?"

"Pay Michael Moran."

"You won't ever forget?"

"I won't ever forget," said the child.

"See to it you don't," the man said fiercely. It was evident the ritual was at an end; that this last was an admonition not a part of it. Jim shivered—but he knew he had not gone astray, that here was the man Zaanan had sent him to see. He retired softly a hundred feet, then called aloud and floundered toward the spot where the ritual had been spoken.

Jim had not traversed half the distance before a man stepped from behind a mound. It was the same big, handsome, somber man whom Dolf Springer had called upon; it was Steve Gilders. Under his arm was the rifle that had sent a shiver up Dolf's spine.

"Lookin' for somebody?" he demanded.

"Yes. Judge Frame sent me."

"What's your name?"

"Ashe."

"Own the new mills down to Diversity?"

"Yes. Are you the man I came to see?"

"Cale'late so. Names is handy in talkin' to folks. Mine's Steve."

Jim thought it best not to ask additional names.

"What was you wantin'?" Steve asked.

"Somebody's playing hob with my machinery and driving spikes into my logs for me to rip off saw teeth on. I think Michael Moran is at the bottom of it, but I want to prove it to myself."

"If you kin prove it—what?"

"I'll have a better conscience to go after the man."

"Not after him personal. You won't lay hands on him? You hain't figgerin' on doin' anythin' to his body, be you? 'Cause I can't have that. That hain't your concern. It's a job for somebody else."

"No. But I'm goin' to drive him out of Diversity."

Steve smiled. "If you was to take his money away from him and his power away from him, why I'd be glad. It 'ud hurt him mighty bad. But I cale'late he hain't goin' to be drove out of Diversity. I figger he's goin' to stay here permanent—permanent as them in Diversity's graveyard."

Jim wondered if the man were not off the mental perpendicular; but a glance at his fine if stern face, his clear eyes, his bearing, argued strongly in favor of his sanity. Perhaps the man was possessed of some Old Testament spirit of vengeance; perhaps here was a Northern relative of the blood feud of the Kentucky mountains. In spite of himself he felt apprehensive for Moran's sake.

"You want proofs, eh? Be you enured to walkin'?"

"I'll do my best," said Jim.

"Seven mile to the loggin' road," said Steve.

"I'd better care for my horse then."

"I'll see to him. You set right where you be." It was a command. Jim recognized it as such and obeyed.

It was not long before Steve returned. He did not take Jim to his shanty as he had taken Dolf Springer, but led him straight through the woods toward the southeast. Steve tramped silently. The things his eyes saw, the things his ears heard, and the thoughts moving in his mind were company enough for him. As for Jim, he had difficulty enough maintaining the pace without wasting breath in unnecessary words.

After an hour's steady going Steve stopped suddenly.

"Set," he said. "You hain't used to this."

Jim sank down without a word. Steve leaned against a maple trunk, for they were now getting into the edge of the hardwood, and took out his pipe. Neither spoke for fifteen minutes. Then Steve straightened up and nodded. Jim got to his feet and followed.

In another hour Steve spoke again: "Road's right over there. First landin's half a mile up."

They turned to the left and shortly were in last season's slashings. Narrow lanes among the trees, uneven, impassable to teams at this season of the year, marked the tote roads, which in winter would be cared for more skillfully than many a city boulevard, iced, kept clear of refuse, so that heavily ladened sleds might pass smoothly, carrying logs from cutting to landings.

Jim heard the toot of a locomotive whistle and looked at his watch.

"Must be the empty trucks up from the mill," he said. Steve nodded.

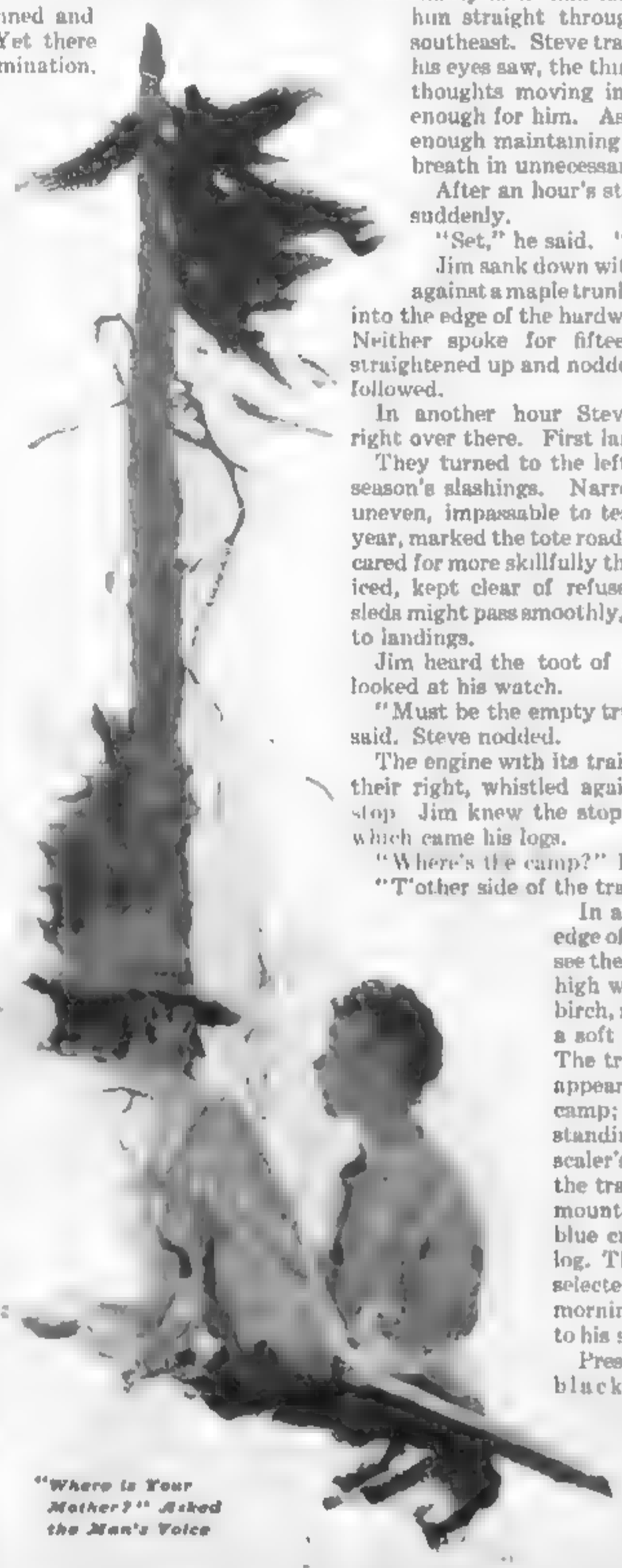
The engine with its trail of trucks passed them at their right, whistled again, and at last came to a stop. Jim knew the stop was at the landing from which came his logs.

"Where's the camp?" he asked.

"T'other side of the track."

In a moment they were at the edge of the clearing and Jim could see the landing, its skidways piled high with hardwood logs, beech, birch, maple, with here and there a soft maple, an ash or an oak. The train crew had already disappeared in the direction of the camp; only one man was visible, standing in the doorway of the scaler's shanty. He looked after the trainmen, then emerged and mounted a skidway. With a big blue crayon he marked log after log. These, Jim knew, were being selected to go to his mill in the morning. Then the man returned to his shanty.

Presently he appeared with a blacksmith's hammer. He mounted the skidway again, knelt upon a marked log, and drove a spike into it near the middle. This he proceeded to sink with a punch.



"Where is Your Mother?" Asked the Man's Voice

Steve did not so much as turn his head toward Jim. He merely watched the man with a curious intentness. The man repeated the operation five times on different logs, then returned his tools to the shanty and sauntered away toward the camp.

Jim felt a hot flame of rage. With characteristic impulse he started to his feet and would have demanded a reckoning of the man there and then, but Steve caught him by the arm and drew him down.

"Hungry?" he asked in a matter-of-fact tone.

"Maybe I am," snapped Jim, "but I'm too mad to notice it."

"Spring back here. I put a snack in my pocket."

"What's that man's name, Steve?" Jim demanded.

"Kowterski—one of Moran's Polacks," said Steve with bitterness in his voice. "Them cattle is drivin' good woodsmen out of the state. Moran's fetchin' 'em

in 'cause he kin drive 'em and abuse 'em and rob 'em. There was a day when a lumberjack come out of the woods after the drive with his pockets burnin' with money. These fellers is lucky if they come out even. I knowed one that come out last spring with fifteen dollars to show for his winter's work. Sometimes Moran gives 'em half a dollar on Sundays—for church!" He stopped suddenly. "Kowterski's brother's night-watchin' for you," he said shortly.

"Thank you," said Jim. "Now let's go back."

"Better eat a bite," Steve said, and taking Jim's assent for granted led the way to the spring.

It was an hour before he consented to begin the backward tramp. It was completed as silently as had been the coming. Steve led Jim past his shanty, but not in sight of it, and to the road where the buggy stood.

"Wait," he said, and shortly reappeared, leading the horse which he helped Jim to hitch.

Jim climbed to the seat and extended his hand. Steve made no movement to take it.

"I'm more obliged to you than I can say," Jim said.

"G'by," Steve said briefly, and turning his back strode out of sight among the scrub oak and jack pine.

The horse Jim drove was not intended by Nature to travel rapidly from place to place. He possessed two paces, one a studious walk, the other a self-satisfied trot that was a negligible acceleration of movement. So it was dusk when Jim reached Diversity. Slow as the progress was, it did not give Jim time to cool down from the boiling point he had reached; instead, it irritated him, brought him where explosion was inevitable.

He returned his horse to the barn and started down the street toward the mill, forgetful that he had eaten nothing but Steve's snack since breakfast. As he passed the hotel he saw Moran on the piazza—Moran who had taken yesterday noon's train to the city.

Jim stopped, gripped his temper with both hands, as it were, to hold it in check, and spoke.

"You're back soon," he said.

"Didn't get to the city at all. Wire met me half way and called me back."

"That's good," said Jim with another of his sudden resolutions. "I'm glad you're here. Can you walk down to the mill with me? I want to show you something."

"Glad to," said Moran, rising.

The older man attempted casual talk as they went along, but Jim's answers were monosyllabic, even brusque. Moran studied the young man's face out of the corner of his eye, wondering what was in the wind. He was puzzled, uneasy; and he ceased his conversation and speculated on possibilities.

Jim led him round to the rear of the mill. At the fireroom door he paused and called: "Kowterski."

Presently a bulky figure emerged from the gloom that was beyond the doorway. The man was big, with a clumsy bigness, not so tall as Jim, but heavier by fifty pounds. He came forward slowly.

"Here," said Jim. "Come here."

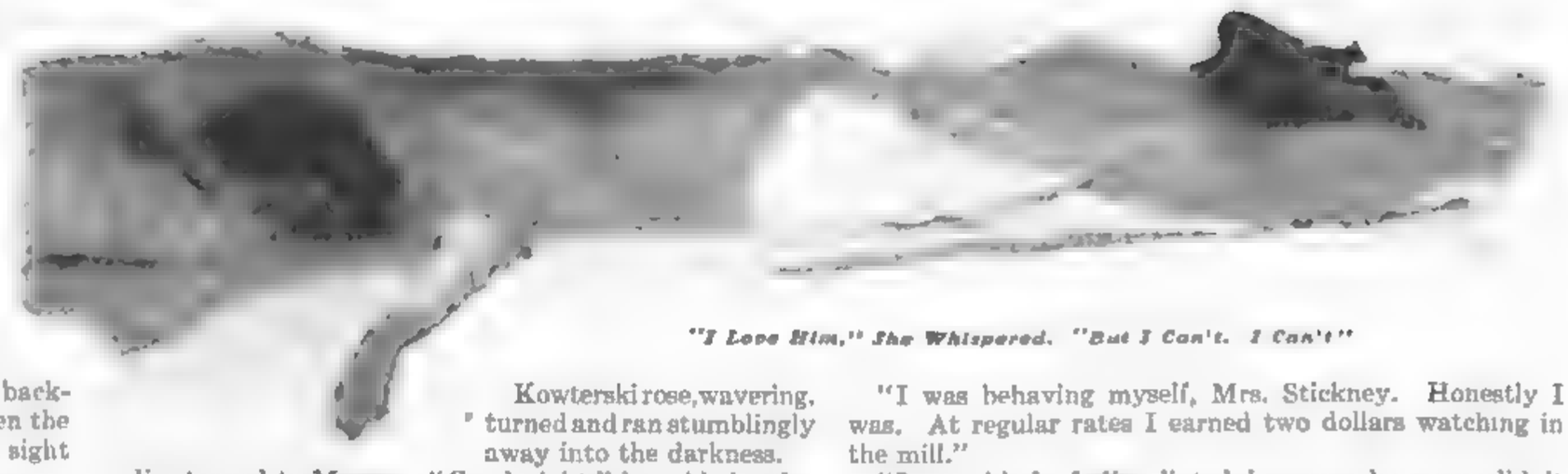
Kowterski recognized Jim and ducked his head.

"Evenin', boss," he said, then looked into Jim's face. Something he saw was disquieting, for he halted, took a step backward, started to raise his hands.

Putting the weight of his body into the blow, Jim struck him. Kowterski stumbled, went down. He lay still an instant where he had fallen, then wallowed to his knees and remained in that position, mumblingly ridding his mouth of blood and teeth.

"Git," said Jim.

Putting the Weight of His Body Into the Blow, Jim Struck Him



"I Love Him," She Whispered. "But I Can't. I Can't"

Kowterski rose, wavering, turned and ran stumblingly away into the darkness.

Jim turned to Moran. "Good night," he said shortly.

"You had something to show me," said Moran, thrown from his habitual poise.

"That was it," Jim said, and disappeared into the fireroom.

XIII

THAT night Jim patrolled the mill in the place of the watchman whose resignation he had accepted in front of the fireroom door. Through the long, dark hours he had time and quiet for reflection. His mind was stimulated by the occurrences of the day; he was aware of a clarity of vision, a straightness of thought, a satisfying concentration. His problem, in all its intricate difficulties, lay plain before him. He fancied he had read astutely his enemies' plans; his own plans began to take form.

Against Welliver and the Clothespin Club he would have to defend himself by business makeshifts and financial strategy. Them he did not underestimate, nor did he exaggerate their menace. To defend himself against Moran his best course was to attack. It would now become his business to seek for a point of weakness, and there to deliver his first blow.

It was common talk that Moran was reaching out ambitiously. His former holdings had been considerable; now the affairs which he seemed to control were of magnitude. He had traveled from the one to the other in a short space, a space so short that Jim felt sure it had not been sufficient to multiply his fortune. It forced itself upon Jim that Moran must have spread himself out thinly to cover so much ground. In that case there must be a point where he had spread himself with dangerous thinness. That area, Jim thought, he must find. There, he said to himself, he must strike.

It was daylight when he left the mill and trudged wearily toward his bed at the widow's. On his way he met John Beam, who regarded him with amazement.

"Up kind of early, ain't you?" asked Beam.

"No, just a bit late to bed," Jim said with a grin of boyishness. "By the way, you'll have to get a new watchman to take Kowterski's place. I took it last night."

"What's the matter with him?"

"When he left," said Jim a trifle grimly, "I thought of advising him to go to the dentist's."

He looked down at his bruised, abrased knuckles. Beam's eyes followed his employer's and the man grinned with sudden comprehension.

"It was him, eh?" he asked.

Jim nodded. "I won't be down till afternoon."

Beam walked on his way, chuckling. Presently he encountered Nels Nelson and recounted what he had learned, with certain amendments and surmises of his own, ending with a special word regarding Jim.

"Some boss," he said delightedly. "I've had a few bosses, but Sudden Jim—he's the boy for my money." Which would have pleased Jim exceedingly had he overheard it.

Jim devoured the breakfast the widow had ready for him, and went off to bed. He went to sleep with the satisfying consciousness that it was now open warfare between him and Moran. What he had done last night was both a declaration of war and an eloquent expression of his opinion of the man. He knew Moran would be able to translate it correctly.

It was after one o'clock when Jim awoke, but he found the widow had kept his dinner warm for him.

"'S my experience," she said severely, "that folks gits more for their money sleepin' nights than daytimes."

"I was behaving myself, Mrs. Stickney. Honestly I was. At regular rates I earned two dollars watching in the mill."

"I was kind of disap'inted in you when you didn't come home at all. But 'Boys will be boys,' says I, 'which won't pervent my speakin' my mind to him if he hain't ready with a good excuse, which mostly young men is ready with and ain't usually believed, but what kin a body do about it?'"

"I hope you'll do nothing rash," Jim said with specious soberness. "You won't put me out in the street, will you?"

"If it had been any of my husbands I'll bet I'd 'a' knowed the reason why," she said, and disappeared into the kitchen with an aggrieved air.

Jim went out smiling; somehow the widow's threatened scolding put him in a better humor with the world. It was good to know that somebody in Diversity had a real, friendly, motherly interest in him.

His way led past Zaanan Frame's office. Zaanan was standing on the step.

"Afternoon," said the old justice. "Hain't much battered up as I kin see."

"I'm practically intact," Jim said gayly.

"Folks round town has it there was consid'able trouble to the mill last night. You was reported laid up in bed with grievous injuries. Calc'lated I'd come round to see you."

"Nothing much. I just took Moran down to point out a circumstance to him."

"Moran? What's he got to do with it?"

"Why," said Jim, "I met him when I got back to town and invited him down to the mill with me. I—er—rid myself of Mr. Kowterski in his presence and left him to think it over. Haven't seen him since."

"He hain't got any misgivin's as to how you stand then, eh? You kind of rubbed his face in it, didn't you? Leetle bit abrupt, wasn't you?"

"If there's going to be a fight," said Jim, "I want it to be a fight. No sneaking under cover."

"Call to mind that British general—what's his name? Bradley—Bradish—some sich thing. Didn't pay no heed to a young feller named Washington when he was goin' to fight the Injuns. He come right out bold to fight like you're aimin' to do. But did the Injuns? Wa-al, accounts says not. They done consid'able sneakin' and prowlin' under cover, and this general got all chawed up."

"I didn't want the man to think I was a fool."

"Um. Shows you're young, Jim. Hain't no better way of gittin' a strangle holt onto a feller than by lettin' him think you're a fool. The s'prise of findin' out sudden that you hain't comes nigh to chokin' him."

"Anyhow it's done," said Jim.

"No argyin' that p'int. I notice Moran didn't leave town this mornin' like he calc'lated to. What you figgerin' on next? Looks like you run onto some facts up the River Road."

"I'm going to look for some more facts."

"What kind of facts, son?"

"Moran's got a thin spot. I want to find it."

"Um. Thin spot. Calc'late I understand you. Figger he's been spreadin' his butter so thin that the bread won't be covered enough somewheres, eh? Maybe so. Maybe so. Ever see a map of the Diversity Hardwood Company's holdin's?"

"No."

"I got one. Had the Register of Deeds fix it up for me thinkin' it might come in handy."

Zaanan went to a cupboard and brought out a rolled map which he spread on the table. It was marked off in sections. Those owned by the company were blocked in with red ink.

"Nigh forty-five thousand acres," said Zaanan.

Jim bent over the map. The Diversity Company's property ran in two irregular, serrated strips. Between the two portions was a sort of strait nowhere marked with red.

"They're cut in two," said Jim. "Who owns the stuff between? Timbered, is it?"

"As good hardwood as ever growed. B'longs to old Louis Le Bar. Run between twenty and twenty-five thousand to the acre. And that's consid'able hardwood, son."

"Logically the company ought to own it."

"Logically it wants to, but old Louis won't sell. Anyhow he wouldn't." Zaanan emphasized the last word

significantly. Jim looked across the table into the old man's twinkling eyes, shrewd, kindly eyes belonging to a man who had learned humankind by scores of years of meeting with them in their adversities. Zaanan said no more but rolled up his map.

"I take it," said Jim, "that you've shown me a fact. One of the kind I was looking for."

"Folks says Opportunity knocks on a feller's door," said Zaanan. "Maybe so, but more times it goes sneakin' past his house quiet in the dark. And sometimes it's hard to catch as a greased pig."

"Much obliged," Jim said. "Where will I find Le Bar?"

"Stiddy, now. Stiddy. Before you pick up that animile be sure it's a cat and not a skunk. You're one of them pouncin' kind of young men. This here's a time to study first and jump afterward."

Then an unusual thing happened. Dolf Springer burst in without knocking. He was excited, greatly excited, or he never would have ventured, for Zaanan's office was sacred.

"Judge," he panted, "what d'you think? They've up and done it. Didn't b'lieve they'd dast, but they did dast. They've up and announced Peleg Goodwin to run agin you for justice of the peace."

Zaanan eyed his henchman. "Git a breath, Dolf. Git a breath. Like's not you'll suffocate. Hum. Peleg, eh?" He turned to Jim. "Seem like old times," he said; "hain't had no opposition for the nomination in more'n twenty year. Peleg Goodwin, deacon by perfession."

"I told you," said Jim. Zaanan peered at him briefly and grunted.

"I hain't so young as I was wunst," he said. "Maybe my powers is flaggin'. Maybe this here is a spontaneous uprisin' of the folks, thinkin' maybe it's time I was put on the shelf. But, son, I don't hanker to go on no shelf—anyhow, not to make room for Peleg. But it was bound to come some day. Folks likes change, and I've been mighty permanent."

The old man leaned back in his chair and looked beyond Jim and Dolf; forgot them as his thoughts carried him back over the years. When he spoke it was not to them, it was to the people, to his people, whom he had served and ruled for more than a quarter of a century.

"Yes, folks," says he, "what some of you is sayin' is correct. I calc'late I'm a boss. But if you was to look at my bank account or search out my property you'd see I wasn't that kind of a boss. I've run things in this county, 'cause I was more fitted to run 'em than you. I'd have liked it if you'd 'a' had the spunk and gumption to run things yourselves. I've let you try it sometimes, and then had to clean up the mess.

"Don't think, folks, that all these years has been pleasure for me, nor what I'd 'a' picked out to do. No, siree! When I was younger there was things I had ambitions about. I wanted to git somewheres and be somethin'. But I hain't had no time. I hain't had no time to spare to look after Zaanan Frame, owin' to matters of yourn that was always pressin'. Diversity wa'n't no heaven when I took holt of it—but now it's a good place for man to live. I've made the laws respected and obeyed; since I've been justice one man's had as much chance in this county as another.

"The days and nights I might 'a' spent buildin' up Zaanan Frame I've spent buildin' up you. But I guess you're tired of it. If 'twas a good man and a true man and a man worthy of trust I calc'late I could step out of the way. There's times when I git mighty tired. But not for Peleg. Dolf," he said sharply, "I guess we'll have to show Peleg and the feller that's puttin' him up to this some real politics."

"You bet!" said Dolf.

"It's Moran," Jim said; but the statement was half a question.

"He's the citizen," said Zaanan.

"They'll try to git you in the caucus."

Zaanan nodded.

"Dolf," said he, "if you was goin' out to talk about this, what would you be sayin'?"

"That we was goin' to roll up our sleeves and lick the pants off'n 'em," said Dolf belligerently.

Jim Could See the Man Kneel Upon a Marked Leg and Drive a Spike Into It. He Felt a Hot Flame of Rage

"Don't calc'late you'd say I was perty hard hit? Eh? Sort of insinuate the blow bore down on my three score and ten year? Nor that there didn't seem to be scarcely any fight left in me?"

"Dummed if I ——" began Dolf. Then he stopped and looked at Zaanan. "Guess maybe that's about what I'd say," he responded presently.

"G'by, Dolf," said Zaanan.

"G'by, Judge," said Dolf.

"'Tain't only me," said Zaanan after a time, "it's the sheriff and the prosecutor and the circuit judge—the whole kit and bilin' of us. There won't be a decent official left in the county. Law and justice'll be bought and sold and traded in like so much farm produce."

"I want to help if I can," said Jim.

"Calc'late I'll need what help I kin git. Moran don't usually start a job he can't see his way to finish. I'll call on you when you're needed. Louis Le Bar lives four mile to the west. How's things at the widder's? Do consid'able cacklin' over you, does she?" He stopped and scratched his head and appeared to ponder. "Say, young feller," he said in a few moments, "what's your special grudge agin Moran? 'Tain't jest his business dealin's with you. It's him you want to git at, ree-gardless. What's he done to you?"

"There's a girl up at Mrs. Stickney's ——" Jim began slowly.

"Um!" grunted Zaanan, and his eyes twinkled. "Moran hain't in no position to cut you out with a girl. He's got more wife'n he knows what to do with now."

Jim felt himself flushing. He had not connected Marie Ducharme with himself in the way Zaanan connected her. He had not considered his hatred of Moran as prompted by jealousy, nor had he looked on Moran as a rival. It was a new idea to him. He considered it. What interest had he in Marie? Did he even like her? He had fancied he disliked her for her sullenness, her rashness, for the bitterness of her temper toward the world. She was all somber shadows or lurid flame; there was no rosiness of dawn, no brightness of noontime, no peaceful, pure light as of the stars.

When Jim had thought of the woman who was to share his life he had pictured her as bright with star-brightness. He would stand something in awe of her, yet her brightness would not be cold, aloof—not cold moon rays. It would be tender, glowing, throbbing—but above all pure, inspiringly pure. Marie knew evil. Her discontent had seen its beckoning finger; she had felt the persuasive touch of its hand on her arm—and had not fled in horror. She eyed it cynically, plumbing its possibilities. Jim's girl would have felt herself indelibly smirched by thoughts that Marie gave willing housing to. Withal, what did he think of her? What was his interest in her? He could not answer. He dared not answer himself, for he found himself contemplating her with fascination. There was an appeal to her. Her possibilities were magnificent. He found himself wishing for her presence, for the sight of her movements of grace, the sound of her voice, the vivid life desire that lay in her eyes.

"Moran takes her to the top of a high mountain and shows her the kingdoms of the world," he said in a hard voice. "He offers them to her."

"And you're afraid she'll accept?"

"She hates Diversity; life discontents her. She is bored. Moran plans deliberately, adds lure to lure. If he catches her in the mood——"

"Interestin' girl? Eh? Talk intelligent? Good company?"

"She can be if she chooses."

"Ever try to git her to choose?"

"She doesn't like me."

"Huh. Hain't much in the way of excitement in Diversity, but pleasure's where you look for it hard enough. I call to mind enjoyin' buggy rides. Ever try to make things pleasant for Marie?"

"No." Jim said it with a guilty feeling.

"My experience," said Zaanan, "is that the run of girls prefers a decent, entertainin' young man to a bad old one. In gen'ral my notion is folks'd rather be good than bad, rather pick out right than wrong. Buggy hire don't come expensive." The old fellow eyed Jim with a twinkle.

Jim returned Zaanan's look; comprehension came to him.

"Judge Frame," he demanded, "did you send me to Mrs. Stickney's because Marie Ducharme was there?" The twinkle in his eye answered Zaanan's. "Was I just a checker you were moving in your game?"

(Continued on Page 51)

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PHILADELPHIA, JULY 8, 1916

Pay as You Fight

A COMPUTATION from a German source puts the direct money cost of the war for two years—June and July being estimated—at just short of fifty billion dollars; but this does not include the cost to Japan. It was the fashion a year and a half ago to take this direct money cost as so much destruction of capital or of national wealth. Of course that is not at all so. War expenses are met mainly out of current production. Far the greater part of whatever has been consumed in the war—barring human life and limb—has been produced since war began.

A London insurance company some time ago loaded six motor busses with American bonds, valued at more than forty million dollars. They were presently shipped to New York, and their proceeds paid for war munitions. England was poorer by the transaction, but the United States was richer by the profits on the war orders. The final loss of world wealth consisted simply in so much good pig iron and other materials that were shot away when they might have been usefully employed.

Other neutral countries are having much the same sort of war boom that we are—selling stuff of various kinds to the belligerents at high prices. Japan, though nominally a belligerent, is in the same case. In such countries, as here, capital is accumulating rapidly. In the belligerent countries themselves some lines of trade are booming, and hitherto unemployed labor has been made productive; no doubt there is a greater effort at economy among all classes.

Probably the world's wealth in inanimate economic goods is little short of what it was two years ago. In shipping, for instance, new construction has offset losses. With a factory to produce men in sufficient quantity to replace losses at the front the world could apparently go on fighting indefinitely—war waste being offset by increased production and stricter economy.

Voting for President

THERE is no telling at this writing what the present campaign will develop. Leaving it out of account, the election of 1896 was the first and the last since reconstruction days in which voters were presented with a clean-cut party issue of so concrete a sort that every man could imagine it as actually touching his own interests. Consequently that campaign called out the highest proportion of the country's voting strength recorded in recent years.

From 1896 to 1912 population increased thirty-four per cent, while the presidential vote increased less than nine per cent. Owing to the unusual influx of immigrants the electorate, no doubt, did not increase in the same proportion as population; yet a great many people who might have voted in 1912 did not take the trouble to do so. The combined vote for Roosevelt and Taft was less than the vote for Roosevelt eight years before, when he got a greater proportion of the popular vote than any other candidate ever received. Never before or since has there been such a decisive preference for a candidate as to give him six per cent above a majority of the popular vote.

Landslides figure extensively in political literature and they occur in the Electoral College; but, so far as the popular vote is concerned, a landslide means an advantage of two or three per cent over the leading opponent. If this campaign develops a really exciting issue it will probably call out at least a million voters who would otherwise stay at home; and a million votes distributed to the best advantage would decide most of our presidential elections.

Mr. Greeley's Score

MEASURED by influence and fame, Horace Greeley was, no doubt, the greatest American editorial writer. It is agreeable to reflect that he was wrong in his opinions about half the time. He wished, instead of fighting the Civil War, to let the Southern States secede and set up for themselves, saying he hoped "never to live in a republic whereof one-half was pinned to the other by bayonets." What a smashing phrase! On paper it is fairly unanswerable; for what could be more absurd theoretically than a free government with one-half coercing the other half to stay in when it wanted to get out?

All the same, in fact, the pinning with bayonets proceeded, and almost everybody now approves it. But only a churlish soul could count it up against Horace that he was wrong then. Half the time he was right, and when wrong he wrote a corking sentence. To be right half the time and eminently worth reading when wrong! What a record for the envy and despair of lesser followers of his trade!

His may be called a perfect score; and perfection happens only once in a generation or two.

Unconscious Militarists

THE Navy Bill, as it passed the House, appropriated two hundred and seventy million dollars, which is considerably more, to the best of our knowledge, than any other nation ever appropriated for a navy in time of peace—twenty per cent more, for instance, than Great Britain appropriated in the fiscal year 1913–1914.

Yet this provision for sea defense, we read, is miserably inadequate. Whether the appropriation was judiciously directed is immaterial for present purposes, because if it had provided more battleships and fewer cruisers it would still have painfully disappointed those who have become infected from Europe with exactly the same truculent, suspicious, invidious patriotism that caused the great war. They want a far bigger navy and conscription. Most of them, no doubt, are honest in saying they do not want militarism—being too excited to perceive the obvious fact that a huge navy and conscription are militarism.

You can readily see how it works. The extreme propaganda for preparedness consists in shouting to Uncle Sam that he is being insulted and browbeaten and is going to get licked; Germany is about to bombard New York; Japan is ready to land in California; he will be slapped in the face, have his goods stolen and his throat cut. It consists, in fine, in inculcating a raw-sore spirit of truculent suspicion of his neighbors. Get that thoroughly inculcated and war follows as a matter of course.

Take your peaceably inclined man; tell him day by day that his neighbors are circulating insults and threats; that they are going to thrash him and sack his house. When you have nettled him to the point where he goes out looking for insults he will be quite sure to find one.

The Perfect Plank

AFTER judicially considering the national platforms that have been presented to an expectant public we are inclined to award the palm to the following plank:

The Republican Party, reaffirming its faith in government of the people, by the people and for the people, as a measure of justice to one-half the adult people of the country, favors the extension of suffrage to women; but it recognizes the right of each state to settle this question for itself.

Taking all the platforms together, various other planks press this one close for first place, and possibly a more intensive study would alter our judgment; but at present we think this is as near to perfection as it is humanly possible to go in the platform art of jollying everybody and then leaving them exactly where they were before.

The only criticism that occurs to us is that the artisans of the sentence, while they got Lincoln in by implication, might have found means to get Washington in too.

Election Figures

THOSE who like to amuse themselves by calculating probabilities from past performances may consider this: The vote cast for Bryan in 1896 was high-water mark for the Democratic Party. No candidate of that party since then has polled so large a vote. The electorate has increased; but none of the increase, as expressed by popular vote for President, has gone to the Democrats. Samuel J. Tilden, in 1876, was the last Democratic candidate who received a majority of the popular vote.

True, a big Democratic vote in the South goes by default. Where a Democratic nomination is equivalent to election, the exciting contest is at the primaries, to see who shall be nominated. When that is settled only a fraction of the electorate takes the trouble to vote for the nominee. Thus, six Southern states have nearly as large a white population as Illinois and Kansas, but cast only a third as many votes for President.

Wilson was a minority President; but nearly half of our Presidents, since the popular vote was counted, have received less than a majority of it. He got a trifle less than forty-two per cent of the votes in 1912. But Lincoln in 1860 got less than forty per cent—and came uncomfortably close to being defeated by McClellan four years later, after he had demonstrated all his great qualities and in the midst of a great war, whose tide was then turning decisively in his favor. Roughly, he got fifty-five per cent of the popular vote, to McClellan's forty-five per cent. Which shows that nothing in the world is more absurd than to expect intelligent judgment of a man's record while he is engaged in making it.

The Voters Who Vote

LET us once in a while be candid about the political boss and his machine. Without them our celebrated scheme of government would no doubt get stalled every now and then. For instance, there are half a million registered male voters in Cook County, Illinois. An election of Circuit and Superior Court judges was held there last spring. Less than a hundred and fifty thousand votes were cast. But a highly efficient political machine, designed and operated by Col. Roger C. Sullivan, did most of the voting. Except for this machinism and a corresponding one on the Republican side, the ballot boxes, when the polls closed, would probably have contained sixty-one votes for the Democratic nominees—cast by themselves, their clerks, bailiffs and chauffeurs—fifty-two votes for the Republican nominees, twenty-six cigar-store coupons, eleven laundry tickets and nineteen baseball rain checks.

We do not suppose Colonel Sullivan's machine had any great interest in the election of a particular set of judges, but it dragooned its more docile followers to the polls as a matter of principle—to keep their hands in. Save for such machine intervention, about half the elections held in the United States would go by default, because nonmechanical voters do not take enough interest in them to go to the polls.

How to Hide Water

NEW YORK some time ago passed a law that very neatly avoids popular and well-founded objections to stock watering, and at the same time imposes no restraints upon the desire for underwriting profits. It permits the organization of companies whose shares of stock express no value. If a million shares are issued each share is worth one-millionth part of whatever the company is worth, but no share pretends on its face to stand for any fixed sum. Long ago companies—notably express companies—were organized with unvalued shares; but for a great while the device was not popular. Everybody wanted his share of stock to say on its face that it represented so many dollars—usually one hundred dollars.

Thus, the Steel Corporation issued five million shares of common stock, each alleging that it represented one hundred dollars, though, in fact, it represented nothing of a tangible nature. Latterly many companies have been organized with unvalued shares. The biggest industrial promotion of the year, recently launched, adopts that plan. Promoters and underwriters get the same rake-off as before, but no falsehood is involved in the transaction. The stockholder gets his proportion of whatever the company may earn, but there is no implication of a fixed value.

The idea obviously is susceptible of wider application. A great many people try to value themselves and their neighbors at a fixed sum, saying they are "worth so many dollars." A more sensible plan is to ignore fixed valuation in dollars and say you are worth whatever dividends of satisfaction you get.

The Shipping Board

IN ITS latest form, as this is written, the Shipping Bill provides for a commission, to consist of the Secretary of the Navy, the Secretary of Commerce, and five other members. Including the two Cabinet officers is a deplorable error. It means politics. That more than one secretary out of a dozen will know anything in particular about shipping is improbable. Amid multifarious other duties no secretary can devote much time to this commission. That the secretaries will be more interested in the political fortunes of the Administration to which they belong than in shipping is fairly a foregone conclusion! We hope the Senate—if there is still time—will strike them out.

What we most need in this connection—as everybody, including the advocates of Government ships, admits—is to attract capital into the shipping field. A Government board with power to fix rates and a strong political flavor will repel capital. A strictly nonpartisan commission may be less imposing, but it will look better to bondbuyers.

ROMANCE OF A BOOK FARMER

By Herbert Quick

REAL book farmers are pretty scarce—and most of them are spurious. The county agent here says to the neighbors that I, Abner Dunham, am the worst mossback in the neighborhood; and proves it, not by that old story of my putting a whip socket on my automobile, but by what he calls my sneering remarks about book farming. Now I hold that you can no more learn to farm out of a book than you can learn to swim, or play baseball, or cut hair in the same way. Doctor Spillman's bulletin on the farming of Chester County, Pennsylvania, admits that the farmers who are guided by the general experience of the farming business in their neighborhoods, rather than by theory, constantly tend to make their methods what they ought to be—or they go broke. And that proves my case. If the scientists and theorists ever come to know all the facts and principles of farming well enough to enable them to formulate designs for correct practices, I suppose they will be able to tell us in books just how to farm.

The only man we've had in the Fairview neighborhood to carry book farming through as a life work is Jeff Sharpe. To be sure we have had our share of back-to-the-landers who thought they could read their way to successful agriculture, and of visionary people who thought the rest of us fools; and themselves proceeded to fool their farms away by doing everything differently. But it wouldn't be fair to charge such cases to book farming, because, in all probability, they would have failed if they had gone into any other business. Jeff Sharpe, however, is an example of the man who gave book farming a perfectly fair chance to succeed.

His full name is Oliver Geoffrey Sharpe, and when he came to the Pup Farm he signed it O. Geoffrey Sharpe. Everybody calls him Jeff now, however, which shows how civilized he has become. Of course in the meetings of our Coöperative Grain Dealers' Association, the wags who deal in lumber and moldings have nicknamed him Ogee Sharpe; but his sobriquet at the Ridgeway Pup Farm was Becky Sharp, as a matter of course, as soon as he made his appearance there.

My little granddaughter Marion says that Jeff's story is a wonderful romance, and she hopes to put it in a play sometime. This brings up the question: Can there be such a thing as romance in the Corn Belt? Marion says it is full of romance; but she is now in the midst of her own first adventure in the realms of faërie—you know, young Clyde Bohn. I have seen the Corn Belt before it received that name, when the very spirit of mystery and promise blew over it—and those things, I have always supposed, are in themselves unwritten romance. I shall never see its like again. Nobody will ever see its like again.

Corn Belt Romance

I HAVE seen it when the far-off shoulders of its low hills were blue with violets, or when anemones were pushing their woolly heads up through the gray grasses under grayer skies; seen it as an ocean whose swells were hills and whose ripples were the shadows on crinkling grasses, spreading away as far as the eye could see, unmarred by homestead or stack. I have lived with the wild fowl, now gone, the wolves, the gophers, and badgers; seen the clouds flying over this wonderful prairie, each followed over the knolls by its double in shadow; watched the tornado go ravening over the land seeking prey where none was found; breasted the blizzards; heard the prairie brooks as they rippled out of the patchy snows, in the spring sunlight, down to the swales and off with the roaring creeks to the river—and then I have seen the black-burnt sod shimmer into the delicate green of April, to pass through every shade of pink, yellow, gold, gray and brown, until the tumbleweeds chased each other from hillock to hollow in the autumn, like stampeded brown sheep. I would give anything to see it again; but I never can, for the world does not hold its like.

I have seen all this green sod broken by the plow; and where I saw a desert I now see a teeming empire of men and women, the best, I am persuaded, in America. All in my life. Perhaps there is no romance in that, but there is something mighty. I have read a book called A Foreign Tour at Home, by a New Englander, who not many years ago for the first time went across the continent to California and could see nothing but what seemed to him rather squalid and dismal in the Corn Belt. He didn't like our endless succession of farms, each with a house of no particular style of architecture and towerlike silos and big red barns. The roads were not good, they were all distinctly straight, and ran north and south, or east and west. The whole country seemed unkempt to him—not realizing how much there is of it to be kempt and how few people there are a square mile to kemp it. To him there was no romance or beauty in the groves we planted in the prairie, and which now stand tall and green about the farmsteads; nor in the long rows of waving corn, nor in the herds of sleek cows and the feed yards peopled with fat steers, dividing their time between alfalfa in the racks and corn in the troughs, with an occasional nibble at the lush blue grass in the pastures. Well, maybe there isn't any beauty in it, but it looks good to us. I honestly believe that this New Englander, who is a literary man, was repelled from the Corn Belt's beauties because of the straight lines, the absence of great areas wasted in the grounds of gentlemen—in short, because it didn't look like England. We get most of our literary farming from British writers.

And in that opinion Mr. O. Geoffrey Sharpe would have agreed when he arrived at the Pup Farm. He was twenty-five or so and had been shipped over from that same England by a family who couldn't for their lives find a place for him there. If we are to understand young Sharpe we must know what the Pup Farm was—and, in my opinion, a real writer could make more of a story of that than of Jeff's career. If Dickens of his Dotheboys Hall and its Mr. Squeers made immortal literature, I should think a writer who knew his business could do as well with Major Ridgeway and his Pup Farm—even if it was in the Corn Belt.

Major Ridgeway was an Englishman who came in about the time of the German invasion in the Mid-West, bought a goodish tract of land in the western part of the Wheeler's Crossroads District, and went into farming. He built a house on the plan, I am told, of an English country home, though probably not so fine; but it was a good deal too much house for the farm. It made the overhead too big for profits. The major was a pompous, red-whiskered, toppy chap who came over the sea expecting to found an estate, a family line, and all the rest of it on the European plan. A considerable number of men did the same thing in the sixties. I can recall now the cases of Doctor Knopf, a German professor; Conrad Schwagermann, a German landowner; Thomas O'Hara, an Irish squire; and a Frenchman named Fournier, who came from France to Quebec and then to this country. They all failed, because land was plenty and Americans would not work for these gentry for less than they could earn working for themselves; and if the gentry paid the scale, they could, as a matter of course, make no profits; since, when a man gets all he makes, there is nothing left for his employer.

Major Ridgeway's Pup Farm

IN THE same wave of immigration there came thousands of poverty-stricken peasants who succeeded where the men with capital and aristocratic notions almost always failed. The reason is perfectly obvious. The only way to succeed was to produce, and the only way to produce was to work; gentlemen could not work, while peasants could and would. Major Ridgeway occupied himself for several years in finding out that for some reason he was gradually sliding downhill into bankruptcy by the operation of a farm of the richest land on earth; and in looking out for a remedy he hit upon the idea of establishing a school in which young Britons might learn American agriculture and thus avoid the failure which, it was beginning to be suspected, was likely to overtake the nonworking landowner on the cheap lands of the United States.

This school was the Pup Farm. Of course that was not its correct name, but we never thought of calling it by any other. I happen to know how the name originated, because I remember when the old major established kennels of various kinds of dogs and tried to sell their progeny. Naturally, a simple people, who called a farm from which pigs were sold a hog farm, called Major Ridgeway's estate a Pup Farm; but, after he had restocked it with scions of British gentility, the name stuck, and I believe had something to do with the more or less well-founded popular notion that these young men each represented a skeleton in the closet of a rich and possibly titled British family. So, you see, we despised Ridgeway's Pups; and they certainly looked down on us, whether they did us the honor of concerning themselves so far as to despise us or not. And Jeff Sharpe was one of Ridgeway's Pups.

Alice Bailey, a niece of mine, was a country school-teacher in those days, and was keeping the Wheeler's Crossroads School. The Ridgeway farm and a school section were in that district, and neither of these was the home of children, so her school was small—only half a dozen pupils, and often none at all. In going to and from school she followed a road which ran over the prairie in those curves which our æsthetic Eastern critics so much miss; but Ridgeway had begun to break the prairie and was trying to make teams follow the section line. You know, however, that it takes two or three years to subdue the soil of an old prairie trail, and Alice still followed the hard path through the Pup Farm fields, in spite of the panels of fence which shut off the teams. One day, as she topped a knoll, she saw one of Major Ridgeway's farm teams in difficulties. The horses were hitched to an old-fashioned square

"Hey! Got Time to Carry a Trunk?"

harrow with forty sharp steel teeth, twenty in each section. The driver had attempted to turn the harrow too short, and it had begun to double up. The outer section of the harrow rose in the air and drove the teeth of the other section down into the earth. This lifted the doubletree at one end and tended to pull the traces under the feet of the inside horse and over the back of the outer.

The horses had begun to prance—for the Major liked spirited horses, even for farm work—and Alice, who had been reared on a farm, knew that if they were not turned back so as to let the harrow straighten out it would upset, tangle the team up in the gear, and possibly, if he hung to the lines, throw the driver on the sharp teeth, now sticking out instead of down; or if he let them go the runaway horses would almost certainly jerk the harrow upon themselves and be torn as by bayonets. The driver seemed utterly incompetent to straighten out the tangle, which was fast becoming really dangerous; so Alice ran to the horses' bits, turned them sharply to the right and eased them forward. The harrow straightened, the right-hand section coming down with a sharp chop, and when Alice had quieted the horses and looked back she saw the driver lifting the harrow to release his foot. Instead of keeping out of the way, as any farmer would have done, he had stood helplessly gazing at the girl who was so skillfully getting him out of his scrape—and had got a steel spike, three-quarters of an inch thick, right through the flat part of his foot. "Thank you very much," said he, lifting his hat. "Very stupid of me to do that. I'm a beastly duffer, you know, at this work!"

"You're hurt!" she exclaimed, looking at the blood gushing up out of his boot. "Oh, you're awfully hurt!"

"Ow, not at all, I assure you," he replied—and keeled over in the dirt. A spike through the foot will put a man out as soon as anything I know of.

First Aid for Jeff's Foot

Alice tied the team to a wagon standing near, dragged the fool Englishman to a clean hard spot in the old road, with a tussock of grass for a pillow, ran to the schoolhouse for water and some remedies she kept there in case any of the children should get hurt, ran back, doused his face with the water and brought him to; and then, against his weak protests, took off his boot and sock, cleansed the wound with water and spirits of camphor, wrapped it up with torn linen which she evolved from the surrounding circumstances, flooded it with tincture of arnica, put on an outer covering made of a grain bag which she found in the wagon, helped him to the spring seat, threw into the wagon his boot and sock, drove him to the Lodge, as they called the Pup Farm, and delivered him to Major Ridgeway's man Pulver. He notified the major, I suppose, that young Sharpe, who had just come on, had already rendered the major liable, on his contract to give his pupils medical attention as a part of the *quid pro quo* for the seventy-five pounds a year each which he charged for their board and tuition.

This was "Becky's" introduction to the Pup Farm's curriculum. Major Ridgeway's course of study consisted of family prayers every morning—to keep his contract for religious and moral surroundings—and for the rest of the day the boys were supposed to absorb agriculture from the plow handle, the lines of the farm harness, the currycombs, the teats of cows, and other practical farm contacts. It was exactly like Mr Squeers' plan of making his boys work in the grounds and garden, with no pretense, however, on the part of Major Ridgeway in the direction of book or laboratory study. We farmers envied the major at first his shrewdness in actually obtaining three hundred and seventy-five dollars cash, apiece, annually, for keeping his hands, while the rest of us had not only to keep them but also to pay them for their work. It looked to us as if he had the Southern slaveholders beaten in the labor market by exactly three hundred and seventy-five dollars a year a head. But we did not understand the Pups.

Britons never can be slaves—and these chaps were typical Britons. They averaged pretty high in wildness. They certainly gave the county seat a rich carmine tint; for while all of them were supposed to be in exile—some for their sins, and others because their families could not afford to give them a financial start in England—they all had more money than any of us possessed. Their remittances were struggled for by the saloons and gambled for by our local tinhorns. The Farmers' Saloon changed its name to the House of Lords, and Jimmy Preston, once a British soldier, was made its manager by the German brewers who owned it. On the other side of the street, Julius Hoffman, a German saloonkeeper who owned his own place, renamed it the Senate, to cater to the American trade. Our local poker players taught the Britons their peculiar art, to which they took much more naturally than to American agriculture at the Pup Farm. The major found it impossible to enforce discipline, and it took as much effort to get a day's work out of the Pups as the labor was worth. He got his yearly fees for keeping them, and he had the questionable pleasure of their company when they were at the Lodge, and that is about all.

Jeff was pretty nearly as wild as any of them. There was no studying to be done, and he sensed the graft there was for the major in his work, and what was there for him to do but join the gang? He and a young fellow named Wyatt—nicknamed Puffin—were the most industrious of the crowd, however. Puffin, through a series of unexpected deaths in his family, became rich and succeeded to a title, and for a long time before his death sat in the British House of Lords, where he made only one speech. It was on the subject of "The Influence of the Settlement of the Prairie States of America on British Agriculture." It made Lord Puffin an authority on conditions prevailing in American farming; and he had the good sense not to try speaking on anything else. He and Becky worked off and on, until something happened in England which cut off Jeff's remittances. He had been cleaned out at poker, just after receiving his last check, and was dead broke. Major Ridgeway immediately kicked him out, and in view of the fact that the check gambled away had contained the Major's "tuition" money, this was only business. At that, Jeff was no worse off than the rest of us, since he had his health, his two hands, and a good education. It was only his raising that made it seem to him that he faced starvation.

He and Alice had cultivated, by carefully arranged accidents, a sort of clandestine acquaintance ever since the harrow accident. She was fond of birds, and Jeff had made a collection of nests in England and knew the names of more birds than Alice did; so they used to walk about the country, generally accompanied by one or two of the pupils of her school, looking at birds with Jeff's opera glasses, and looking them up in a book which Jeff procured. He also showed her how to make an herbarium. These accomplishments on his part seemed to her, I have no doubt, perfectly wonderful things; for she was only an ignorant frontier school-teacher, whose easy examination in the common branches had been none too easy for her.

Turned Off the Pup Farm

Yet, notwithstanding Jeff's marvelous knowledge of the world, of birds and plants, and in spite of his nice manners, Alice knew that she should not go about with him. For he was a wicked, gambling, roistering fellow, who was supposed to be either a fugitive from justice or the ne'er-do-well son of some Englishman who had shipped him to get rid of him. He never spoke of his family. It was hard to induce him to speak of himself. He treated her beautifully, and to walk about with him was just like reading a book, but he was certainly not a man to whom she could stoop. Besides, he was a foreigner, and his manner of mouthing his English would make him the laughingstock of any gathering of the sort of people she knew; and well, there was no use in even thinking about it. And what was "it" anyhow? There was no it.

When Jeff was kicked off the Pup Farm Major Ridgeway sent his luggage to the station and took a check for it from the station agent. When this check was delivered to Jeff it constituted a receipt in full, from the Sharpe family to Major Ridgeway, for one son received in a damaged condition and abandoned in similar state. Jeff told the major he would walk to town. He wanted to think. He had no money with which to pay his fare to England or anywhere else. He had no skill in anything but shooting, tennis, polo and various games of chance—and in the latter his skill was in no way equal to his enthusiasm. What should he do? He had been sent off by his family because he was wild and they couldn't afford the luxury of keeping him—and Major Ridgeway's correspondence did seem to show that Geoffrey might easily win a competence in America in a few years. Besides, it saved the family's face to be able to tell their friends that Geoffrey had gone "rawnching" in America where the millionaires are manufactured. In a country overcrowded with folks too good to work the Sharpes are really not to be blamed, I suppose. The boy was bitter and ashamed and miserable and perplexed and in despair. He wanted to walk to town and think—and he may have been aware of the fact that the road to town took him by Alice Bailey's schoolhouse. Anyhow it did; and when he had passed it a few rods he stopped and sat for a while on a boulder which some old glacier had dropped there. His heart was beating rather high and his hands were trembling. He was thirsty, too, and he knew that Alice always kept a tin pail of water on a bench in the schoolroom. Would she give him to drink? He would ask—and he walked up to the outer door, which was open, and through the entry hall to the inner one which was closed. There was no sound within, no hum of recitation, no shuffling of feet, no piping voice pleading "Please, kin I leave my seat?" or "Please, may I speak?" There was only the droning hum, coming down through the open hatch leading up into the raftered attic, of the mud wasps plying their masonry on the beams. He listened long and as he listened he looked repeatedly at his valuable English gold watch. It was noon, and there should have been the restless racket which precedes the letting out of school—but he could hear nothing. So he gently opened the door and looked in.

Jeff Gets a Legacy

It was one of those days, not so very rare, when none of Alice's pupils had come. She was alone at her cheap pine desk, only four or five feet before him, facing the array of empty seats and the shabby little schoolroom. Or she would have been facing them if she had not had her head bowed on a big book lying on the desk—a book which Jeff recognized as the herbarium. He saw that she was crying, and when she raised her head at the sound of the creaking door her face was streaming with tears.

"I say!" he stammered. "I thought, you know ——"

"Oh," she cried, "they said you'd gone back to England!"

I have no idea what took place then, save that Alice and Jeff ate Alice's lunch and that, when she had conscientiously remained at her post until three, they walked four miles over to my farm, and Alice introduced Jeff as a young friend of hers who wanted a job as a farm hand. When my wife found that he was one of the Ridgeway Pups she wanted me to send him packing for Alice's sake; but I convinced her that we couldn't send the fellow away hungry, and that in common decency we'd have to keep him over night and take him to town the next day. She saw the justice of this, and by the time Jeff had eaten her meat and her salt and had spent half an hour in converse with her and Alice, she was for giving him a chance. She was even willing to let him take a horse and buggy and drive Alice back to her boarding place.

I don't see how it is possible for an Englishman to be poor as a permanent thing, they have so many rich aunts. This I know, that the ones domesticated among us through the Ridgeway Pup Farm—and twenty or thirty must have become permanencies—seemed always to be getting legacies from aunts. Jeff hadn't been working for me three months—not long enough to have become even a passable hand, green as he was—when he got a legacy from an aunt. It amounted to four or five thousand dollars. He finished his month's work, so as to give me a chance to get another hand; and the next thing we heard we were asked to go to the little Episcopal rectory in the county seat to see him married to Alice. At the wedding he told my wife and me that he had bought the farm on which Conrad Schwangermann, the German gentleman mentioned awhile ago, had achieved bankruptcy. The bank had bought it in at sheriff's sale and sold it to Jeff Sharpe. I suspect that they did this to prevent Jeff's legacy from getting across the county line.

"Why," said I, "you didn't have money enough to pay for that big farm!"

"No," said he, "I had barely enough to pay for the equipment. I owe for the whole bally farm. But I think we can make it go, don't you know!"

I told him the farm was too big for him; that he should have bought only what he could pay for; but he was amazingly cheerful, and so was Alice.

"Really, you know," said he, in that style of talk that they call the haw-haw-Englishman style up in Western Canada, "really, you know, I'm quite sure I can organize other men's labor to more advantage than I can my own. I'm quite an ass at manual labor personally, don't you know!"

Neither of them knew much farming; but they tackled the proposition with all the assurance of youth. Jeff was looked down on by the surrounding farmers because he was one of Ridgeway's Pups, even while they recognized the fact that a man who knew Latin and French and played the flute—even though he played it wretchedly—was in many ways their superior. They resented his superiority. The women assumed the pose toward Alice that she had thrown herself away and that certainly she couldn't expect a man of Jeff's history to be true to her. So Jeff and Alice retired from circulation. They became a sort of dual hermit. Knowing nothing of farming, as a means of livelihood, and having no relations with any of his neighbors, Jeff was forced to become a book farmer. He deliberately sat down to learn farming from the printed page.

Once in two years or so, I suppose, I used to drive in at the old Schwagermann house to see Alice and take a look about at what was doing in Jeff's farming; and I heard strange things of him all the time. The next winter after they were married the news came to us that Alice and Jeff had moved to East St. Louis. When I heard that they had returned I went over and learned that Jeff had been working all winter for a commission firm in the stockyards there. When he asked them for work they told him they didn't want him; and when he asked if he could work for them for nothing, so as to have a look at the cattle business, they said he might start in on that basis, but they could give no assurances as to the permanency of the job. On this basis he had worked, and worked hard all winter, loading and unloading steers, driving them from yard to yard, running them up the great chutes to the killing rooms, and especially hanging about the selling yards to get a view of the inside of the business and acquire the knack of telling a good steer from a poor one, either in the finished state, or as feeders and stockers. Lighter in purse, but filled with enthusiasm for cattle, he came back with Alice to the Schwagermann farm and tackled farming on a nine-hundred-acre scale.

Jeff's Cattle-Raising Methods

Everybody laughed at his farming. We saw his blunders, which were obvious and expensive. We saw fields knobby with clods, because he had plowed when it was too wet. We saw great cornfields made hard to cultivate because of the failure of some new tool which was tried on a big scale instead of a small one. We saw stacks built to carry the runs in instead of out. We saw cornfields half tended because he tried to do too much with the force of men he had; but we saw these and his many other bad practices corrected from year to year. One thing struck me in the beginning of his farming, as probably wiser than the practice of the rest of us: he bought all the straw piles within two miles of his place which would in those days, in the ordinary course of things, have been burned to get them off the land—and hauled them to Starpesmoor, as he called his farm. He had established relations with the cattlemen in the stockyards so that they let him have credit for all the cattle he wanted, but most of the stock which he roughed through the winters on the wheat, oat, rye and barley straw obtained for little or nothing, except for the hauling, he picked up in the Fairview neighborhood. **His wasn't fancy stock raising; but it was adapted to the conditions at that time. The cattle weren't toppers; but they were kept on cheap feed, and I could see, though he never came near me or anyone else except on business, that he couldn't be losing money; and I began cautiously to follow his lead. For one thing I saw that that business of hauling straw and working it up in the barnyards gave Jeff such a supply of manure that in spite**

(Continued on Page 29)

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BY REQUEST

(Continued from Page 10)

George Gimble was a good business man and I was not. I don't suppose I had thought about old days for a decade until George walked in on me at the Merchants' Hotel.

"Well, if it isn't old Homer Butler!" George said, coming across the lobby and shaking my hand with force. "Haven't seen you in years."

"Fifteen," I answered. "How are the ponderous pachyderms and blood-sweating behemoths?"

"Fine! Fine!" George returned; but there was a sad and somewhat disconsolate note in his voice. "Let's have a drink."

We adjourned to the bar and discoursed upon subjects and events. Gimble's Three Ring Circus, it appeared, had been hitting the rough spots of late and George was saddened thereby. The Prodigious Parliament of Processional Amazement had been coming up through Texas for several weeks, traveling through a territory that was not only denuded of dollars but was mostly underwater. Miserable crowds greeted George everywhere. Misfortune had seemed to pile up and the bad weather hung on.

As a result of all this and other things, George fell behind with his bills and then trouble came. The pay roll appeared, but was not met. The Gimble performers were giving off the plaintive yowls of their kind, and George was praying for clear skies when the circus came to Uba City.

"And," said George, "I certainly looked for Uba City to pull me through. We played this town five years ago and made a pot of money. It's as lively a town as you'll find west of the Mississippi. When you think that to-morrow's the Fourth of July ——"

His voice trailed off into a dismal groan.

"Sure!" I said. "To-morrow's the Fourth and it ought to hit you just right, in your present condition. It's a holiday, and this town certainly needs diversion of some kind. Uba City ought to turn out big."

"Yes," George answered dolefully; "I ought to make a lot of money here to-morrow; and next week, if I get through, I'll hit the solid gold country. But I won't make much here. I won't grab the extra dough I was counting on. It was easy sailing and the end of my trouble was in sight, but now everything's gummed up."

"How?" I demanded.

"Worst thing that could happen—the very worst! My band has gone on a strike and right at a time when it injures me most. The suckers came along this far all right, and I promised to make good here in Uba City. Two days ago my band got nasty and decided to quit me flat, knowing it would hamstring me. That's what's happened! I'm without a band and here's the Fourth of July coming to-morrow—the very best day in the year for the circus business under right conditions."

"Well," I asked innocently, "why can't you go right ahead and show in Uba City without a band? What's a band got to do with your circus?"

George looked at me pityingly.

"You don't know much about the circus business, do you?" he asked.

"No," I answered, thinking back fifteen years; "I don't."

"The band means everything," he continued, gazing into the mirror. "Every blast means an extra dollar at the box office. Every note is an additional nickel. You can't get the right-size crowd without the band. You can't have a decent morning parade unless you have a noisy band to lead it. Just try to imagine a circus parade minus a band! It would remind you principally of a funeral. And about half the people will stay away just because those suckers struck. I tell you, Homer Butler, I'm up against it!"

"Why don't you hire another band?" I asked naturally.

"Do you think I haven't tried?" he groaned. "Do you think bands grow on trees? I've been telegraphing since early yesterday; but it's no use. There ain't a band within a thousand miles."

I reflected.

"George," I said after a bit, "it's a queer thing how you happened to run into me to-day. It shows you there's something in coincidence. I've got a notion I can get a band for you, provided you can use a small band."

George grabbed my arm and began to gibber.

"It's a small band," I told him.

"Any old kind of band that can make a loud clatter will do the work," he exclaimed with joy. "It don't matter whether it's a washboiler band, so long as it shatters the quiet calm of to-morrow morning in Uba City."

"Then," I said as he bought a final round, "consider your troubles over. I'll see about this band at once. When does your parade begin to-morrow?"

"Ten o'clock prompt," George replied, and there was a hopeful gleam in his eye, such as you might see in the eyes of a man who is being pulled out of the Atlantic Ocean after he has gone down for the third time.

I left him in the hotel. He thanked me profusely before I went, but I waved him off. None of my conversation had gone through my hat, because I could find a band for him! If you could call Pelops Kane and his five rum-hounds a band, then I had a band. Well did I know that this dissolute outfit would be still interned at Patterson. True, they had no instruments; but I could borrow the instruments from Herman Tuttle, and pay him if I failed to send them back. Late on Friday afternoon I got a motor car and jogged over to Patterson, where I held a conference with Herman.

"I want to borrow those instruments," I told him. "I may return them and I may not; but, anyhow, they're no use to you. In case I neglect to bring them back I'll make good to you."

"What do you want them for?" he demanded.

"I'm going to give a party in Uba City," I explained.

"Well, as you say, they're no particular use to me; so you can take them. I hear that bunch of reptiles is still living in a shack over on the railroad. Looks like they'll be with us for some time."

And it did look that way too. I found Pelops Kane sitting on a railroad tie, hiding behind many whiskers; and when he recognized me as the former Samaritan he started for the next county.

"You don't need to run away," I reassured him.

"That's a good thing," he said, stopping. "I couldn't run far. I'm too darn' hungry."

"Where," I continued, "are the other students of what alcohol will do to the human body?"

Pelops grinned weakly.

"They're huntin' breakfast," he admitted. "We've had a hard time, Mr. Butler."

"You have, and you deserve it," I told him. "Your morals are bad. However, why should I bear ill will against my fellowman? I tried to do you a good turn once and you bit the hand that fed you. It goes to show my charitable spirit, because I return to you. There's a circus coming to Uba City to-morrow morning, and if you can keep yourself and your minions sober long enough I can get you a job leading the parade. There'll be three dollars apiece for you all and two passes each to the circus in the afternoon. Want to take it?"

Pelops not only desired to take it but gratitude and joy nearly overcame him.

I discussed details with him and gave him his instructions, which were not complicated but were very definite. He listened with the eager eye of a starved man coming into a cafeteria, and promised—nay, swore—that he would carry out my orders to the exact letter. I told Pelops he would find his instruments in Uba City on the following morning, and we parted.

The Fourth of July dawned gloriously, and long before daylight Gimble's Three Ring Circus began unloading on the lot out near the O. & B. tracks. The big tent went up and the little tents clustered about it. Hired hands began to prepare for the Processional Amazement; and along about eight o'clock Pelops Kane and his five insurrectos blew into Uba City and hunted me up at the Merchants' Hotel. I gave them a few final orders and they went down to the Hammond Cigar Store to get their instruments.

It was as fine a morning for a circus parade as ever will be.

Along about ten in the morning came the first murmurs, carried on the gentle breeze, and the word passed from lip to lip that the parade was coming down Texas Street. Women hurried from their homes, carrying the younger children. The men, affecting a nonchalance they did not feel, moved

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into positions of vantage, and the younger set climbed trees, fences and poles. Herman Tuttle joined me at the hotel, having come over from Patterson at my urgent invitation, because I had figured that by being in Uba City during the day Herman would have a good time.

I remember now that George Gimble passed the Merchants' Hotel in a buggy about nine-thirty in the morning and was pointed out among the gathering clans as the silk-hatted and opulent owner of all the coming gorgeousness. He looked up to where Herman and I sat on the roof of the hotel veranda, where I discovered we were bound to see everything, and waved a cheery hand.

"Everything's fine, Homer!" George shouted as he passed. "Band came all right. We're starting in a few minutes. You fixed me up right."

"You said something there, George!" I hollered back; but he was gone in a cloud of dust, and admiring urchins followed him.

As usual the parade was late. By the time the elephants came along Texas Street and turned into Main the population of Uba City was there assembled—men, women and youngsters. From where I sat I could see fine. First came the band and then the elephants, followed by clowns in carts and afoot; horses bearing beautiful ladies; camels; wagons of wild animals, some open and some shut; acrobatic Arabs, and the whole business—everything to produce processional amazement.

I observed Pelops Kane and his band; and so did everybody else, because they came first and were dressed in scarlet uniforms and scarlet helmets, with spikes atop. There they sat proudly up in a band wagon drawn by six milk-white steeds, one steed for each stew, as it were. The band wagon, just by itself, was a thing of wonder. It had red devils running up the side, sticking golden spears into pure white maidens, and the back end was curled up into a high throne. In the middle it curved down, like a seashell; and two African noblemen drove, with silken ribbons.

Pelops had polished up his E-flat cornet until it glistened like purest gold. The trap-drum player also manipulated the bass drum with his foot, and the tuba man—the fellow with the patch on his eye—sat in front.

As this imposing and splendid equipage turned into Main Street and faced the waiting thousands, Pelops stood up grandly and gave the signal. He led off with his E-flat cornet; and if you know about such cornets you know they can carry hard and far. I suppose an E-flat cornet can make more genuine noise for its size than anything devised by man. One note from an E-flat cornet, with a good man at the nozzle, ought to penetrate armor plate, and you could hang your overcoat on the first shrill blast that issued from Pelops' shining instrument.

The tuba player sat up and demolished three miles of quiet air with his first explosion, and the other scarlet members of the band joined in. But loudest of all, leading all, playing the air and carrying twelve linear miles to the note, was Pelops Kane. Far out on the silent desert the lizards paused and turned their little heads to listen.

As the first piercing blast smote the astounded air Uba City looked up in utter, numb unbelief. Pelops played on and the gold band wagon moved majestically down the street.

And just about then the entire world turned upside down and fell upon Pelops Kane and his cohorts. It must have seemed to Pelops as though forty thousand fists hit him at once, because all Uba City having the use of its legs started to climb that band wagon, which was not hard to climb. The two Ethiopian chauffeurs tried to ascend to heaven, which was their only open route; and when Herman Tuttle and I looked again Pelops Kane and his merry men, in their red uniforms, were sinking rapidly in a sea of humanity—and a dog-goned rough sea!

You have heard about these low moans that sometimes run through a multitude? Well, this low moan probably established a new low-moaning record. Instead of a circus parade I beheld what looked to Herman and me very much like the beginning of a massacre. We leaned forward with interest, and I could hear Herman telling the crowd to give it to the tall guy—which was Pelops. This was beginning to look extremely like my day. I had never, up to that moment, witnessed the destruction of a band or the extermination of a circus; and from the looks of things both of these were about to occur.

It took all of two minutes to wreck that parade entirely; and primary among the wreckage was Pelops Kane. I felt a mite sorry for Pelops for a minute, because Uba City was warming to its work and Pelops was included in its work, along with his rum-destroyers. Herman Tuttle was cheering madly at my side; and I hardened my heart and grinned down upon that scene of fearful carnage, feeling like old man Nero or Cæsar, or whoever it was that kept his thumb down while the lions chewed on raw gladiator.

Of course you can't mortally wound an elephant by shooting him in the hip with a thirty-two-caliber gun, but it annoys him fearfully and he betrays his irritation by trying to clean up. I still think it was Pete Hammond who shot the biggest elephant, though he later denied it indignantly, swearing he had used nothing but cobblestones and half bricks.

Anyhow, the ponderous pachyderms stampeded and part of Uba City started to chase them across the desert to Porter, which is ninety miles due south. One section of the mob entered into a running contest with the camels, and I personally saw Stuffy Eaton engaged in mortal combat with a zebra, which had no desire in the world but to leave Stuffy and everything pertaining to him. Others of the rapidly warming citizenry played a game with the clowns, giving the clowns a start of about twelve feet; and clowns may have been funnier in this world before then, but never faster.

The employees of Gimble's Three Ring Circus, there on parade, suddenly concluded that the town of Uba City had gone insane; and they decided, with equal alacrity, that it was no place to linger. You could see parts of circus escaping to the four cardinal points, and over all hung a pall of dust kicked up by the frenzied Uba's, who were no longer of the belief that this would be a quiet Fourth of July.

Sol Hodson opened the animal wagons and permitted the King of Animals to escape, aiding the King in his frantic departure by trying to shoot off parts of his hide. Circus ladies in costume went away from Uba City's main thoroughfare at full speed on horseback and in chariots, and without having any particular destination. And one young camel, having only a brief experience with riots, gave the whole thing up and lay down in the river, where it died of sheer fright.

I suppose the whole fracas must have consumed ten minutes; and at the end of that time there was nothing in Uba City to intimate the former presence of George Gimble's Three Ring Circus except shreds of ornate clothing, ravelings of human skin, and deep breathing by the population. And out on the lot beside the tracks cheering groups of townsfolk tore down the tents and chased the ticket takers across the sun-baked world.

It was a big day for Homer Butler!

I never saw hide or hair of George Gimble himself, though I heard about him afterward. He was recognized by the maddened multitude and escaped on a mule; and if anybody ever tells you a mule can't be driven fast you refuse to believe it. George lost his hat and some of his garments to the crowd that chased him up the railroad, but not his speed; and when he fell off the mule that patient animal had just covered the last mile in three minutes flat.

A coke train was rattling through the upper yards and George hooked the last car, into which he climbed and mingled with the coke; and after firing their remaining shots in the direction of the retreating train that part of the mob came back to town to see if anything remained undone. I have often wondered where George went.

Well, that's about all! As I said in the very beginning, the last Fourth of July will always remain a pleasant memory and I never expect another like it. All that day grim and determined citizens of Uba kept coming back to town with trophies of the chase—a shoe here or a shirt there. They gathered on the deserted street where once that proud parade had thundered, and spoke of it with feeling; and especially did they refer in their own quaint idioms to the band led by Pelops Kane.

It had started out to be a real nice parade and the band was playing with exceptional strength. I don't suppose I ever heard a band play Sweet Marie, by request—yes; I told Pelops what to play—any louder or more fervently, as far as they got with it.

Ira Vail Won $2000

In the Metropolitan Race at Sheepshead Bay with a Used

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The Only Car That Kept Going

Here's another example of the wondrous endurance of the Hudson Super-Six.

That is what we are proving in this patented motor. Our speed tests are all reliability tests. The miles per hour don't matter.

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At Sheepshead Bay on May 13, the finest race cars in the world met in competition.

It was the year's great event—the Metropolitan Race. Europe sent her best productions for it. America met them with the best she builds.

It was not a stock-car rivalry. These were racing models, built for speed alone, regardless of road service.

Ira Vail wanted to drive in that race, but all the racing cars were taken.

So he thought of the Hudson Super-Six. In speed and endurance it had broken all stock-car records. "Could it be possible," he asked himself, "for the Super-Six to out-match racing cars?"

Bought a Used Car

That was on Monday. The race was on Saturday. And no new Super-Six was available. So he induced our Brooklyn dealer to sell his demonstrating car.

It was, of course, a stock Hudson Super-Six. It had been used in 200 demonstrations. Ira Vail got it for $1300. The cars against him probably averaged $10,000 apiece.

He cut out 22 inches of frame to bring it to racing length. He put racing gears in the axle and mounted a racing body. That was all. The motor was identical with all Hudson Super-Sixes.

With that modified Hudson he won third place against all those racing thoroughbreds. And his prize was $2,000.

Not a Single Stop

A stock Super-Six, in a sheer speed test, could not hope to compete with big powerful motors built for racing only.

But the race covered 150 miles, and every other car had to stop. Not a car on the track, save the Super-Six, could cover that distance at top speed without some repairs or adjustments.

So the Super-Six beat all but two of the cars—the world's finest racing models—simply because of endurance. Its speed was 91 miles per hour.

1819 Miles in 24 Hours

In our Super-Six—the Hudson's patented motor—we are not after speed records.

The records show that the Super-Six outspeeds all other stock cars. But our object is to prove the motor's matchless endurance.

A stock Super-Six chassis was driven 1819 miles in 24 hours, at an average speed of 75.8 miles per hour. That is the distance from New York to Denver. It excelled by 52 per cent the best previous record for a stock car in 24 hours.

The same car had been previously driven 2000 miles at an average speed exceeding 80 miles per hour. At the end of those tests—nearly 4000 miles at top speed—the Super-Six motor showed no appreciable wear.

50 Miles in One

It is estimated by experts that one mile at such speed equals 50 miles of ordinary driving. If that is so, those 4000 miles meant as much in motor wear and strain as 200,000 miles as you drive.

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Keep watch of these Hudson records. We shall keep you informed. They are proving the Super-Six again and again the greatest car in the world.

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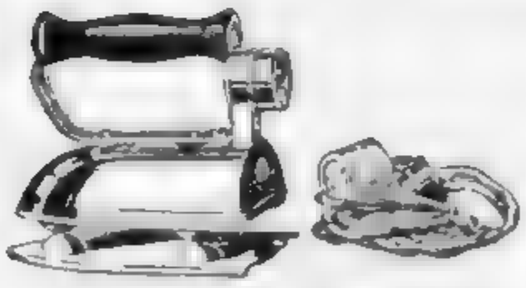

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Westinghouse

(Continued from Page 22)

of his poor field management—now getting better rapidly—his crops were, on the average, heavy. He got this theory of the keeping up of soil fertility out of his books. It was a new thing in the Corn Belt—but we've all learned it since.

A horse laugh went through the neighborhood when it was learned that Jeff had had a wagonload of dirt shipped from California and had scattered it over a field, on which he had sowed some new kind of clover seed. The Clarion, our county paper, had a piece in it telling how Mr. O. Geoffrey Sharpe had shipped in the seed of a new kind of clover and had sowed a load of the soil that it grew in on the Coast, "so it would feel at home in the Mississippi Valley." On being questioned Mr. Sharpe stated that the Clarion account was fairly accurate. Then we forgot about the soil shipment in our glee at his soaking his seed oats and seed potatoes in drugs. He was the first man to inoculate soil for alfalfa in our part of the country that was the soil shipment. I myself lived to pay him two dollars a load for soil from that same field when I saw the sort of crop alfalfa is - and nobody laughed at me. He was the first man to act on the scientific fact that leguminous crops must have certain bacteria on their roots; and he shipped that earth to get the bacteria. It was a new thing even to the scientists—so don't think the rest of us too shockingly benighted. Jeff was the first man to treat his seed grains for smut—and after about ten years, during which he had oats by the carload every year without a trace of smut in them, we gradually woke up to the fact that the fool Englishman knew something we didn't. I noticed from year to year that he had an increasing area in potatoes and that their foliage remained green until frost, while ours died in August.

"How do you account for it, Jeff?" I asked him, after two or three years of this.

"I spray 'em with Paris green for the bugs and Bordeaux mixture for blight," he answered.

"I wonder if the spray has anything to do with the vines staying green that way," I mused.

"Oh, rather!" said Jeff. "I tried it last year and really there is no doubt of it. The blight is a disease, and the spray kills the germs."

All this is old stuff now, but it wasn't then. To be sure we had been using the Paris green for potato bugs for many years, and all of us had seen pieces in the farm papers about Bordeaux mixture; but it looked to us like college-professor dope that the editors put in the papers because the professors sent it to them, and they had to have something to fill up with. But it turned out to be a fact that the blight could be controlled in that way. Jeff Sharpe grew the best crops of potatoes in the county for five years, before his neighbors realized that he had something they hadn't.

New Ideas About Feeding

I have always thought myself as good a cattle feeder as the next man; and I felt a little edgewise at Jeff Sharpe because he never came over and talked with me about feeding. He was married to my niece, and we always attended their christenings; and it seemed that he really owed it to himself and the family to take my advice once in a while; but he never came near. One Sunday Jeff's yard man came over to join my hired man in a fishing trip—I suppose this must have been ten years after Jeff had started in on the Schwagermann farm.

"You'll be back late," I said to Ole, when they told me how far they were going.

"Well, stay as late as you please. I'll do the noon and night feeding."

"You're back numbers," said Jeff's hired man. "We don't have any noon and night feeding."

"You don't!" I said in some astonishment. "Then you're not finishing the steers this year?"

"We sure are," said he. "We're finishing some car lots that are going to the International Fat-Stock Show."

"Then what do you mean," said I, "by that balderdash about not feeding at noon and night?"

"We feed once a day," he replied as they drove off. "They won't see any more feed until eight o'clock to-morrow morning."

Now by this time I had begun to have my suspicions about Jeff's being plumb weak-minded. It seemed to me that he was about as smart as anyone. This system of feeding, however, was certainly a crazy one, as I could plainly see in the light of years of experience; so my wife and I drove over to see Alice that afternoon, only to find that she and Jeff and the children had gone on a bird-studying and plant-collecting picnic away over beyond Indian Ridge, where there is a swamp and lots of bobolinks and some natural timber. There was nobody at home but a hired girl—and all those fine steers out there in the yards needing to be fed. In a few days I saw Jeff and asked him about this hired man's tale. It was quite true, he said, that he had adopted the plan of feeding his steers only once a day. He was feeding alfalfa hay and corn-and-cob meal, with plenty of running water in the yards. He hauled in a weighed-out feed of a fixed number of pounds of alfalfa hay per animal each morning, put it in the racks, and let the cattle run to it; also he placed in the troughs all the corn-and-cob meal needed for twenty-four hours and let the steers eat hay or corn, according to their tastes and fancies, until it was gone—which would be about the time the next feed came in.

"I find," said he, "that it cuts down the expense for labor—and that's our chief problem. It makes the men feel better, too, to be able to take a whole day off, as Nels did the Sunday you speak of."

"But, my boy," said I, "you can't get gains on cattle that will pay by any such system of feeding. Nobody does it. Steers have to have fresh feed before them often to keep them eating. You'll lose money—and you can't possibly get quality on your beeves. You'll see when you ship!"

Checking Books With Experiments

"I was afraid that might be so," said he, "so last year I divided my cattle into two lots, one of which I fed three times a day and the other once. I found that there was no difference either in quality or gain."

"There wasn't!" I was astonished—though I might have expected that experimenting of his. "There wasn't!"

"Well," said Jeff, "the hundred and fifty cattle I fed only once a day made a little better gains, and the buyers liked them a nickel a hundred better—but I think the feeding system had nothing to do with that. There happened to be a few extra good steers in the bunch. Feeding once, twice or three times a day is a matter of no importance, I think, as feeding; though, of course, you have three times the chances to make mistakes when feeding three times a day."

"Where did you get this idea?" I asked, after sitting and looking at him for a while.

"I read it in Henry's Feeds and Feeding," he replied. "I never was in another man's feed yard in my life."

"Out of a book!" said I disgustedly—and drove off. And I still feed my cattle twice a day, even though Jeff's steers did make a good record at the International. I cannot, I simply cannot, seem to make myself feel that Jeff's way is not negligent and slovenly, in spite of the fact that he turns off just as good beeves as I do. In fact, sometimes buyers think they dress out a little better; but I shall never believe that the figures from the killing room are correct—and if they are, the reason for his beeves being a shade better than mine probably lies in the fact that he is lucky in getting a better-bred grade of feeders. When this little competition in fat cattle began between Jeff and me I had some doubts on the subject of the importance of blood in beef cattle—remember, that was a long time ago. But Jeff read books on breeds, and his experience at the stockyards backed up the doctrines in the books; and while the rest of us thought that the whole difference between the scrub and the pure-bred is a matter of feed and shelter, Jeff adopted from his reading the theory that blood is the foundation of good beef, and feed and shelter the means of building the superstructure. Living apart from everybody as he did, he didn't know what we thought, and we were ignorant of his views, and supposed that he was buying Angus, Shorthorn and Hereford steers because of an aristocratic preference for looks and the name of the thing. Now we know a whole lot better.

All this time—or most of it—Jeff might as well have been an absentee landlord for all the good he did to the neighborhood. He saw in the beginning that country life in the Corn Belt was a mighty poor and unorganized thing; and he was used to the caste system of English country life, with its well-marked gradations of rank, its richly developed social system, its leisure, its wealth, its culture, its squires and knights, its barons and lords, and, underneath all, its peasantry, which knew its place. He didn't understand his own place in American life. Here was he, a man who owned his own farm and had a large and good one gradually becoming the richest and best managed in the county, and he couldn't keep domestic help for his wife half the time. As for servants in the British sense, long before he was able to bear the expense of them he saw that they were not to be had at any expense. He was not looked up to in the least because of his proprietorship of the farm, and soon got used to having his hired men call him Jeff or anything else they happened to think of. His wife was a girl of the prevailing social type—a large, dark-eyed, imposing woman who worshiped him, and of whom he was very fond; and she was used to our conditions. That's what saved him from the worst friction with his circumstances, to which he adjusted himself by ignoring the rest of the community and devoting himself to his business and to his growing family, which now included quite a flock of the nicest children I ever saw.

And it was the children that gradually brought the Sharpe family into touch with the neighborhood. Jeff and Alice began by attempting to teach them themselves; which was hard enough when there was only little Bailey, but became impossible when the twins, Isabel and Wyatt—named after Lord Puffin—joined the squad. Two others arrived, and at school age they had to be sent to the district school; and the first occasion on which ten of us ever saw Jeff Sharpe at the same time was when he went to the township school meeting to air his views about school matters. We found that he could talk pretty well and, after the meeting was over, he told me that if we had a few more men as able as half a dozen who were present we might do things.

Then the state college sent an alfalfa demonstration train to the county, and the professor in charge of it asked Jeff to invite the neighbors to Sharpesmoor to see what he had accomplished with alfalfa—which he did, and gave us a mighty good time. The professor took us from field to field and asked Jeff to tell us how he did it, and again we found that he was a good talker and a man of the keenest common sense. We began to forget that he had been one of Ridgeway's Pups—in fact, I had about forgotten it long before that. Alice served us tea and sandwiches and cakes, and we had the time of our lives. Two or three editors asked Jeff to write for their papers. He tells me that on that day he began to have a vision of what American rural life is—as he said—"in process of becoming."

Letters From England

Well, everybody in the Corn Belt knows about O. G. Sharpe now, through his writings for the farm press and his addresses at meetings of farmers, stockmen and people interested in rural life. He is on the school board of the Fairview Consolidated Rural School and teaches classes in feeds and feeding for Tom Whelpley. He is a member of Frank Wiggin's congregation in the old Winebrennerian church, though he also maintains his connection with the Episcopal church in the county seat. There is no more useful citizen in the county, nor a better farmer—if he did dig it all out of books. I have about made up my mind that if the rest of us would study books as he did, and intelligently modify our practice by their doctrines, it would be better for all of us; and Jeff admits that he would have saved himself a lot of mistakes if he had not been too proud to study what we were doing during those first hard years when he and Alice lay awake nights wondering whether or not they would be able to make their payments on the mortgage and prevent foreclosure. For him to have failed would have been a descent into the pit; for he had no friends then.

All this time Alice was wondering whether or not there was anything wrong with Jeff's history at home, as he called England, though he had long since become an American citizen and could be elected to county office if he wanted to be—the farmers would see to that. As for the city vote, his being a director in the Farmers' Exchange Bank would help some, I'm sure. Alice never asked him about his people, and he never told her, except that they were typical middle-class English people. Now to Alice this didn't mean much; but at what it

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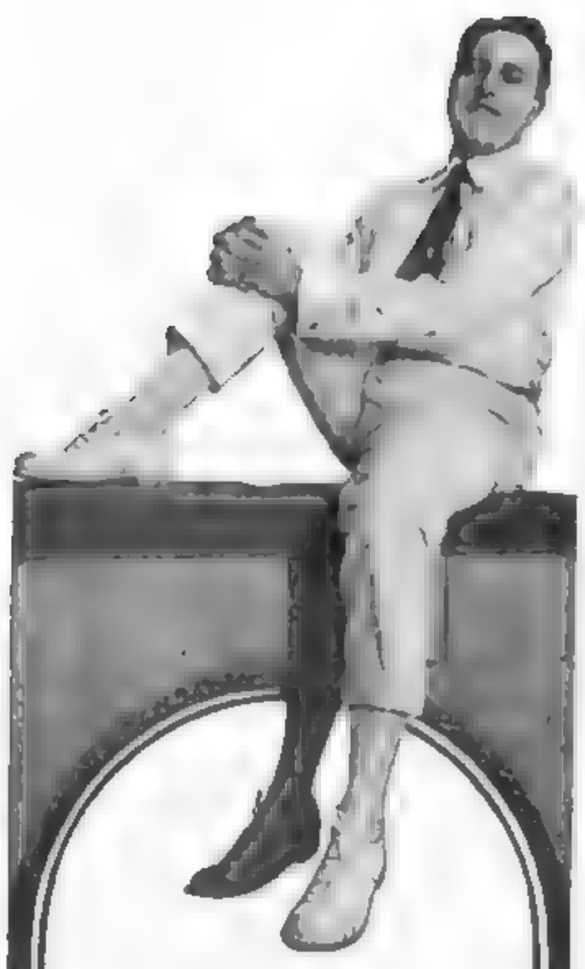

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did mean to her she was not much overjoyed. To her, upper-class people were those who were industrious and honest and not really poor; but a very poor person who was honest and very intellectual, like Mrs. Doctor Asbury at the county seat, was certainly upper class. As for other classes—there was the lower class, consisting of the worthless, criminal and immoral of society. Old Dan Fifer, who was very rich, but lived a life of open immorality and made his money as a loan shark, was certainly, to Alice's mind, a member of the lower classes, though his ancestors came over in the Mayflower. A middle-class person, she reasoned, must be somewhere in between these; and that certainly was nothing to be proud of. Probably Geoffrey had done the only proper thing when he cut himself off from that middle-class family, since he was now indisputably upper class—honest, able, and a successful farmer, respected by all.

Therefore Alice was not lifted to any great spiritual height when the family in England began to write Jeff. He began to speak, too, of changes in the family which seemed to make it necessary for him to go back. They wanted his advice on the family business. Evidently, Alice told my wife, they had found out that Jeff was doing well and wanted to tag along after him.

They never sent any word to Alice, nor asked for her picture nor the children's. So far as Alice knew, Jeff's family were not aware of her existence—which, as a matter of fact, they were not. Jeff admitted to me that for a year or so the exchanges of letters were very cold and businesslike. If the family circumstances had improved, as they seemed to have done, Jeff felt that it was their affair. They had inferred that he could swim in America and never looked to see whether he might not be sinking. The old estrangement had solidified with time, in Jeff's mind; and he refused to tell them about his family, or tell his family about them—he was too proud and embittered at first; and after all these years he could not approach the subject without embarrassament. He felt a barrier between him and the explanations he should have made; and finally, when it became absolutely necessary, he packed up Alice and all the children and sailed for England without explanations.

Alice came over to consult with her Aunt Lucy about the clothes she should wear. "Of course," said she, "Jeff's people being only middle-class folks we shan't be in need of much in the way of clothes. I can't lug a lot of dresses about the world. Do you suppose I shall need any evening dresses?"

"No-o," advised my wife, "I should think not. Just take what street and traveling dresses you will need, and if you are invited out that broadcloth suit with the silk waist that you wore to the meeting of the International Congress of Farm Women will be plenty good enough."

Well, you ought to read the letter Alice wrote her aunt after she got to England. I think I'll give you some of it.

The Embarrassment of Mrs. Jeff

"If I ever wanted to cuff anybody's ears," wrote she, "I want to do it to Jeff's, as he sits before me now—but they are so red with embarrassment at the pickle he put me in that I shall have to forgive him. Why he has deceived me all these years I have no idea; and why he let me come, so unprepared, to be humiliated will always be a mystery. He says that he couldn't explain everything, and he really didn't see the perfectly impossible situation into which he was steering me.

"I won't tell you about London or Liverpool, because I have so much else to tell. We went southwest or southeast from London, two or three hours by train, and got off at the prettiest little village you ever saw—reminds me of the picture of Stratford-on-Avon, only different—and were met at the station by a man with a carriage—a big roomy carriage—but he seemed a little dismayed by the number of children. He seemed glad to see Jeff, and I could see that they were acquainted, because he called Jeff 'Mr. Geoffrey' and Jeff called him 'Dawson'; and told him that Master Bailey would ride in the cart with the luggage, and we'd find room for the rest in the carriage. I thought it funny that none of the family came and that they had sent a hack for us; but I have learned since not to be surprised. We drove along the prettiest roads I ever saw and between the greenest fields, and finally turned in, at a huge gate, into a park, with a great house like a picture in it.

"'This is Oakhurst Park, my dear," said Jeff.

"'A very pretty park too,' said I. 'Do your folks live near it?'

"'Yes,' said Jeff. 'In point of fact, they live ——' And before he got through humming and hawing we had driven up to the door, a liveried servant had opened it, little Bailey had arrived in the cart and joined us, and we were ushered into that fine house, with as much ceremony as if it had been the governor's reception!

"Well, Aunt Lucy, that fine house is Jeff's old home; and I can understand why he was so miserable many years ago; and I can see that he is easily comforted when he tells me that I am the only thing that made it possible for him to get used to living as we used to live when we were younger. And his people are perfectly lovely! I find that middle class here takes in some pretty way-up people—it is the class just below the aristocracy in social standing. I have been the most foolish and ignorant woman in the world! But I must tell you about my clothes. When we arrived and had been welcomed with all due warmth by the family—and that's not any too warm—we were assigned our rooms—such beautiful old rooms—and told by the maid—they keep a lot of servants—I have counted ten and am finding new ones all the time—the time of the dinner hour. I went down in that suit that you and I agreed would be plenty good enough—and found a lot of guests, and every man, including Jeff, in evening dress, and every woman, of course! I felt like death. I will say this for them: they never seemed to notice it."

A Hopeless American

"After dinner Jeff's mother came up to see me, and after we had talked a while I said: 'Mrs. Sharpe'—I wouldn't for the world have called her anything else yet—'Mrs. Sharpe, I have an explanation and a request to make of you.'

"'Yes, my dear,' said she, and I began to feel friendly toward her.

"'My husband,' said I, 'has never told me anything about his family. I inferred, however, that they were not—not the sort of people who live in this style.'

"'Quite so!' she said. 'Jeff is like that. No swank, you know.'

"'Well,' said I, 'I wish he had had a little more swank. If he had not treated me in this shabby way I'd have brought clothes with me. I shall never forgive him!'

"Oh, yes, you will, my dear,' said she. 'I hope you'll never have anything worse to forgive. All the Sharpes are like that. Explanations and descriptions bore them, and they let every one play off his own bat—and we women who are married to them are obliged to forgive their impassivity.'

"She said this, patting me on the arm—and I burst into tears. I will say this for her, that she helped me very tactfully; and then said: 'My dear, you're explanation is entirely adequate. I think you said you had a request also?'

"'It is this,' said I: 'Please let me keep my room until you can take me to a shop and help me select some clothes.'

"'My dear,' said she, 'nothing can give an elderly woman more pleasure than to help buy clothes for a young and beautiful one of whom she feels sure she is going to be very fond!'

"And then I said, 'Thank you, mother!'

"'We'll run up to London in the morning,' said she."

Alice is bent on moving to England, where Jeff's interests are about as large as here, even though he is a younger son; but Jeff has become interested in our neighborhood affairs and refuses to go. The fact is, he is hopelessly Americanized. He says that the governess system in vogue in England is something deadly.

"And then, Uncle Abner," said he—it was the first time he ever called me anything but Mr. Dunham—"I feel that the rural life of England is more beautiful than sound; and it is a decaying thing. Ours is just beginning to find itself—in most places it is not even doing that. I can't forego the privilege, you know, of having a hand in molding it while it is beginning, so to speak. Over there life takes note of what is past. Here we can face what is to come and can build up a country life in which science, art, music and democracy will all be fused into the best the world has seen. I'm going to stay in it and keep my sons and daughters in and for it!"

And then he blushed and said: "Let's have a look at the steers!"

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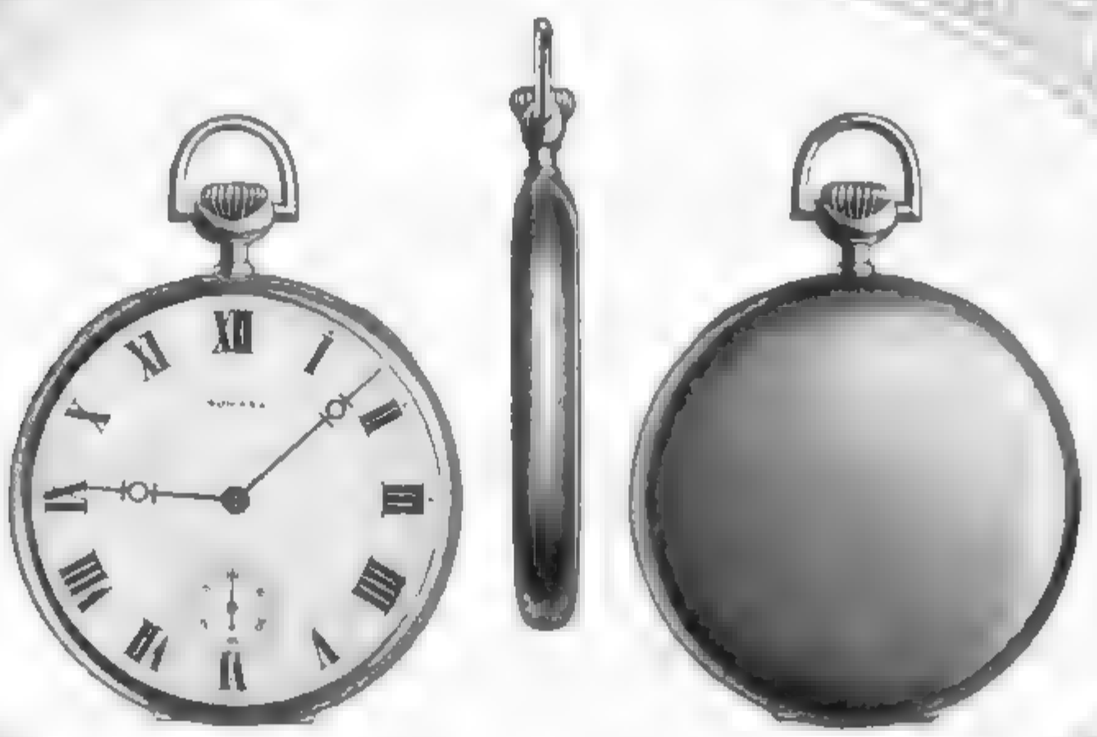

12-size, Extra-Thin—17, 19 and 23 jewels, Open-Face, Plain Polish only—cased in 14 K solid gold. Howard hard-tempered balance—cannot knock out of true with jolt and vibration. Balance pivot and train pivots of special steel, designed for strength and finished to admit of most precise adjustment to positions, heat, cold and isochronism. Prices, $75, $95, and $125.

HERE is a new Howard model of exceptional beauty and appeal—the "Augustan" Howard, dedicated to that distinguished line of Howard owners who have helped to make America what it is today in wealth, in power, in scientific and industrial achievement.

This new model is named the "Augustan" Howard—designed in the spirit of the Augustan Era, the golden age of Rome, which had more in common with the America of today than any other period of the world's history.

Note the exquisite modeling, the dignity of the plain polished case—the bold Roman lapidary numerals—the Roman arch of the bow—the clear expanse of dial, set off by the narrow bezel—the hands, inspired by the Imperial Roman Standard—the perfect fitness of the watch as a whole to the Howard type of man.

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Your .22-Caliber Rifle Club

How to Install your Range on an Inexpensive Basis—with a few words about your .22 Rifle and Cartridges (Remington U M C)

MARKSMANSHIP is an American tradition—indeed, almost a birthright.

And now that the National Rifle Association provides a central organization with which rifle clubs all over the country may affiliate—target-shooting with the .22 caliber rifle has justly become one of the most popular forms of the sport.

Today some Two Hundred and Fifty Thousand rifle shots are members of Clubs affiliated with the Association.

A thousand or more new clubs are formed every year.

This Company receives literally hundreds of letters asking how to form a rifle club, what it will cost, how to get members, how to finance and run it.

Any ten persons sixteen years of age or over can organize a club eligible to affiliate with the National Rifle Association.

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The whole thing can be done by a dozen members in a couple of afternoons—or need not cost more than $50 all told if the work is hired.

Now a word about your *rifle and ammunition.*

If you follow the lead of the vast body of sportsmen today you will equip yourself with a Remington U M C .22 Repeater and shoot Remington U M C .22 Long Rifle Cartridges.

Whether it is a Big Game Rifle or a .22, an Autoloading Shotgun or Pump gun—Metallic Cartridges for any make or size of rifle, pistol or revolver, the steel-lined "Arrow" and "Nitro Club" *Speed Shells* in any gauge and standard load for field or trap-shooting—the sportsmen of the world are giving their highest esteem to Remington U M C. The number of men who are shooting these Arms and this Ammunition, and the *results they are getting*, are nothing short of remarkable.

You will find them in the store of the leading dealer of your community—the man who displays the *Red Ball Mark of Remington U M C*—the Sign of Sportsmen's Headquarters in every town.

And now if there is anything more we can do for you, don't hesitate to write us. We shall be glad to advise you in detail about organizing, the N. R. A. regulations, handicapping, etc., and supply you with regulation practice targets—*with our compliments.*

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Why Have You Never Smoked This Cigar?

This is not the first time you have seen the advertisement of our Panatela. For about 14 years we have run it, always including our offer to send a box to be tried entirely at our risk.

We have said over and over again that our Panatela at $5.00 per hundred was a 10 cent cigar.

Getting the smoker to **continue** to buy his cigars from our factory is very little trouble after he has smoked his first box. He **sees** where he is saving money. But getting the smoker to try his first box is none too easy.

Our offer to send the cigars at our own risk ought to satisfy the most cautious, and convince the most skeptical.

Here is Our Offer: Upon request we will send fifty Shivers' Panatelas on approval to a reader of The Saturday Evening Post, express prepaid. He may smoke ten cigars and return the remaining forty at our expense and no charge for the ten smoked if he is not satisfied with them, if he is pleased and keeps them he agrees to remit the price, $2.50, within ten days.

Our Panatela is a hand-made cigar with a wrapper of genuine Sumatra and a filler of long, clean Cuban grown Havana.

Cigars like this cannot be sold at wholesale for less than five dollars per hundred or retailed over the counter at less than three for a quarter.

We simply give our customers who buy by the box the wholesaler's price.

In addition we give our customers at all times the privilege of returning the cigars.

Now why not accept our offer and try our cigars? Our panatela is not our only cigar. We make in all seventeen different cigars including a line of Clear Havana (all Havana, filler and wrapper). Our complete catalog, mailed on request, shows every cigar we make, from $5.00 per 100 to $15.00 per 100.

Try our Panatela. It's a mild, uniform pleasing cigar; or if you want a larger cigar ask for our catalog. Every cigar we make is sold on the same terms as our Panatela.

In ordering, please use business stationery or give reference and state whether you prefer mild, medium or strong cigars.

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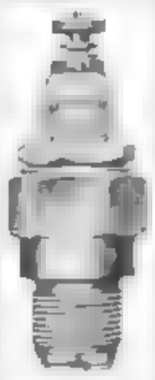

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THE AGONY COLUMN

(Continued from Page 5)

perhaps I had been presumptuous in coming to live in the same house with him. But I had represented myself to Walters as an acquaintance of the captain's and the caretaker lost no time in telling me that "my friend" was safely home.

So one night, a week ago, I got up my nerve and went to the captain's rooms. I knocked. He called to me to enter and I stood in his study, facing him. He was a tall, handsome man, fair-haired, mustached—the very figure that you, my lady, in your boarding-school days, would have wished him to be. His manner, I am bound to admit, was not cordial.

"Captain," I began, "I am very sorry to intrude ——" It wasn't the thing to say, of course, but I was fussed. "However, I happen to be a neighbor of yours, and I have here a letter of introduction from your cousin, Archibald Enwright. I met him in Interlaken and we became very good friends."

"Indeed!" said the captain.

He held out his hand for the letter, as though it were evidence at a court-martial. I passed it over, wishing I hadn't come. He read it through. It was a long letter, considering its nature. While I waited, standing by his desk—he hadn't asked me to sit down—I looked about the room. It was much like my own study, only I think a little dustier. Being on the third floor it was farther from the garden, consequently Walters reached there seldom.

The captain turned back and began to read the letter again. This was decidedly embarrassing. Glancing down, I happened to see on his desk an odd knife, which I fancy he had brought from India. The blade was of steel, dangerously sharp, the hilt of gold, carved to represent some heathen figure.

Then the captain looked up from Archie's letter and his cold gaze fell full upon me.

"My dear fellow," he said, "to the best of my knowledge, I have no cousin named Archibald Enwright."

A pleasant situation, you must admit! It's bad enough when you come to them with a letter from their mother, but here was I in this Englishman's rooms, boldly flaunting in his face a warm note of commendation from a cousin who did not exist!

"I owe you an apology," I said. I tried to be as haughty as he, and fell short by about two miles. "I brought the letter in good faith."

"No doubt of that," he answered.

"Evidently it was given me by some adventurer for purposes of his own," I went on; "though I am at a loss to guess what they could have been."

"I'm frightfully sorry—really," said he. But he said it with the London inflection, which plainly implies: "I'm nothing of the sort."

A painful pause. I felt that he ought to give me back the letter; but he made no move to do so. And, of course, I didn't ask for it.

"Ah—er—good night," said I, and hurried toward the door.

"Good night," he answered; and I left him standing there, with Archie's accursed letter in his hand.

That is the story of how I came to this house in Adelphi Terrace. There is mystery in it, you must admit, my lady. Once or twice since that uncomfortable call I have passed the captain on the stairs; but the halls are very dark, and for that I am grateful. I hear him often above me; in fact, I hear him as I write this.

Who was Archie? What was the idea? I wonder.

Ah, well, I have my garden, and for that I am indebted to Archie the garrulous. It is nearly midnight now. The roar of London has died away to a fretful murmur, and somehow across this baking town a breeze has found its way. It whispers over the green grass, in the ivy that climbs my wall, in the soft, murky folds of my curtains. Whispers—what?

Whispers, perhaps, the dreams that go with this, the first of my letters to you. They are dreams that even I dare not whisper yet.

And so—good night.

THE STRAWBERRY MAN.

With a smile that betrayed unusual interest, the daughter of the Texas statesman read that letter on Thursday morning in her room at the Carlton. There was no question about it—the first epistle from the strawberry-mad one had caught and held her attention. All day, as she dragged her father through picture galleries, she found herself looking forward to another morning, wondering, eager.

But on the following morning Sadie Haight, the maid through whom this odd correspondence was passing, had no letter to deliver. The news rather disappointed the daughter of Texas. At noon she insisted on returning to the hotel for luncheon, though, as her father pointed out, they were far from the Carlton at the time. Her journey was rewarded. Letter number two was waiting; and as she read she gasped.

Dear Lady at the Carlton: I am writing this at three in the morning, with London silent as the grave, beyond our garden. That I am so late in getting to it is not because I did not think of you all day yesterday; not because I did not sit down at my desk at seven last evening to address you. Believe me, only the most startling, the most appalling accident could have held me up.

That most startling, most appalling accident has happened.

I am tempted to give you the news at once in one striking and terrible sentence. And I could write that sentence. A tragedy, wrapped in mystery as impenetrable as a London fog, has befallen our quiet little house in Adelphi Terrace. In their basement room the Walters family, sleepless, overwhelmed, sit silent; on the dark stairs outside my door I hear at intervals the tramp of men on unhappy missions ——

But no; I must go back to the very start of it all:

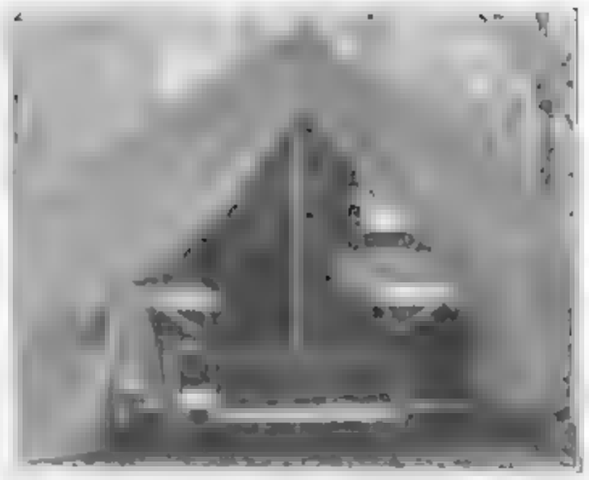
Last night I had an early dinner at Simpson's, in the Strand—so early that I was practically alone in the restaurant. The letter I was about to write you was uppermost in my mind and, having quickly dined, I hurried back to my rooms. I remember clearly that, as I stood in the street before our house fumbling for my keys, Big Ben on the Parliament Buildings struck the hour of seven. The chime of the great bell rang out in our peaceful thoroughfare like a loud and friendly greeting.

Gaining my study, I sat down at once to write. Over my head I could hear Captain Fraser-Freer moving about—attiring himself, probably, for dinner. I was thinking, with an amused smile, how horrified he would be if he knew that the crude American below him had dined at the impossible hour of six, when suddenly I heard, in that room above me, some stranger talking in a harsh, determined tone. Then came the captain's answering voice, calmer, more dignified. This conversation went along for some time, growing each moment more excited. Though I could not distinguish a word of it, I had the uncomfortable feeling that there was a controversy on; and I remember feeling annoyed that anyone should thus interfere with my composition of your letter, which I regarded as most important, you may be sure.

At the end of five minutes of argument there came the heavy thump-thump of men struggling above me. It recalled my college days, when we used to hear the fellows in the room above us throwing each other about in an excess of youth and high spirits. But this seemed more grim, more determined, and I did not like it. However, I reflected that it was none of my business. I tried to think about my letter.

The struggle ended with a particularly heavy thud that shook our ancient house to its foundations. I sat listening, somehow very much depressed. There was no further sound. I rose and went to the door of my room. It was not entirely dark outside—the long twilight—and the frugal Walters had not lighted the hall lamps. Somebody was coming down the stairs very quietly—but their creaking betrayed him. I waited for him to pass through the shaft of light that poured from the door open at my back. At that moment Fate intervened in the shape of a breeze through my windows, the door banged shut, and a heavy man rushed by me in the darkness and ran down the stairs. I knew he was heavy, because the passageway was narrow and he had to push me aside to get by. I heard him swear beneath his breath.

(Continued on Page 36)



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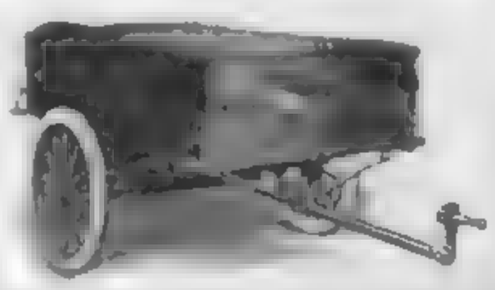

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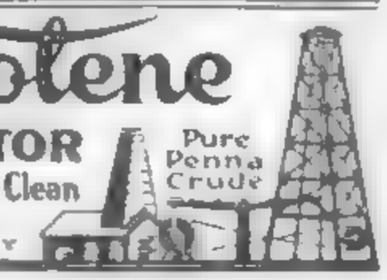

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A summer's nigh

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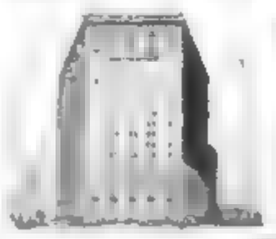

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Mr. Street is making $85.00 a month now. In another year his earnings will be from three to four thousand dollars a year.

He has an eye to the future, and says:

"One advantage of this work for *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman* is that it means something permanent."

If you want to break away from the time-clock; if you want to get out into the fresh air and be your own boss, write for our booklet, "The Way to An Independent Income." There will be no expense to you.

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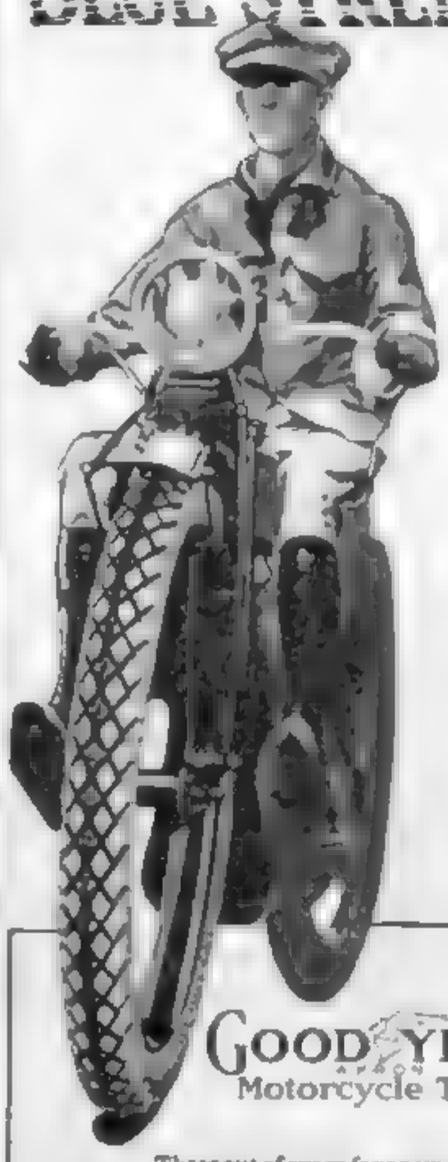
BLUE STREAKS



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Isn't that convincing evidence of their goodness?

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The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company
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(Continued from Page 33)

Quickly I went to a hall window at the far end that looked out on the street. But the front door did not open; no one came out. I was puzzled for a second; then I reëntered my room and hurried to my balcony. I could make out the dim figure of a man running through the garden at the rear—that garden of which I have so often spoken. He did not try to open the gate; he climbed it, and so disappeared from sight into the alley.

For a moment I considered. These were odd actions, surely; but was it my place to interfere? I remembered the cold stare in the eyes of Captain Fraser-Freer when I presented that letter. I saw him standing motionless in his murky study, as amiable as a statue. Would he welcome an intrusion from me now?

Finally I made up my mind to forget these things and went down to find Walters. He and his wife were eating their dinner in the basement. I told him what had happened. He said he had let no visitor in to see the captain, and was inclined to view my misgivings with a cold British eye. However, I persuaded him to go with me to the captain's rooms.

The captain's door was open. Remembering that in England the way of the intruder is hard, I ordered Walters to go first. He stepped into the room, where the gas flickered feebly in an aged chandelier.

"My God, sir!" said Walters, a servant even now.

And at last I write that sentence: Captain Fraser-Freer of the Indian Army lay dead on the floor, a smile that was almost a sneer on his handsome English face!

The horror of it is strong with me now as I sit in the silent morning in this room of mine which is so like the one in which the captain died. He had been stabbed just over the heart, and my first thought was of that odd Indian knife which I had seen lying on his study table. I turned quickly to seek it, but it was gone. And as I looked at the table it came to me that here in this dusty room there must be finger prints—many finger prints.

The room was quite in order, despite those sounds of struggle. One or two odd matters met my eye. On the table stood a box from a florist in Bond Street. The lid had been removed and I saw that the box contained a number of white asters. Beside the box lay a scarfpin—an emerald scarab. And not far from the captain's body lay what is known—owing to the German city where it is made—as a Homburg hat.

I recalled that it is most important at such times that nothing be disturbed, and I turned to old Walters. His face was like this paper on which I write; his knees trembled beneath him.

"Walters," said I, "we must leave things just as they are until the police arrive. Come with me while I notify Scotland Yard."

"Very good, sir," said Walters.

We went down then to the telephone in the lower hall, and I called up the Yard. I was told that an inspector would come at once and I went back to my room to wait for him.

You can well imagine the feelings that were mine as I waited. Before this mystery should be solved, I foresaw that I might be involved to a degree that was unpleasant if not dangerous. Walters would remember that I first came here as one acquainted with the captain. He had noted, I felt sure, the lack of intimacy between the captain and myself, once the former arrived from India. He would no doubt testify that I had been most anxious to obtain lodgings in the same house with Fraser-Freer. Then there was the matter of my letter from Archie. I must keep that secret, I felt sure. Lastly, there was not a living soul to back me up in my story of the quarrel that preceded the captain's death, of the man who escaped by way of the garden.

Alas, thought I, even the most stupid policeman cannot fail to look upon me with the eye of suspicion!

In about twenty minutes three men arrived from Scotland Yard. By that time I had worked myself up into a state of absurd nervousness. I heard Walters let them in; heard them climb the stairs and walk about in the room overhead. In a short time Walters knocked at my door and told me that Chief Inspector Bray desired to speak to me. As I preceded the servant up the stairs I felt toward him as an accused murderer must feel toward the witness who has it in his power to swear his life away.

He was a big, active man—Bray; blond as are so many Englishmen. His every move bespoke efficiency. Trying to act as unconcerned as an innocent man should—but failing miserably, I fear—I related to him my story of the voices, the struggle, and the heavy man who had got by me in the hall and later climbed our gate. He listened without comment. At the end he said.

"You were acquainted with the captain?"

"Slightly," I told him. Archie's letter kept popping into my mind, frightening me. "I had just met him—that is all; through a friend of his—Archibald Enwright was the name."

"Is Enwright in London to vouch for you?"

"I'm afraid not. I last heard of him in Interlaken."

"Yes? How did you happen to take rooms in this house?"

"The first time I called to see the captain he had not yet arrived from India. I was looking for lodgings and I took a great fancy to the garden here."

It sounded silly, put like that. I was not surprised that the inspector eyed me with scorn. But I rather wished he hadn't.

Bray began to walk about the room, ignoring me.

"White asters; scarab pin; Homburg hat," he detailed, pausing before the table where those strange exhibits lay.

A constable came forward, carrying newspapers in his hand.

"What is it?" Bray asked.

"The Daily Mail, sir," said the constable. "The issues of July twenty-seventh, twenty-eighth, twenty-ninth and thirtieth."

Bray took the papers in his hand, glanced at them and tossed them contemptuously into a wastebasket. He turned to Walters.

"Have you notified the captain's family?" he asked.

"Sorry, sir," said Walters; "but I was so taken aback! Nothing like this has ever happened to me before. I'll go at once ——"

"No," replied Bray sharply. "Never mind. I'll attend to it ——"

There was a knock at the door. Bray called "Come!" and a slender boy, frail but with a military bearing, entered.

"Hello, Walters!" he said, smiling. "What's up? I ——"

He stopped suddenly as his eyes fell upon the divan where Fraser-Freer lay. In an instant he was at the dead man's side.

"Stephen!" he cried in anguish.

"Who are you?" demanded the inspector—rather rudely, I thought.

"It's the captain's brother, sir," put in Walters. "Lieutenant Norman Fraser-Freer, of the Royal Fusiliers."

There fell a silence.

"A great calamity, sir ——" began Walters to the boy.

I have rarely seen anyone so overcome as young Fraser-Freer. Watching him, it seemed to me that the affection existing between him and the man on the divan must have been a beautiful thing. He turned away from his brother at last, and Walters sought to give him some idea of what had happened.

"You will pardon me, gentlemen," said the lieutenant. "This has been a terrible shock! I didn't dream, of course—I just dropped in for a word with—with him. And now ——"

We said nothing. We let him apologize, as a true Englishman must, for his public display of emotion.

"I'm sorry," Bray remarked in a moment, his eyes still shifting about the room—"especially as England may soon have great need of men like the captain. Now, gentlemen, I want to say this: I am the Chief of the Special Branch at the Yard. This is no ordinary murder. For reasons I cannot disclose—and, I may add, for the best interests of the empire—news of the captain's tragic death must be kept for the present out of the newspapers. I mean, of course, the manner of his going. A mere death notice, you understand—the inference being that it was a natural taking off."

"I understand," said the lieutenant, as one who knows more than he tells.

"Thank you," said Bray. "I will leave you to attend to that matter, so far as your family is concerned. You will also take charge of the body. As for the rest of you, I forbid you to mention this matter outside."

And now Bray stood looking, with a puzzled air, at me.

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WRITE TO-DAY

"You are an American?" he said, and I judged he did not care for Americans.

"I am," I told him.

"Know anyone at your consulate?" he demanded.

Thank heaven, I did! There is an undersecretary there named Watson—I went to college with him. I mentioned him to Bray.

"Very good," said the inspector. "You are free to go. But you must understand that you are an important witness in this case, and if you attempt to leave London you will be locked up."

So I came back to my rooms, horribly entangled in a mystery that is little to my liking. I have been sitting here in my study for some time, going over it again and again. There have been many footsteps on the stairs, many voices in the hall.

Waiting here for the dawn, I have come to be very sorry for the cold, handsome captain. After all, he was a man; his very tread on the floor above, which I shall never hear again, told me that.

What does it all mean? Who was the man in the hall, the man who had argued so loudly, who had struck so surely with that queer Indian knife? Where is the knife now?

And, above all, what do the white asters signify? And the scarab scarfpin? And that absurd Homburg hat?

Lady of the Carlton, you wanted mystery. When I wrote that first letter to you, little did I dream that I should soon have it to give you in overwhelming measure.

And—believe me when I say it—through all this your face has been constantly before me—your face as I saw it that bright morning in the hotel breakfast room. You have forgiven me, I know, for the manner in which I addressed you. I had seen your eyes and the temptation was great very great.

It is dawn in the garden now and London is beginning to stir. So this time it is—good morning, my lady.

THE STRAWBERRY MAN.

It is hardly necessary to imply that this letter came as something of a shock to the young woman who received it. For the rest of that day the many sights of London held little interest for her—so little, indeed, that her perspiring father began to see visions of his beloved Texas; and once hopefully suggested an early return home. The coolness with which this idea was received plainly showed him that he was on the wrong track; so he sighed and sought solace at the bar.

That night the two from Texas attended His Majesty's Theater, where Bernard Shaw's latest play was being performed; and the witty Irishman would have been annoyed to see the scant attention one lovely young American in the audience gave his lines. The American in question retired at midnight, with eager thoughts turned toward the morning.

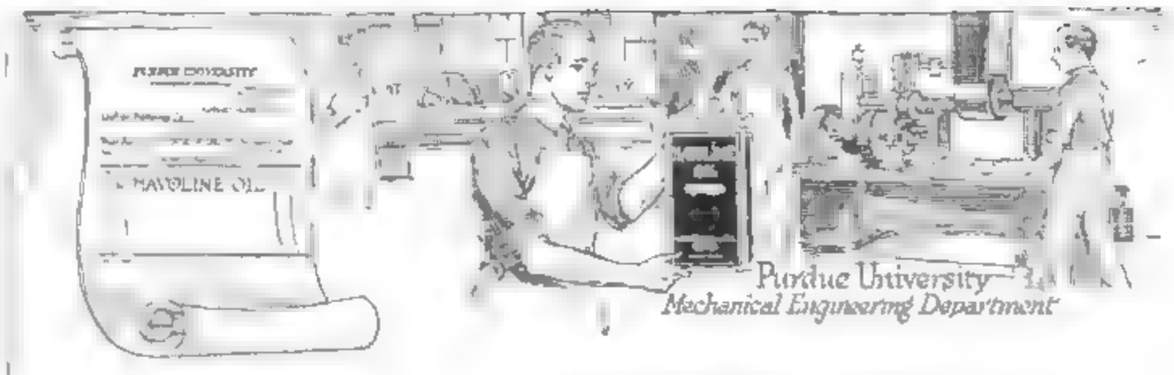
And she was not disappointed. When her maid, a stolid Englishwoman, appeared at her bedside early Saturday she carried a letter, which she handed over, with the turned-up nose of one who aids but does not approve. Quickly the girl tore it open.

Dear Texas Lady: I am writing this late in the afternoon. The sun is casting long black shadows on the garden lawn, and the whole world is so bright and matter-of-fact I have to argue with myself to be convinced that the events of that tragic night through which I passed really happened.

The newspapers this morning helped to make it all seem a dream; not a line—not a word, that I can find. When I think of America, and how by this time the reporters would be swarming through our house if this thing had happened over there, I am the more astonished. But then, I know these English papers. The great Joe Chamberlain died the other night at ten, and it was noon the next day when the first paper to carry the story appeared—screaming loudly that it had scored a beat. It had. Other lands, other methods.

It was probably not difficult for Bray to keep journalists such as these in the dark. So their great ungainly sheets come out in total ignorance of a remarkable story in Adelphi Terrace. Famished for real news, they begin to hint at a huge war cloud on the horizon. Because tottering Austria has declared war on tiny Serbia, because the Kaiser is to-day hurrying, with his best dramatic effect, home to Berlin, they see all Europe shortly bathed in blood. A nightmare born of torrid days and tossing nights!

(Continued on Page 40)



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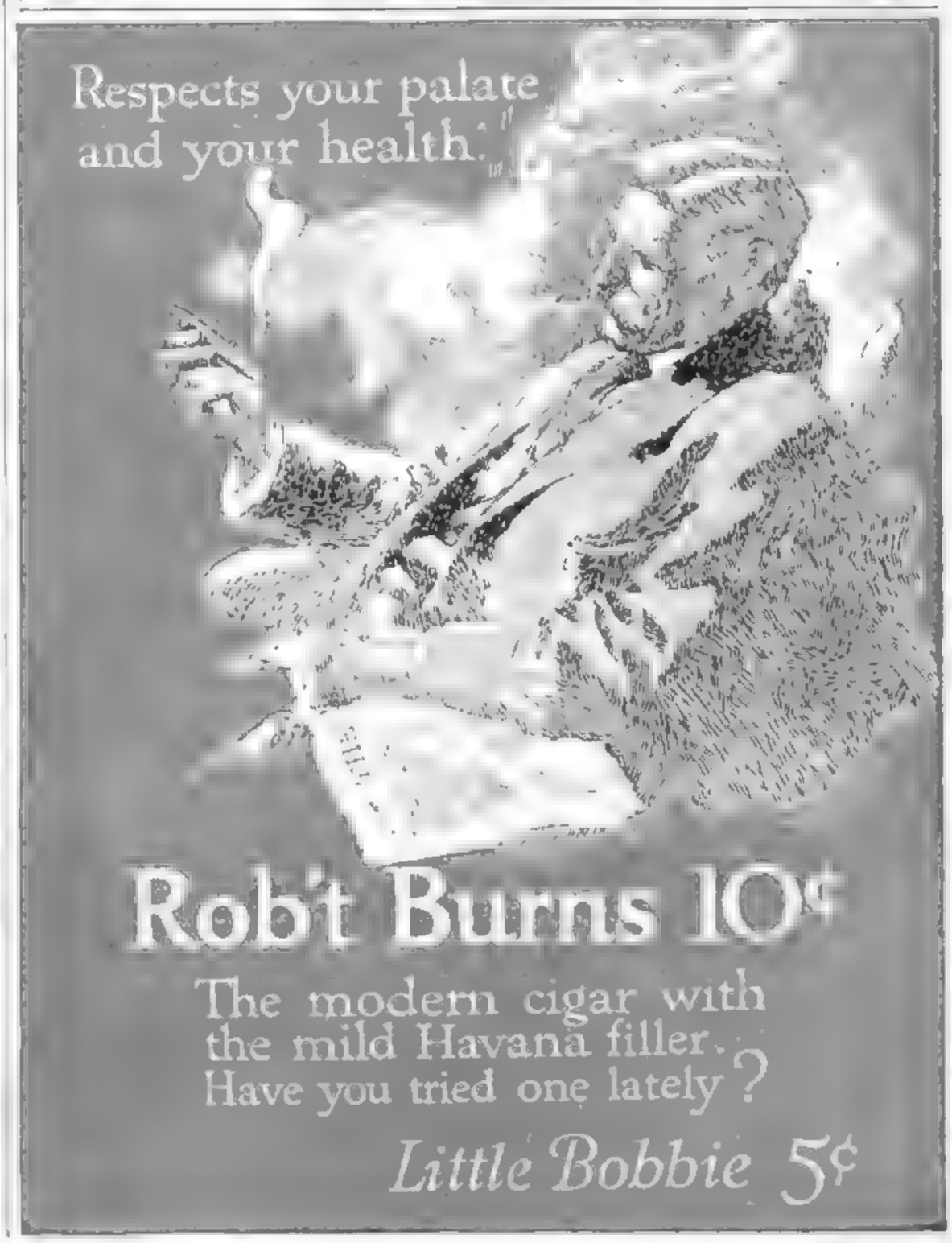
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Grant	Saxon
H. A. Lozier	Scripps-Booth
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NEARLY a million cars will be shipped from their several factories this year with a can of O-So-Ezy Polish in the tool kit.

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All of them, in effect and in fact, say to you, and to the two million car owners of America, what they have never been willing to say *of any other polish:*

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No one appreciates more keenly than the manufacturer, the necessity for the use of O-So-Ezy Polish as a finish preservative.

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O-So-Ezy spent a year making good in each and every one of these fine factories.

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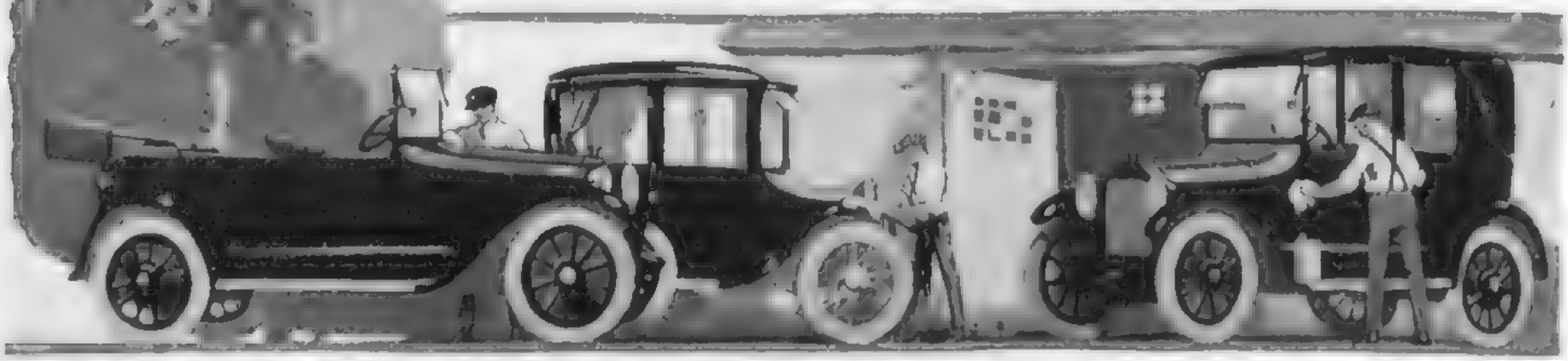

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O-SO-EZY has proven to the makers of more than a million motor cars that it is a polish which makes those cars glisten and gleam like new—with a once-over application.

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It has proven that it preserves the finish by adding life and elasticity to the paint, varnish and enamel.

It has proven that it will fill and hide surface scratches.

It has proven that it contains its own cleaning compound as well as its own polishing properties.

It Proves That Once Over Does the Job

It has proven that it will remove grime, grease and stains of every sort.

It has proven that it will leave no grease or deposit of any description to catch dust and dull the surface.

It has proven that once over—with the least exertion, the least time, the least work—does the job.

It has proven that it is sure enough and safe enough for them to commend it without question or quibble to their customers.

O-So-Ezy made good on every one of these counts, and a score of others, long before a can of it was offered to the American people.

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O-So-Ezy is not merely an automobile polish, but a universal polish—for fine furniture, pianos and floors—a dust-proof, greaseless polish.

No polish ever enjoyed such an impressive entree into the homes of the nation—because no polish that preceded it ever *deserved* such an impressive introduction.

It cannot be ousted from any home which tests its merits in any one of a dozen capacities.

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Where To Get O-So-Ezy

Hardware stores, automobile accessory stores, department stores, are stocking O-So-Ezy as rapidly as we can supply them through their jobber.

Get it from one of these—and accept no can without the name of O-So-Ezy.

Half pint, 25c; Pint, 50c; Quart, $1; Half-gallon, $1.50; Gallon, $2.50.

If your dealer has not received his supply, send a dollar to us with the coupon for a quart of O-So-Ezy—a three-months' supply.

Once Over With O-So-Ezy

O-So-Ezy Cedar Oil Polish is the easiest polish to use. It's literally a "once over" proposition:—You clean the surface to be polished; go *over* it *once* with a cloth dampened with O-So-Ezy; then rub it off with a dry cloth. One application gives the finest polish possible.

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(Continued from Page 37)

But it is of the affair in Adelphi Terrace that you no doubt want to hear. One sequel of the tragedy, which adds immeasurably to the mystery of it all, has occurred, and I alone am responsible for its discovery. But to go back:

I returned from mailing your letter at dawn this morning, very tired from the tension of the night. I went to bed, but could not sleep. More and more it was preying on my mind that I was in a most unhappy position. I had not liked the looks cast at me by Inspector Bray, or his voice when he asked me how I came to live in this house. I told myself I should not be safe until the real murderer of the poor captain was found; and so I began to puzzle over the few clues in the case—especially over the asters, the scarab pin and the Homburg hat.

It was then I remembered the four copies of the Daily Mail that Bray had so casually thrown into the wastebasket as of no interest. I had glanced over his shoulder as he examined these papers, and had seen that each of them was folded so that our favorite department—the Agony Column—was uppermost. It happened that I had in my desk copies of the Mail for the past week. You will understand why.

I rose, found those papers, and began to read. It was then that I made the astounding discovery to which I have alluded.

For a time after making it I was dumb with amazement, so that no course of action came readily to mind. In the end I decided that the thing for me to do was to wait for Bray's return in the morning and then point out to him the error he had made in ignoring the Mail.

Bray came in about eight o'clock and a few minutes later I heard another man ascend the stairs. I was shaving at the time, but I quickly completed the operation and, slipping on a bathrobe, hurried up to the captain's rooms. The younger brother had seen to the removal of the unfortunate man's body in the night, and, aside from Bray and the stranger who had arrived almost simultaneously with him, there was no one but a sleepy-eyed constable there.

Bray's greeting was decidedly grouchy. The stranger, however—a tall, bronzed man—made himself known to me in the most cordial manner. He told me he was Colonel Hughes, a close friend of the dead man; and that, unutterably shocked and grieved, he had come to inquire whether there was anything he might do.

"Inspector," said I, "last night in this room you held in your hand four copies of the Daily Mail. You tossed them into that basket as of no account. May I suggest that you rescue those copies, as I have a rather startling matter to make clear to you?" Too grand an official to stoop to a wastebasket, he nodded to the constable. The latter brought the papers; and, selecting one from the lot, I spread it out on the table. "The issue of July twenty-seventh," I said.

I pointed to an item halfway down the column of Personal Notices. You yourself, my lady, may read it there if you happen to have saved the copy. It ran as follows:

"RANGOON: The asters are in full bloom in the garden at Canterbury. They are very beautiful—especially the white ones."

Bray grunted, and opened his little eyes. I took up the issue of the following day—the twenty-eighth:

"RANGOON: We have been forced to sell father's stickpin—the emerald scarab he brought home from Cairo."

I had Bray's interest now. He leaned heavily toward me, puffing. Greatly excited, I held before his eyes the issue of the twenty-ninth:

"RANGOON: Homburg hat gone forever—caught by a breeze—into the river."

"And finally," said I to the inspector, "the last message of all, in the issue of the thirtieth of July—on sale in the streets some twelve hours before Fraser-Freer was murdered. See!"

"RANGOON: To-night at ten. Regent Street.—Y. O. G."

Bray was silent.

"I take it you are aware, inspector," I said, "that for the past two years Captain Fraser-Freer was stationed at Rangoon."

Still he said nothing; just looked at me with those foxy little eyes that I was coming to detest. At last he spoke sharply:

"Just how," he demanded, "did you happen to discover those messages? You were not in this room last night after I left?" He turned angrily to the constable. "I gave orders ——"

"No," I put in; "I was not in this room. I happened to have on file in my rooms copies of the Mail, and by the merest chance ——"

I saw that I had blundered. Undoubtedly my discovery of those messages was too pat. Once again suspicion looked my way.

"Thank you very much," said Bray. "I'll keep this in mind."

"Have you communicated with my friend at the consulate?" I asked.

"Yes. That's all. Good morning."

So I went.

I had been back in my room some twenty minutes when there came a knock on the door, and Colonel Hughes entered. He was a genial man, in the early forties I should say, tanned by some sun not English, and gray at the temples.

"My dear sir," he said without preamble, "this is a most appalling business!"

"Decidedly," I answered. "Will you sit down?"

"Thank you." He sat and gazed frankly into my eyes. "Policemen," he added meaningly, "are a most suspicious tribe—often without reason. I am sorry you happen to be involved in this affair, for I may say that I fancy you to be exactly what you seem. May I add that, if you should ever need a friend, I am at your service?"

I was touched; I thanked him as best I could. His tone was so sympathetic and kindly, and, above all, so sincere, that before I realized it I was telling him the whole story—of Archie and his letter; of my falling in love with a garden; of the startling discovery that the captain had never heard of his cousin; and of my subsequent unpleasant position. He leaned back in his chair and closed his eyes.

"I suppose," he said, "that no man ever carries an unsealed letter of introduction without opening it to read just what praises have been lavished upon him. It is human nature—I have done it often. May I make so bold as to inquire ——"

"Yes," said I. "It was unsealed and I did read it. Considering its purpose, it struck me as rather long. There were many warm words for me—words beyond all reason in view of my brief acquaintance with Enwright. I also recall that he mentioned how long he had been in Interlaken, and that he said he expected to reach London about the first of August."

"The first of August," repeated the colonel. "That is to-morrow. Now—if you'll be so kind—just what happened last night?"

Again I ran over the events of that tragic evening—the quarrel; the heavy figure in the hall; the escape by way of the seldom-used gate.

"My boy," said Colonel Hughes as he rose to go, "the threads of this tragedy stretch far—some of them to India; some to a country I will not name. I may say frankly that I have other and greater interest in the matter than that of the captain's friend. For the present that is in strict confidence between us; the police are well-meaning, but they sometimes blunder. Did I understand you to say that you have copies of the Mail containing those odd messages?"

"Right here in my desk," said I. I got them for him.

"I think I shall take them—if I may," he said. "You will, of course, not mention this little visit of mine. We shall meet again. Good morning."

And he went away, carrying those papers with their strange signals to Rangoon.

Somehow I feel wonderfully cheered by his call. For the first time since seven last evening I begin to breathe freely again.

And so, lady who likes mystery, the matter stands on the afternoon of the last day of July, nineteen hundred and fourteen.

I shall mail you this letter to-night. It is my third to you, and it carries with it three times the dreams that went with the first; for they are dreams that live not only at night, when the moon is on the courtyard, but also in the bright light of day.

Yes—I am remarkably cheered. I realize that I have not eaten at all—save a cup of coffee from the trembling hand of Walters—since last night, at Simpson's. I am going now to dine. I shall begin with grapefruit. I realize that I am suddenly very fond of grapefruit.

How bromidic to note it—we have many tastes in common!

EX-STRAWBERRY MAN.

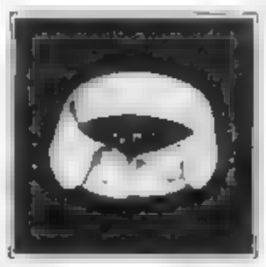
(TO BE CONTINUED)

'CHAIN' TREAD
UNITED STATES TIRE COMPANY
United States "Balanced" Tires
The Chain Built Right Into the Tire
It is the chain design which gives the 'Chain' Tread its remarkably effective anti-skid and traction qualities.
Note carefully that the position and shape of the links in the two parallel chains are such as to resist slip or skid in any direction.
Note also that the height and thickness of the two chains protect the casings so well as to give them the extra mileage for which 'Chain' Treads are famous.
'Chain' Treads are the most efficient moderate-priced anti-skids in the world.
The 'Chain' is one of five United States 'Balanced' Tires which meet every motoring condition of price and use.
Ask the nearest United States Tire Dealer for your copy of the booklet, "Judging Tires," which tells how to find the particular tire to suit your needs.
United States Tire Company
'Chain' 'Nobby' 'Usco'
'Royal Cord' 'Plain'
"INDIVIDUALIZED TIRES"
UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY
US
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

Here for 50¢

is midsummer freedom from perspiration annoyance

Are you a hot-weather slave to wilted collars, to stained and crumpled shirts or shirtwaists?



How many sales has a wilted collar lost you?

Does summer dancing seem impossible, and a day on a Pullman "take the starch right out of you"? Then here, in the bottle shown above, is freedom!

ODO-RO-NO, the toilet water for excessive perspiration, makes perspiration annoyance, *both odor and moisture*, a thing of the past.

What! It stops perspiration?

Yes, it does that very thing. Applied to forehead, neck, armpits, feet, hands, etc., ODO-RO-NO controls the excessive flow of perspiration which nervous over-stimulation of the sweat glands so often causes in some such part of the body. It keeps the part normally dry and odorless without affecting the natural perspiration over the entire body. "But, isn't it harmful to stop perspiration even in one little spot?" you say. We might answer you Yankee fashion, and say, "If you had your feet cut off, would the general health of your body be affected because you couldn't perspire in your feet?"

Odorono takes the vacation of white drinkings

But—here is a better answer

The Journal of the American Medical Association is, as you know, the greatest medical authority in this country. On page 1,050 of its issue of September 18, 1915, you will find this question and answer

Q. [illegible]

A. [illegible]

Where does perspiration annoy you most?

Does it take the freshness and crispness out of your shirtwaists or shirts almost as soon as you put them on?

Does it make your feet so tender and uncomfortable you're tired by noon?

Does it wilt your collars and head your lips and forehead?

Does it stain your gloves, hosiery and gowns?

Dance all evening with dashing grace and smiling ease

Wherever, whenever, it becomes such a nuisance, let ODO-RO-NO free you.

Two or three applications a week will keep any part to which it is applied normally dry and odorless.

ODO-RO-NO is the "Open Sesame" to perfect summer daintiness for women—the High Sign on the road to *cool business success* for men.

It's the Declaration of Freedom from summer's greatest drawback, and thousands of men and women have signed it.

Initiation fee just 50c

Put down 50c, at your nearest toilet counter or drug store, say "Odorono, please!" and you'll get a life-size copy of the unique little bottle shown above. Read the directions carefully and apply ODO-RO-NO accordingly to your pet perspiration spot tonight. How we envy you that joyful feeling you'll have tomorrow when first you realize that your perspiration troubles are ended.

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Odorono takes the vacation of white drinkings

The Odorono Co., 438 Blair Av., Cincinnati, Ohio.

ODO-RO-NO

TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF

THE TOILET-WATER FOR EXCESSIVE PERSPIRATION

NOTE.—Thousands of men and women are beginning to realize what an unnecessary mistake they have been making about perspiration. If YOU are troubled in any unusual and puzzling way by perspiration, or have experienced any difficulty in finding relief, won't you write us now? Your queries will be gladly answered. We know we can help you find the relief you've wanted. The Odorono Co., 438 Blair Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio.

THE LAST LUCIFER

Continued from Page 16)

'Twas I that found the ax in the dark.

"Give it here," says George.

"Go easy, George," says Uncle Mark. "You've got t' get poor Skipper John home in the mornin'."

"Hut!" says George.

"Well, then," says Uncle Mark, "take the 'midships thwart first. 'Twill serve for a little while. Jus' a little bit o' heat," says he, "strikin' back against the floor o' the punt an' fillin' the lee ——"

George ripped a thwart off.

"Oh, dear!" says Uncle Mark. "That's awful!"

"Got t' have a fire here," says George, "or perish. Anyhow," says he, "there'll be a steam vessel t' the rescue in the mornin'. We'll not need the punt. There's more men than we cast away on the floe, an' the floe's driftin' t' sea like a chip in a gale. They'll search this here ice far an' wide for the livin' an' the dead; an' they'll find us in one state or t' other."

George had the 'midships thwart pried off by that time. All the while that he talked he was splittin' the dry spruce board t' splinters in the dark. An' I minds that my Uncle Mark bade un watch his fingers, lest he chop them off in error, an' conserve the splinters with care, lest some fly away an' be lost. George proclaimed an' vowed that he would make match wood o' the half o' the thwart—'twas dry an' would catch fire from the first lucifer he struck, says he, no matter about the draft o' wind that crept under the punt. An' he'd have a fire t' warm us clear t' the heart within, says he, an' keep us alive until mornin', says he, if the punt lasted that long t' burn.

'Twas shockin' t' think o' burnin' the punt; an' Uncle Mark groaned with the grief of it. 'Twas fatal, says he, t' cast ourselves away on the floe with no means o' makin' the shore; an' 'twas a prodigal act not commanded in the present by our need. Yet Uncle Mark was woeful cold hisself—his teeth was bitin' his words in two an' he fair rattled in the chills that run over un. An' I knowed that George Salt had the right o' the thing, for my Uncle Mark was a savin' man, look you, though not a mean one—jus' a old man in fear o' the future, whom life had taught never t' spend what he had, whatever it might be, until he could keep it no longer in the need that was upon un.

Well, then, Uncle Mark says:

"Got her near ready, George?"

"Jus' a minute, Skipper Mark," says George. "I'm feelin' for my matches now."

"If we're t' have a fire," says Uncle Mark, "the sooner the better." He laughed. 'Twas a brief laugh—bit in half as he snapped an' clenched his teeth in a chill. "If I chills much more," says he, "I'll shake my ol' hulk t' fragments."

George struck a match. It went out. He felt in his weskit pocket for another. We waited.

"Wind struck it," says George.

"Sure you got another?" says Uncle Mark.

"I got plenty," says George. "Anyhow," says he then, "I got several."

"I wouldn't waste them, George."

"I won't, Skipper Mark."

It seemed t' me that the next match George struck was damp. 'Twas a mere glow. I was troubled. George throwed the dead shaft into the snow.

"I wouldn't throw them sticks away," says Uncle Mark. "They're good firewood."

George chuckled.

"All right, sir," says he.

"You got another match?" says I.

"You got another?" says Uncle Mark.

George struck another match. It flamed. In the light of it I seed that he had a little heap o' yellow splinters all ready t' touch with fire. They was split fine. George had his bare hands round the flame o' the match. He moved them with care toward the shreds o' dry spruce. Jus' the same, a draft o' wind, curlin' over the edge o' the punt, searched out that little flame an' blowed it out. Dear man, I was troubled!

"I feel moved t' damn the wind!" says George.

"You got another match?" says Uncle Mark.

"I is."

"That's good!"

As for me, bearin' in mind that George had said he had but several more, I says:

"I hopes there's no mistake."

"Oh, there isn't no mistake!" says George. "I got matches enough t' light the fire. An' what's more," says he, "the next match that I strikes will do the trick. You may lay t' that!"

"Wonderful high wind," says Uncle Mark.

"Creeps under the punt," says I, "as sly as a snake."

"Never you fear," says George. "I'm an old hand at smokin', an' I knows how t' light a lucifer match in the wind. This here match will start that fire."

It did not.

"I feels jus' impelled t' damn this here wind!" says George.

"That match was damp," says I.

"Got another?" says Uncle Mark.

"Yep."

We waited.

"Here she goes!" says George.

She went out.

"Damn this here wind anyhow!" says George.

"I'm nervous," says Uncle Mark. "There's been a fearful waste o' matches. How many more matches you got, George?"

"I don't know, Skipper Mark."

"Well, then," says Uncle Mark, "you count an' see."

"I'm scared to," says George. "That's the truth. I got two more matches in my hand anyhow. One o' them matches will light this fire. I'm goin' t' be jus' as careful as I'm able."

George scratched the match. Nothin' happened. Though I could see nothin' in the dark, I 'lowed, then, that George was makin' t' try again, an' I wished, somehow, with all my might, that he would delay.

"Wait!" says Uncle Mark.

George was a reckless fellow in all things. 'Twas jus' like un t' plunge in an' sink or swim. I wished he'd be careful.

"No sense in waitin'," says he.

"Afore you strikes," says Uncle Mark, "you better count——"

"I don't want t' count," says George. "I got two matches in my hand. That's all I want t' know. I might get nervous if I knowed I had no more."

A gust o' wind was blowin' past.

"Wait 'til the wind drops," says Uncle Mark. "I wouldn't risk it now, George."

George waited.

"Now!" says I.

The match went out.

"Quick!" says Uncle Mark. "'Tis near calm!"

George struck the second match. It sizzled; it burned blue; it begun t' crackle an' flare.

"Sh-sh-sh!" says George. "Hush-sh-sh!"

In the quiet o' the wind George thrust the flame into the midst o' the dry splinters. They cotched fire. Presently the heap was red an' roarin'. George pried off the for'ard thwart an' split it up. By an' by the lee o' the punt begun t' warm up in the blaze. We looked for comfort; no great measure o' heat, t' be sure; jus' enough, it might be, t' dry us off—the spindrift o' the afternoon had not soaked deep afore it froze in our jackets—an' t' hearten us by contrast with the dark an' loneliness an' mortal cold o' the night. The punt lay on her starboard gunwale, with her back t' the wind, an' overhung us above. When George Salt an' me had gone out an' packed the snow tight below, we was in no bad way, cast away in a gale o' wind like that gale o' wind. An' then, bein' well t' do ourselves, we begun t' talk o' my poor father, lost an' shelterless on the floe, whilst we kep' on burnin' up the punt.

My Uncle Mark was restored. 'Twasn't long afore he an' all of us was dry an' hearty. Then Uncle Mark prayed for the health o' my father, since 'twas the best effort we could make in behalf o' that poor man—whereupon, t' make sure that the intercession was importunate, as commanded, he prayed again. An' after that, my father bein' notorious hard t' kill, an' we Newf'un'landers hopeful in adversity, Uncle Mark spun yarns o' the gales o' his youth. 'Twas not as comfortable in the lee o' the punt as in a Rough-an'-Tumble kitchen of a winter's night; 'twould be but a dull clod, or a rash young fool, too lively for adventure—listenin' now, eyes wide, t' my tale o' the last lucifer—that would divest our state of its hardship an' mortal peril. Dear man, we was tossin' about at that time like a ship at sea! The gale was blowin' past fit t' tear a man's beard out by the roots; 'twas as cold as the pit—as wild as the depths o' hell with black wind—an' the floe was fleein' t' sea in

a crowdin', howlin' agony o' haste. Times were, in the swirl o' the pans, when we was surrounded with ice—the floe was shiftin' all the while in the press—an' times were when we was t' win'ward o' the pack—the hindmost that the devil takes in a flight—with spray flyin' past an' the sea curlin' over the edge of our pan an' reachin' t' swamp our fire an' carry our punt away.

"You're holdin' out very well, Skipper Mark," says George.

"Oh, me!" says Uncle Mark. "Why, I'm doin' well enough, dear man! All I'm afeared of is that a sea will break over this here pan."

Spray fell like hail on the punt.

"There!" says Uncle Mark. "That was near enough!"

"I 'low that that sea did break on the pan," says George.

"Think so?"

We waited t' see.

"I feels water," says I. "'Tis seepin' under the punt in a little stream."

"Nothin' t' matter," says George.

"Oh, no!" says I. "Jus' a drop or two."

"Won't do nothin'," says George, "but melt the snow an' let a draft o' air in."

"Sure, no," says I.

"You damp?"

"Nothin' t' count."

"Must have been a wonderful big sea," says George. "I 'low we won't have another like that."

"Still an' all," says Uncle Mark, "I wish this here pan would work itself into the floe."

"Well," says George, "'twouldn't do no harm t' be away from the water. If a whoppin' big sea should come along an' ——"

"True," says Uncle Mark.

"Ay," says I.

What was mere fret an' froth in the first o' the gale was now a wild temper, big with black power an' intention. We had drove far out t' sea. The wind had whipped up the open water between the coast an' the floe—the vast, bare stretch o' heavy water—an' the big seas, rollin' out from shore, slipped under the ice an' swelled on t' spend themselves in the midst o' the floe beyond, tumblin' the pans about in their passage. The pan we had shipped on, so t' speak, was on the win'ward edge o' the floe, close t' the open. She wasn't ridin' on an even keel. The seas slipped beneath an' canted her—pitched her an' tossed her. By times, she was as steep as a roof an' as slippery as grease; an' as the sea worked up, rollin' higher an' higher—midnight drawin' on—an' as the ice labored an' heaved more an' more in the wallow my heart stopped an' waited sometimes t' see what would happen when the pan tipped deep an' high. An' then I flattened my hands on the ice, an' I tried t' dig my heels in, as a man will t' keep from slidin' down a steep.

It felt sometimes when the win'ward edge hesitated aloft that if the pan tipped another inch, jus' a wee mite more, we'd slide off in a flash, punt an' fire an' all, an' drop into the sea. An' when the ice fell flat, as the sea left it, 'twas much like the end of a sad nightmare. What with this trouble an' the fear of a breakin' sea we had enough t' distract us.

Well, it come. Afore long a sea dropped on the pan, swamped the fire, an' swung the punt. All at once 'twas pitch dark.

"You there?" says Uncle Mark.

"I'm safe," says I.

"So'm I," says Uncle Mark.

"Nobody carried away," says George.

"Is you wet?" says Uncle Mark.

"Not so very, sir."

"Is you, Skipper Mark?"

"Well," says Uncle Mark, "I—I—I'm damp."

I begun t' whimper. 'Twas dreadful t' think o' Uncle Mark bein' damp in a frost like that.

"What'll we do now?" says I.

"We'll have another fire," says George. "That's what we'll do, my son. An' we'll have it quick too."

"Got t' have a fire somehow," says Uncle Mark, "or perish."

"Oh, we'll soon have another fire!" says George.

"You got the ax, George?" says Uncle Mark.

"I isn't," says George; "but I soon will have."

"'Tis about here somewheres," says I, "if we can find it in the dark."

"George!" says Uncle Mark.

"Sir?"

"Is you got a match?"

"Oh," says George, "I 'low I got enough matches t' light a fire with, an I'm watchful."

"Is they dry?"

"I'm not 'wet about the waist. I 'low they're dry enough. Come now! We'll find the ax."

We scrambled about on the wet ice, on hands an' knees, in search o' the ax. The ice was not wet long, though. The water froze fast. We, too, was like t' freeze fast t' the pan. 'Twas sticky as glue with frost. I minds I rested once—jus' a pause—an' when I made t' move again my mitts an' knees, an' the toes o' my sealhide boots, was froze t' the pan, an' I had some slight ado t' wrest them loose. We was wet, true—yet not wet beyond hope, with a fire to dry us. Had we been soaked t' the hides of us, fire or no fire—drippin' wet in the fatal weather that blowed through the night—the frost would have done us all t' death, with short shrift of our sins. Look you! When the sea fell we sprang fast to our feet; but Uncle Mark, bein' stiff with years an' misery, was cotched below somewhat, in the flood o' water. Let that be as it may, an' whatever an' all about it, we was wet enough for dismal fear o' the issue; an' we searched for that ax in the dark with the patience an' cunnin' wiles o' men doomed by the loss of it. I'm not knowin' how long we searched. 'Twas an anxious occupation, anyhow -an' a cold one feelin' an' sweepin' over the ice, with the wind bitin' us like fire. True enough, too—ay, that's very good—we cowered from the wind like men come too close to a blisterin' blaze o' fire. Frost can burn like fire, mark you! I knows that much about the both.

"Well," says George, "I got it!"

Uncle Mark an' me crawled t' the lee o' the punt an' squatted out o' the wind, whilst George struck off a plank an' splintered it up.

"All ready," says George. "I'll have a fire in a jiffy."

"Be savin' o' them matches," says Uncle Mark.

"Never you fear about that, Skipper Mark," says George. "I've learned my lesson."

"I'm glad o' that," says Uncle Mark.

"Make haste!" says I. "I'm freezin' t' death."

Quite a little while passed. I was troubled. An' soon I begun t' fret.

"What's the matter, George?" says Uncle Mark.

"I isn't got no matches," says George. "That's what's the matter, Skipper Mark."

All this while my father was in a very poor way o' comfort an' security. 'Twas a mean chance that he had for his life in that thick weather. The ice was swingin' in the wind—whirlin' like a merry-go-round at the St. John's regatta, as 'twere. There was no tellin' where was the tickle t' Rough-an'-Tumble, whence would issue our punt, an' he could search the circle o' the gale for but a few fathoms at best. 'Twas a great flight ashore—men o' Chance Cove an' Anchor Bight an' Rough-an'-Tumble Harbor racin' for their punts an' puttin' out in daft terror to elude the wind; but my father fell in with no men t' carry un home.

When the gale shut down he was clingin' t' the edge o' the floe, waitin' for rescue in a mist o' snow. An' when the snow thickened to a cloud, with no rescue in sight, he made inland o' the ice, in the last light he could crawl in, where the floe was packed an' dry o' flyin' spray. An' there he rested alone in the lee of a little clumper until he was stiff an' listless with frost. An' then—it bein' near midnight by that time, an' we three men, me an' George Salt an' my Uncle Mark, spinnin' yarns in the red lee of our punt, t' win'ward o' my father's shelter—he run back an' forth behind the clumper t' stir his blood, but did not venture into the wind that was blowin' down from we.

By an' by my father sniffed.

"That's queer," thinks he.

Then he sniffed again.

"It can't be true," thinks he. "I must be goin' mad with misery an' desire. I 'low," thinks he, "that I'm jus' sensin' what I wants t' find."

With that he commanded hisself; an' he kep' on runnin' back an' forth in the lee o' the clumper, an' would not attend t' the clamor of his nostrils. But presently he stopped t' sniff. 'Twas impossible t' withstand the hint in the air.

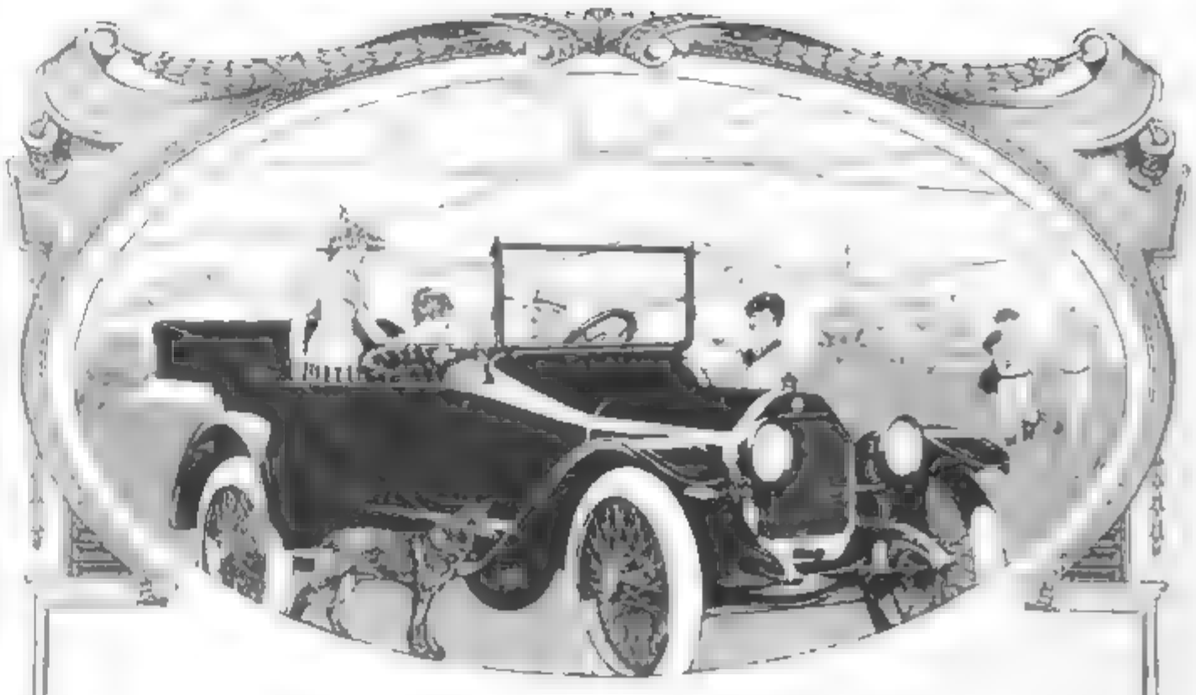
"Smells like smoke," thinks he.

Well, then, he throwed back his head, an' he breathed slow an' deep o' the wind, drawin' the full of his big chest through his nose.

"Spruce," thinks he.

An' he reasoned.

(Continued on Page 46)



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Any Boy Can Be Independent

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Sales Division, Box 471

The Curtis Publishing Company, Philadelphia, Pa.

(Continued from Page 43)

"'Tis smoke, sure enough!" thinks he. "There's a fire near by t' win'ward! Somebody's burnin' up a punt!"

My father run into the gale an' looked t' win'ward. The night was thick with snow, as I've told you, an' as black as a wolf's throat. Yet there was a glow t' be perceived—low an' red an' shiftin', like a flame in the wind. An' the glow was the light of our fire, which had come close t' my father's place; for—look you—my father's clumper was heavy an' slow t' move, an' the pans o' the floe, whipped t' racin' speed by the wind, was drivin' past, with the win'ward edge o' the ice overhaulin' that clumper all the while.

An' so my father sot out t' reach the glow that he could see; an' he must go warily or be lost. The pans was rugged an' in motion, they was great an' small, all muddled t'gether, an' they shifted perversely, bein' now in contact an' then separate in clear water; so that my poor father had a sad time of it. There was no walkin' upright in the dark; he must crawl like a beast, feelin' his way with his hands. An' all the while the gale was stingin' an' stiflin' the poor man as he crept headforemost into the teeth of it; an' all the while, too, as he drawed nearer the edge o' the ice the pans tumbled an' pitched the more. Times were when he chose false courses an' was stopped an' dumfounded by open water—times when he strayed an' lost hope—times when the gale gripped an' held un dead. An' sometimes the drift o' the ice fetched our pan close—sometimes it whirled the pan far away, an' the glow of our fire was dim in the snow.

At last my father come within hail. So near was he, then, that he could make us out in the red light.

"Ahoy!" he bawled.

We did not hear. 'Twas too windy for my father's voice t' beat up through the gale. My father could see us plain—'twas no more than a few fathoms o' distance; he could hear us talk an' knowed the yarns of his youth that my Uncle Mark was spinnin' t' hearten our courage; he could see us grin in response t' my uncle's humor; but he could not make us hear his cries. An' he bawled an' bawled, standin' on the edge o' the pan, with a breach o' black water between.

An' there he waited, crouched in the spindrift from the big seas that had begun t' break over us—jus' waited for the pans t' come close enough for un t' chance a leap an' make an end of it one way or t' other.

Well, now, when the big sea curled over the pan an' swamped our fire there was sadness an' coil enough for anybody; an' the outlook was too black for easy belief an' so I confess. You may not take t' my tale o' the last lucifer—I'll not praise it myself lest I shame my modesty an' show too bold a conceit for your taste; an' you may think the tale nothin' better than a wild yarn, spun t' startle you. Yet 'tis a wild coast in March weather—the floe is spread with nip-an'-tuck predicaments; an' life an' death go hand in hand abroad of it, as everybody knows. I choose brisk tales t' tell. Why not? I tells them, too, with skill, in a way t' please my fancy. Why not? I'd be but a poor teller o' tales otherwise, an' you'd call me a dull fellow an' give me no heed at all. Anyhow, my tale o' the last lucifer is true t' the life I've lived; an' 'tis by no means the queerest tale I could tell, an' never go beyond the truth by a hair's breadth, an you put me t' the full test o' my experience an' capacity. Sadness an' coil enough for anybody that night, as I've told you—ay, an' indeed—with my father crouched on his pan, minded t' leap in the dark, an' me an' George Salt an' my Uncle Mark huddled in the black lee of our punt, our matches spent—we all dampan'shiverin' an' doomed t' freeze solid as stone in the frost afore long.

George Salt was wonderful doleful.

"Dear me, oh, dear me!" says he. "My waste has murdered us every one!"

"You pry in that weskit pocket again," says Uncle Mark.

"No use, Skipper Mark."

"Anyhow," says Uncle Mark, "you jus' try."

"My fingers is frosted," says George. "I've had my hands bare too much."

"Froze?"

"Jus' frosted stiff an' numb."

"Leave me feel in your pocket," says I.

"No use."

"No harm in tryin'," says I. "I might discover the piece of a match."

"I could never button my jacket again."

"I'll button it for you."

"You'll frost your hands."

"Well," says I, "I'll risk it! Come, now, leave me feel in your pocket!"

"An you will," says George. "'Tis no use though."

There wasn't a shred of a match in George Salt's pocket. I feeled about most conscientiously an' it cost me a numb hand t' prove the lack.

"Nothin' there," says I.

"Well, then, all we can do," says Uncle Mark, "is jus' wait here an' see what comes of it. You boys," says he, "better keep movin' about. I'm too tired. I'll—I'll jus' keep restin' quietly under the punt."

"Man, you'll die there!" says George.

"An my time's come," says Uncle Mark, "I've no complaint t' make."

We said nothin' t' that. 'Twasn't no use.

"Stir about!" says Uncle Mark. "Stir about, you boys! Somehow or other I'm feelin' perfectly easy an' comfortable," says he, "an' you needn't worry none about me."

"We isn't goin' t' leave you there t' die," says George.

"Ah, please!" says Uncle Mark.

"No, sir!"

"I'm so tired an' sleepy, George!"

"No matter," says George. "We won't do it. You get right up, Skipper Mark, an' come out here t' once like a man."

By this time the pan had worked a space into the floe. 'Twas not heavin' as it had done. There was ice t' win'ward of us. More, too, the snow had thinned—'twas still curlin' over the edge o' the punt with the wind, t' be sure, but was no longer thick as dust. An' I fancied, as well, that the gale had lost its slap, but could not be sure o' that. Whatever an' all, 'twould be easier now t' leap about on the pan. A careful man need not caper in fear o' bein' lost in the snow or slidin' off into the sea.

"Come out o' that!" says George.

Uncle Mark whimpered a bit.

"Oh, pshaw!" says he. "Won't you please jus' leave me alone here an' let me ——"

My father crawled under the punt then.

"Who's this?" says George.

"Me," says my father. "Where's Son?"

"I'm safe," says I.

"I knows you is," says he.

My father felt around in the dark for me an' put his hand on my shoulder for a minute. I was wonderful pleased with that.

"All right, is you?" says he.

"Yep," says I.

My father crawled out an' begun t' tug at a black bulk in the snow. 'Twas a queer thing t' do.

"Who's that you got with you?" says George.

"I isn't got nobody with me," says my father.

"Well, then, what you got with you?"

"I got a dead swile with me. I stumbled over it on the edge o' your pan an' fetched it along for fuel an' food. Anybody hungry?"

"Forbear!" says George. "I'm achin' with hunger."

That's jus' the way I felt too. When I thought o' food my hand jus' jumped amidships an' pressed hard t' stifle the pain.

"We'll have a juicy chunk o' swile meat sizzlin' here in the fire afore long," says my father. Nobody said nothin' t' that. As for me, I jus' pressed my 'midships section an' grieved.

"Take heart now, all o' you," says my father.

"Juicy chunk o' swile meat?" says poor George.

"Ay."

"An' sizzlin'?"

"Nothin' like it," says my father, "t' put the heart in a man on a cold night. An' as for fuel," says he, "the fat o' this here swile will serve until mornin'."

My Uncle Mark broke in.

"You is alive after all, John," says he. "I'm at ease about you now. Where in tarnation did you come from anyhow?"

"I leaped aboard your pan," says my father. "I been close t' you for an hour an' I couldn't make you hear. I falled in when I leaped. My feet an' legs is all wet. Why don't you light your fire again? The pan's drifted away from the water. There won't be no seas break aboard it."

"No matches," says George.

"Ecod!" says my father. "That's awful!"

"What did you do, sir," says I, "with the match George Salt give you this mornin'?"

"I picked my teeth with it."

"You throwed it away?"

My father was a savin' man. I 'lowed he had the remnant o' that match stowed away somewheres.

"'Tis in my weskit pocket," says he.

"You kep' it!" says George. "Well, well!"

"One o' my teeth haves been wonderful bad o' late," says my father. "I 'lowed I might have need o' that match again."

"Did you employ her again?"

"No call to."

"Do you 'low you done much damage the first time you used her?"

"I didn't do no damage at all. My tooth ——"

"Didn't spoil her?"

"Spoil her? The match? I 'low not."

George reflected.

"Skipper John," says he, "you don't recollect nothin' peculiar happenin', do you, when you picked your teeth with that match?"

"No, George."

"Think well," says George.

My father thought well, as he was bid.

"No," says he. "Why? I don't recollect nothin' in any way peculiar."

"Didn't taste no sulphur?"

"I didn't taste nothin' but pine wood."

"Whew!" says George. "That's a vast relief! I'll wager she's as sound as ever she was. Where is she, Skipper John?"

"Restin' safe in my weskit pocket."

"You isn't pried into your weskit pocket, is you, t' make sure that she didn't slip overboard?"

"That match," says my father, "is jus' where I put her when I stowed her away."

"She might have falled out."

"I'm a methodical man," says my father. "When I stows a thing away against a time o' need, I'm cautious; an' I'm always able t' find it when I wants it. That match is in my weskit pocket. I'm sure of it."

"Skipper John," says George, "the fire is all set an' ready for that there match."

My father brooded.

"Wonderful windy," says he.

"I'm thinkin'," says I, "that the wind has fallen."

"She's droppin' away, sure enough," says George. "'Twill fall calm an' cold afore mornin'."

"Isn't so very much sweep t' the wind," says I.

"Still an' all," says my father, "'twould be quite a trick t' light a fire with one match in a wind like this."

"Well," says George, "we got t' try."

"An' waste the only match we got?"

"We might not waste it."

"Might not!" says my father. "I wants t' be sure that we won't. How you feelin', George?"

"I'm all right."

"How is you, my son?"

"I'm hearty."

"Brother Mark," says my father, "is you feelin'—pretty perky still?"

"I'm farin' well enough for the time," says Uncle Mark. "I been heartened since you come."

"Able t' hold out a while as you is?"

"Oh, I'm able t' hang on!"

"Well," says my father, "I 'low we better wait until the wind drops down afore we strike this last lucifer. We isn't so forlorn as we might be. An' by an' by we'll have a roarin' hot fire for sure, an' jus' as much sizzlin' hot swile meat as we cares t' eat. Eh?" says he. "How's that?"

"Better not take no risk," says Uncle Mark.

"I'm agreed," says George. "The wind's droppin' fast. We can light that fire whenever we wants to."

"Ay," says I; "that's common sense an' caution."

"Well, then," says my father, "we'll wait!"

Well, now, as I looks back, I'm not knowin', t' tell the truth about it, whether the wind was droppin', jus' then, or not. 'Twas a wild, bitter gale—that gale o' wind an' snow—an' 'twas still roarin' past, curlin' down over the edge o' the punt, an' creepin' beneath as sly as a snake, an' as swift t' dart. Thomas Luke o' Chance Cove, him that lived the night through on the rock called Ol' Wives' Lee, with his arm broke an' his feet froze solid, holds that the wind fell afore his wee son died. An' there's other castaways o' the gale that hang with his contention—John Watt o' Chain Harbor, an' his crew, who spent the night adrift, with five dead men in the skiff in the mornin'; an' Sandy Mull o' Lobster Bight, cast away on Blacksmith Point with his fellows; but the lost Telltale Island men maintain that the wind blowed over the floe without mitigation—that their dead died near dawn in the full sweep of it. I don't know about that. It seemed t' me, anyhow, as I minds it now, that the gale was exhausted, whilst we waited for it t' fail, measurin' every gust that swept past; an' I 'lowed in my heart that 'twouldn't be so very long afore my father would strike the last lucifer an' provide us with plenty o' fire an' food.

As for fuel, we had enough. There was no fear o' comin' t' the last red coal—snugglin' over it t' gather the last of its heat afore it turned black an' cold in the night. With the punt t' burn, an' with splinters o' the punt t' flare in swile fat, like big candles, we should do very well, once we had the fire alight. Swile fat! Dear man, I was hungry! An' I kep' thinkin' all the while that the swile meat would soon be sizzlin' in a hot blaze; an' by that I was heartened t' wait. Jus' a little while, thinks I—jus' a little while longer. 'Twouldn't be long, thinks I, afore my father would strike that lucifer; an' he'd be cautious an' make a sure success of it, too, thinks I—that was my father's way—an' pretty soon we'd all bask in the glow o' the fire an' smell sizzlin' swile meat.

'Twas a draggin' time, though—thus waitin' an' waitin' an' waitin'; an' 'twas laborious t' pass. We stirred about t' keep as warm as we was able, lest a desperate distress overtake us an' compel my father t' chance the match in the wind. My Uncle Mark crawled out, too, an' done the best that he could, with we t' slap un an' urge un on. I 'lowed he was better off than he had been, an' my father thought so, too, when Uncle Mark went under the punt t' rest; but George Salt didn't jump with us at all about that.

"What o'clock do you 'low it is?" says my father.

"Somewheres about one o'clock in the mornin'," says George.

"One o'clock in the mornin'!" says my father. "You're daft, George. 'Tis later than that."

"Time drags," says George, "in a case like this."

"Must be near dawn."

"Makin' allowances for misery an' waitin'," says George, "I opine 'tis not beyond two o' the clock. Skipper Mark can't live through t' dawn without a fire."

We crawled under the punt.

"How you feelin' now, Mark?" says my father.

"Fair enough," says Uncle Mark. "I'm still alive."

"Ye're lyin'," says George, "about how you feels. Fair enough, eh? You're near dead, Skipper Mark."

"Oh, no, I isn't neither!" says Uncle Mark.

"I'm for a fire right away," says George.

"Too windy," says Uncle Mark. "A match wouldn't live t' light the fire."

"Wind's droppin' fast," says my father.

"I dispute ye," says George. "'Twon't drop no more."

"Don't you strike that match yet!" says Uncle Mark.

"I won't," says my father.

"Ye will!" says George.

"George," says I, "you isn't seed that match. 'Tis all whittled away. 'Tis a mere remnant."

"'Tis the only match we got," says Uncle Mark, "an' our lives hang on it. 'Twould be folly t' risk it in this wind. True enough, I may perish afore the wind drops, an' I'll not deny that. So be it, then, an be it must. Jus' the same, my wisdom goes contrary t' strikin' that match jus' now. 'Twould go out. An' suppose you struck it an' it did go out? I'd die all the sooner. Either way, maybe, I mus' perish. But I'm not 'lowin' t' perish—I'm 'lowin t' hang on until the wind drops an' you can strike that match in security. All the while, as I'm waitin' here, I'm thinkin' o' fire an' food. 'Tis jus' that that heartens me up when my courage runs low in the midst of a chill. 'Tis the hope o' snugglin' up t' the fire an' settin' my teeth in a hunk o' sizzlin' swile meat that keeps me alive. If the match blows out an' if I can brood no longer on the fire an' meat I'm t' have when the wind drops I'll die right away. You had small success, George, when you lit the first fire. I'm for waitin' a while longer. An' that's all about it."

"Jus' so," says George. "I'll wait."

We waited a long time. By an' by George got wonderful uneasy. I wished he'd be patient.

"'Tis time now," says George.

"Not yet," says my father.

We waited again. It seemed a wonderful long time. I don't know how long 'twas.

"Wind's droppin'," says I.

(Concluded on Page 50)

THE pride of ownership is infinitely greater if your car is "well-groomed"—now-a-days it is just as important to keep your car **looking well** as **running well.** All sorts of weather—all kinds of roads—soon dull the finish unless properly protected. With but very little effort you, yourself, can keep the finish of your car like new—all you need is Johnson's Cleaner and Prepared Wax.

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really cleans—it entirely removes all stains, discolorations, scum, road-oil, tar and grease from body, hood and fenders. Even those spots that are ground in—mud freckles—and surface scratches you thought were permanent, will disappear like magic under Johnson's Cleaner. **It contains no grit or acid** so cannot scratch or injure the finest varnish—simply cleans and prepares it for the wax polish.

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is the best body polish to use on your car. It preserves the varnish and protects it from the weather, adding years to its life. It covers up mars and scratches—prevents checking and cracking, and ***"sheds water like a duck's back".***

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Johnson's Prepared Wax imparts a perfectly hard, dry, glasslike coating to which dust and dirt cannot adhere. After a dirty, dusty trip just wipe off your car—it isn't necessary to wash it. Many people even wax the **under side** of their fenders because the mud comes off so easily.

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Johnson's Prepared Wax is a boon to the man who takes care of his own car as it makes a "wash" last twice as long. It will keep the body, hood and fenders of your car as beautifully polished as when it came out of the factory.

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This is our new product for touching up leather cushions and side curtains—mohair or imitation leather tops—and worn metal parts, such as fenders, running boards, hoods, radiators, guards, etc. One coat of Johnson's Black-Lac gives a rich, black surface—just like new. Easy to apply—dries in 15 minutes—and does not rub off on the hands or clothing.

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Read this Romance of Ricoro —

You have all heard of self-made *men*. This is the story of a "self-made" *cigar*. You may think it far-fetched to compare a great man and a great cigar, but if you had been brought up with Ricoro, as we have been, you would understand why we must tell the story in terms of *personality* instead of plain cigar talk. Ricoro has *earned* and *acquired* a personality. It has won *its own* way in the world—that's why we call it the "self-made" cigar.

THE STORY OF RICORO

Ricoro was born of our determination to surpass even our own previous efforts in value-giving. We decided to concentrate our great buying resources upon one cigar—to be made to our order—a cigar of such quality and at such a price that equal value could not be offered by anyone else in the world.

We determined also that we would say nothing unusual about this cigar—that we would simply place it on sale in our stores and let the public find out about it in their own way. We wanted to see whether or not smokers would finally pick out this one *superlative* value from a host of *extraordinary* values—and do it without any help from us. We believed they would, *AND THEY DID!*

A MILLION RICOROS A WEEK

Last year the public bought fifty-two million Ricoros over our counters—a rather smashing tribute to the public's judgment—and to our faith in that judgment.

We never before have told the public how much better than ordinary Ricoro is. We have placed it on sale alongside all other cigars. We have asked the public to try it along with the others and choose for themselves. It has made good "on its own"—a real "self-made" success.

That's why we are telling the story of Ricoro. Ricoro has *earned* its success, its story *deserves* to be told, the public is entitled to know just how much better Ricoro is than other cigars at its price—and we believe that we are fairly entitled to the extra sales of Ricoro that its true history will bring to us.

IMPORTED CIGARS WITHOUT THE DUTY

Ricoro is an EXTRA-MILD, IMPORTED cigar—made exclusively for us in Porto Rico. Cigars imported from Porto Rico pay no duty—that is one reason why they can be sold for so much less than cigars imported from Havana.

WHY WE CHOSE PORTO RICO

Read these facts carefully, they are new to most smokers:

FIRST—Because we wanted the price to represent good tobacco alone—not partly tobacco and partly duty.

SECOND—Because, as tobacco experts, we know that Porto Rico produces a large percentage of the finest and *mildest* cigar leaf in the world.

A *dark* Porto Rican cigar is *milder* than a *light* Havana cigar. Porto Rican cigars are constantly recommended by physicians to men who want to smoke cigars all day—or who find that their usual smoke is slowing them down.

Ricoro cigars are made of the leaf that *formerly* went into the finest Havana cigars, to make them mild and sweet. Under Spanish rule, the higher grades of Porto Rican tobacco were exported to Cuba, there to be blended with the stronger Havana tobaccos. They were needed to tone down the Cuban leaf—to give that mildness and bouquet which made Imported Havana cigars famous. Spain allowed no other tobacco to come into Cuba. *This is the tobacco that is now used in RICORO and our other Porto Rican brands.*

The "Self-Made" Cigar

After the Spanish-American War, Porto Rico was free to use her own tobacco, but she lacked modern factories and expert workmen.

As a result, the first Porto Rican cigars that came to this country were crude—they were a disappointment. Many men who tried them then have not tried them since.

But times have changed. Porto Rico *now* has the finest and most modern cigar factories in the world. Porto Rico *today* is making the finest *mild* cigars in the world—and *one Six Cent RICORO will prove it.*

TO RICORO'S OLD FRIENDS

We have just received word that the present stock of Porto Rican leaf—the crop now being made up into Ricoros—is the finest and lightest in the history of the island. Even Nature is co-operating in the further success of RICORO—*the "self-made" cigar.* If you have known Ricoro before, you will now find it better than ever.

TO NEW FRIENDS WE SAY—

If you have not tried this amazing cigar—and if you are a smoker of really fine cigars—you may be prejudiced against Ricoro because of its low price. But we ask you to lay aside all your prejudices for just a moment and try Ricoros at our risk. If they are not entirely to your liking, your money will be refunded, or the cigars exchanged, promptly and cheerfully.

Ricoros are offered in many shapes and sizes, to suit every taste, at from Six Cents each to Two for a Quarter. *(See price index above.)* The prices vary according to the size and shape—the quality in all is the same. There is also the Ricoro Infanta—a "little cigar"—at Fifteen Cents for a box of ten—and the Coqueta size at 5 cents each.

Ten popular sizes of Ricoro are shown on this page. You will see a copy of it in every United Cigar Store—and in many other stores which now sell United brands.

We have not asked other stores to sell United Cigars, but the public demand for our brands has become so great that hundreds of other dealers have asked for the privilege of selling them. We have granted it to many of them. We are constantly adding new dealers in towns where we are not now represented.

Get acquainted with Ricoro—in any one of a thousand United Cigar Stores, in over three hundred cities—or by mail. *Your first Ricoro will mark the beginning of a lifelong friendship.*

THANK YOU.

United Cigar Stores Company

1000 STORES OPERATED IN 300 CITIES
Executive Offices New York City

TO OTHER CIGAR DEALERS: Owing to the great demand for United brands of cigars and United Cigar Store Service in towns and cities where we have no stores, we have perfected an AGENCY PLAN, under which reliable dealers may handle our brands as our representatives. Dealers wishing to form this connection are invited to apply for Agencies. *United brands and methods will increase your business and your profits, by serving the public better.* Address:

United Cigar Stores Company, Agency Department, 44 West 18th Street, New York City

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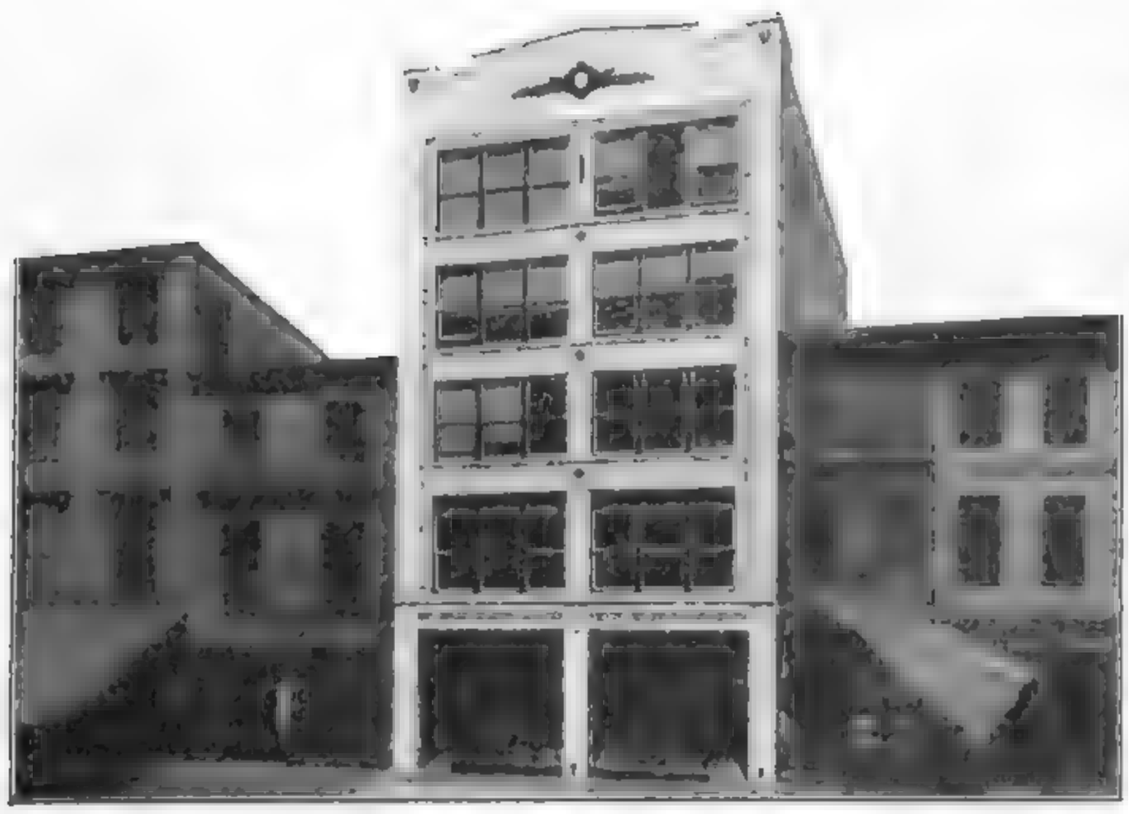
MAIL ORDERS: This advertisement is not intended to foster a mail-order business. We prefer that every customer visit one of our stores in person, and in this way not only secure the exact shade suited to his taste, but also become familiar with our store service. If no store is convenient to you, we will ship one or more boxes by mail or express, all charges prepaid, on receipt of price. Address mail orders to

United Cigar Stores Company, at nearest city named below:
NEW YORK, Flatiron Bldg. CHICAGO, First National Bank Bldg. SAN FRANCISCO, 555 Howard St



WHICH IS THE TERRA COTTA STORE?

The answer is easy—of course. There you have the argument for Terra Cotta at a glance. The Terra Cotta store is bright, clean, distinctive. It stands out from its neighbors. It talks to customers of quality goods and up-to-date service. It invites the shopper in.

If you are thinking of rebuilding or renovating your store, you should know what other progressive merchants have done with Terra Cotta, its opportunities for color and design, its economy of construction, Terra Cotta's permanence, and the protection it gives against fire.

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An Illustrated Book of Store Fronts

"Store Fronts in Terra Cotta" is an illustrated book that every merchant should read. It shows a variety of Terra Cotta fronts for many kinds of stores. Write to us on your letterhead and we will send you a complimentary copy. We have other booklets on other types of buildings. Tell us the kind of building that interests you, and we will send you the right book.

NATIONAL TERRA COTTA SOCIETY, 1 Madison Avenue, New York

CHICAGO'S TERRA COTTA LINE

(Concluded from Page 47)

"Ay," says my father, "'twon't be long now.

"I won't wait another minute," says George. "I'm cold an' I'm hungry—I'm sick an' tired o' waitin'. Where's that match, Skipper John? I'm a heavy smoker, used t' lightin' matches in the wind, an' I can make the best fist of any of us with this one. Pass that match, Skipper John!"

"Don't you strike that match!" says Uncle Mark.

"Ye can't have it!" says my father.

"Whose match is it?" says George.

"'Tis my match."

"Your match, is it?" says George. "Where'd ye get it? Eh? Who give it to ye?"

My father was a proud man.

"Well an' good, George," says he. "If 'tis your match you may have it. Now, George," says he, "I'm not cross with you. An the match is t' be struck we'll all join t'gether, as men in the same case should, an' make the best success we can. The match may blow out. An it does we'll not complain. Is you ready? I'll pass the match over."

'Twas not quite black as tar. There was a moon above the gale. A man could see his hand an he held it up—jus' a black shadow afore his face.

"Jus' a jiffy," says George. "I'll scrape these splinters o' dry spruce t'gether again."

By an' by my father says:

"All ready now?"

"I'm ready."

"Have a care!" says I. "An you drops that wee shred of a match on the ice ——"

"We isn't goin' t' drop it, my son," says my father. "Where's your hand, George?"

"Here you is, Skipper John."

"I got the match between my thumb an' forefinger," says my father, "with the head stickin' out. I'll hold on until you pinches it an' says t' let go. You understand, George?"

"Ay."

"All ready, then?"

"I'm all ready."

I didn't draw a breath whilst George an' my father fetched their hands t'gether.

"Cast off," says George.

"You sure you got it?"

"I got it."

"All right," says my father; "now you go ahead an' light the fire. Can we help you, George?"

"Gather 'round me," says George, "an' fend the wind off. I'm wonderful nervous."

"Don't you strike that match!" says Uncle Mark.

"Aw, don't say that, Skipper Mark!"

"An I was you," says Uncle Mark, "I wouldn't do it!"

"Skipper John," says George, "what'll I strike it on?"

"You're all damp with snow. Strike it on the punt."

"My hands is so cold," says George, "I can't tell ice from dry wood. I'll strike it on my weskit. I'm bendin' over the splinters. Come on each side o' me now, for a shield, an' I'll do it. We'll soon have fire an' food here. I'm all shaky with cold."

"Don't you strike that match!" says Uncle Mark.

"Quit that, Skipper Mark!" says George. "I'm nervous enough as it is."

"Don't you strike it!"

"Command yourself, George," says my father. "Rest a bit afore you does it. You'll be able in a minute."

George rested.

"Now," says he, "I'm ready."

"Don't you do it!" says Uncle Mark.

My father got on one side o' George, an' opened his jacket an' put an arm over George's shoulder; an' I done the same thing on the other side, as well as I was able, bein' then wonderful stiff with cold. George was shakin'. I could feel un quiver. An' then quite a while passed with nothin' said whilst George felt his weskit over for a good dry place t' strike the match on, an' settled his feet on the ice, an' gathered courage. The gale was perhaps creepin' under the punt; an' shield George as we did, an' the best that we could, I fancied that I could feel the wind flutter up. I'm not knowin' that the wind fluttered up. I don't say that it did. It may have been breathless in the lee o' the punt for all that I know. Yet it seemed t' me that I felt a flutter; an' if I felt no flutter I feared a blast—a sly, swift blast that would catch the flame an' blow it out.

"What you waitin' for?" says my father.

"I can't do it!" says George, sobbing. "I'm afeared o' the hazard! I can't do it!"

"'Tis the work o' God!" says Uncle Mark.

"Take the match quick, Skipper John," says George. "I'm too shaken t' hold it."

"Well an' good," says my father. "We'll wait a while longer an' try again."

We settled ourselves again t' wait with patience for the wind t' fall. An' we waited an' waited an' waited. The wind flopped—no doubt about that. Afore dawn 'twas near flat calm on the floe. Yet ever we hoped 'twould fall flatter—an' we waited; an' ever the wind blowed too high for our courage—an' we waited. We suffered with cold more than ever I fancied men could suffer an' endure t' live. Ah, 'tis too fearful t' tell—the way the frost bit an' gnawed us, huddled in the dark in the lee o' the punt George Salt tried again with the match 'Twas no use. He shivered so much that he scared hisself an' give up in the fear that was on him. My father made ready t' strike the match; an' he would have struck it, I fancy, come what might, had not George Salt an' Uncle Mark begged un t' desist until the wind fell a mite more. By an' by we was all in a very bad way—all dull an' silent an' reconciled t' bitterness. Had we not laid hold o' the hope o' the fire an' food that awaited us—very soon now, when the wind dropped a little more—we should have slipped away one by one. My Uncle Mark lost the feelin' of his feet—they was jus' like the feet of a dead man, says he. An' when my father an' George Salt heared him say that an' sensed the death in his voice they roused themselves, bein' two of a mind, then, t' strike the last lucifer, whether the wind blowed it out or not.

They made ready.

"You strike it, George," says my father.

"No, no!" says George. "I've lived an evil life, Skipper John, an' haves no favor Aloft. You is a pious an' goodly man. You do it."

My father paused t' pray. He took a long time about it. I wished he'd make haste.

"Strike the match, Skipper John," says George.

"Oh, strike the match, sir!" says I.

"I'm ready," says my father.

We crowded close t' my father t' fend off the least flutter o' wind. I chanced t' look out from the lee o' the punt.

"What's that light on the floe?" says I.

"Mus' be the dawn," says George.

"'Tis the dawn!" says Uncle Mark. "Oh, God bless us all!"

'Twas a strange, loud cry. We turned t' Uncle Mark then in alarm.

"What's the matter with you, Mark?" says my father.

What was the matter with un? He had come all at once t' the end of his store o' strength. 'Twas his last cry. The poor man was dead.

Afore dawn, as everybody knows who knows anything about this coast at all, the Pelican steamed out o' Twillingate Harbor, under gov'ment orders, an' begun t' search out the lost. She made bad weather of it t' the floe, as the tales run; but once inside the ice, at dawn, miles an' miles away from we, she nosed about t' good purpose, though we knowed nothin' about it then. She succored the livin' an' gathered the dead—there was twenty-three dead on the ice from the harbors of our bay; an' 'twas long, long after dawn—'twas midway o' the gray mornin', indeed—when she come close t' we an' spied our signals. We was well frosted, you may believe, when they carried us aboard—all black an' limp an' speechless. Yet once aboard the Pelican, with the day drawed on toward evenin', an' we all warm an' fed an' full again, with our frost bites doctored, George Salt feeled about in his pocket, I minds well, an' searched out his 'baccy an' ol' black pipe. An' he cut his 'baccy an' rolled it as well as he could, an' chucked his pipe full, all the while in deep thoughtfulness an' gloom, an' then he feeled in his weskit pocket, accordin' to his habit, for a match, an' feeled an' feeled again, an' searched away, without any success that I could see—an' then he turned t' my father.

"Skipper John," says he, "you got a match?"

"Me?" says my father.

"Ay, Skipper John," says George; "you ought t' have a match stowed away somewheres."

My father give George Salt the last lucifer, with never a word about it.

"She's a perfectly good match," says George.

"Ay," says my father; "she shouldn't be throwed away an' wasted."

Pretty soon George Salt was puffin' like the funnel o' the mail boat.

SUDDEN JIM

(Continued from Page 19)

"It's been my policy," said Zaanan, "to git as many young checkers as I could moved safe into the king row of marriage."

"But she dislikes me."

"Hain't heard you say you was prejudiced agin her. Ever ask her if she disliked you? Um. Better try a few buggy rides first. Kin you drive with one hand?"

"I believe," said Jim, "you'd try to regulate the sex of Diversity's babies."

"If I calc'lated it 'ud benefit the town I dunno but I'd kind of look into the matter. G'by, Jim."

XIV

AS THE days went by Jim Ashe acquired a marked aversion to the upper right-hand drawer of his desk. For it contained the unpaid bills of the Ashe Clothespin Company. When Jim came the drawer had been empty; now it looked as if he would have to add an annex to care for the overflow. There were supply bills, machinery bills, stock bills. And Jim did not dare to pay them, for his account at the bank was running perilously low. Bills may be put off, but the pay roll must be met on the minute.

From nothing the unsecured indebtedness climbed to five thousand, to ten thousand dollars. Much as it grieved Jim to see discount days pass with discounts not taken, it grieved Grierson more. He had served the company for many years. Never before in his experience had it failed to discount its bills—and to a bookkeeper of Grierson's type discounts are sacred. Grierson's type of mind would borrow money at six per cent to take a two per cent discount.

Finally statements begun to arrive, some accompanied by letters setting forth in the polite verbiage of the business world that the creditor would be glad to have the company's check "for this small amount at its convenience." Dunning letters! Grierson was shocked. He blushed as he bent over his ledgers. The Ashe Clothespin Company had to be dunned as if it were a dubious individual with an overlarge bill at the corner grocery.

Jim was not yet the complete business man, but he did discover that certain larger creditors were willing to accept notes for the time, notes bearing interest at six per cent. Somehow it relieved his anxiety to issue this paper. At any rate it postponed the day of reckoning in each case for three or four months. But Grierson was bitterly ashamed. He regarded it as such a makeshift as an unstable enterprise would avail itself of to ward off insolvency. Jim caught the old bookkeeper looking at him accusingly. Such things had never come to pass in his father's day.

Yet these were the very things Clothespin Jimmy had predicted. He had told Jim there would be sleepless nights and anxious days; he had confessed to milking the business. Now Jim appreciated what his father meant. With the fifty thousand dollars which Clothespin Jimmy had subtracted from the assets the company would be as sound as the Bank of England.

What worried Jim more than the accumulation of bills was the failure to make shipments as rapidly as the necessities required. Where he should have shipped a carload a day he had been able to bill out an average of less than four cars a week. Customers clamored to have their orders filled; cancellations were threatened; yet the mill failed to produce as it should produce. Somewhere something was wrong. Clothespin machines that ought to have made their eighty five-gross boxes a day did not climb above sixty. Total shipments that should have amounted to thirty thousand dollars a month faltered and failed at fifteen or sixteen thousand. In short, he was spending every week a great deal more money than he was earning.

Much of this, he knew, was due to breakdowns caused by Kowterski; some of it to poor timber; some to timber spiked by Kowterski's brother. But aside from that, changes had to be made in machines; the mill did not run smoothly. Where construction should have ceased to lay its expense on the company it continued to demand its thousands of dollars every month.

But Kowterski was gone. Jim did not believe Moran would venture to send down more spiked timber. The mill was slowly but surely rising to a point of efficiency. Jim was confident in it; he placed full dependence on Nels Nelson, his millwright, on Beam, his superintendent. He knew they were doing their intelligent best, and that their worries stood shoulder to shoulder with his own. Given time, he would be firm on his feet; given capital to carry him through this dubious period, and the company would pay bigger dividends, reach a more stable credit than it had ever before enjoyed. But the time and the capital!

In his heart he knew that if one creditor lost faith and brought pressure to bear, the whole edifice would come down in ruin. Construction, rebuilding, repairs had devoured the money that should have paid bills. Bills had multiplied by reason of supplies necessary for construction. One thing was essential—construction must cease. Men employed in construction must be laid off.

"Grierson," he said, "make me a statement of our condition—a full statement: one that will show everything and show it truly. I'm going to see if there isn't somebody in the world who will appreciate being told the whole uncolored truth."

With this statement in his pocket Jim went to the city to its largest bank.

"I'm Ashe, of the Ashe Clothespin Company up at Diversity," he told the president, "and I'm in a hole. I've got to have some money."

"We've got lots of it," the president said genially, "if you can show us. Let's look into the hole you're in and see."

Jim gave him the statement; it was fully, minutely itemized. Every debit was shown in full; no credit was inflated. The banker studied it half an hour, nodding now and then.

"Would you attach your name to that statement?" he asked.

"Yes," said Jim.

"You believe you can make money?"

"I know it."

"Show me," said the banker, and Jim showed him for an hour. He gave production figures, costs, prices, profits.

"It's a good statement, a sound statement," the banker said. "You have no quick assets—that's bad. That demand paper I don't like; but otherwise—otherwise it is a very creditable statement."

Jim was astonished.

"How much do you want?" the banker asked.

"Twenty-five thousand dollars," Jim said hesitatingly.

"I guess we can fix that up. The board meets at noon. Can you come in and tell them your story?"

"Certainly."

"You believe twenty-five thousand dollars will bring your mill to efficiency and carry you to a point where your own sales will take care of expenses?"

"I'm sure of it."

"Come in at twelve, then, and we'll see."

Jim returned at twelve and repeated his facts to the assembled board. Before they broke up Jim had given them the company's note for twenty-five thousand dollars, had that amount on deposit in the bank and a book of blank checks under his arm.

"We've passed this loan," said a white-haired old gentleman, "because we like the moral risk. Your statement was fair; what you have said to us was spoken as an honest man speaks. You seem to have gotten a dollar of value for every dollar you have put into this mill—and we hope you'll win out. We believe you will or we wouldn't be lending you our money. You haven't evaded a question; you haven't held anything back. You've confessed to us that you thought you were in a bad hole—which is a poor argument for a borrower to bring forward. Maybe we'd have lent you on the security of the mills; maybe not. What we've done is to lend it on the security of you. I say this to you because it must give you pleasure to hear it, and because it gives me pleasure to be able to say it. I cannot say such things as often as I wish. Now go to it, young man, and lick the stuffing out of that other crowd."

Jim went out, his head in a pink cloud, his feet treading something lighter than mundane pavement. Why, they had not thought he was in a hole at all. The things Grierson and he had looked on as scarcely creditable makeshifts were approved as sound business—and they had given him money. How easy money was to get! It astonished him. Thirty thousand dollars he had borrowed from the Diversity Bank—with no difficulty; twenty-five thousand

(Continued on Page 54)

BLUEBIRD Photo Plays

"The Play's The Thing"

"The Play's The Thing"

The owner of a moving picture theatre said to us the other day that he had to advertise "stars" to get *the crowd*. He said the star's name would *lure* the people in no matter whether the play was good or not. But he did not say what became of the people's entertainment after they had paid their way in. His idea was that the star would *lure* the people in, they would be *there* and they would *have* to be satisfied. Rather unfair, we thought, and a *funny view to take of American intelligence.*

We take the opposite view. We claim that his duty to the public is to select good plays *no matter who plays them,* and to keep on selecting good plays week after week until the public *knows* it *can't* go to his house and see a poor one. If you build your plays around the stars, you can't always have a good play. But if you buy good plays and cast them according to their requirements, *they will always be good even if there isn't a star within a mile of them.* And that's what BLUEBIRD means. That's the real significance of the word. It isn't a mere trade-mark. It's assurance of a *delightful evening's entertainment.*

Stars are fine assets to have when they fit the parts. But if they don't fit them we can't see the sense of using them. The fact that they are stars isn't the point with us. What we want to know is, whether they fit the rôles as the play requires. Will their presence in the cast add to or take away from the play? We know that "The play's the thing" and if we find people in our employ who fit the parts better than the stars do, we certainly will not use the stars. In other words, *we will not subordinate the drama to the individual.* We have lots of brilliant stars and we use them where they fit. But we don't advertise the star ahead of the play. No actor is as big as the story.

BLUEBIRD means just what we have said. It is assurance of a fine play splendidly presented. All plays can't be BLUEBIRDS, because all plays do not come up to the BLUEBIRD standard. A play to be a BLUEBIRD *has got to be good* in every little detail. It has got to be faithful and accurate. So wherever you see the sign of the BLUEBIRD you are assured of an evening of delightful entertainment.

To the Public

YOU can see these artistic BLUEBIRD Productions by simply asking the Manager of your favorite Theatre to show them.

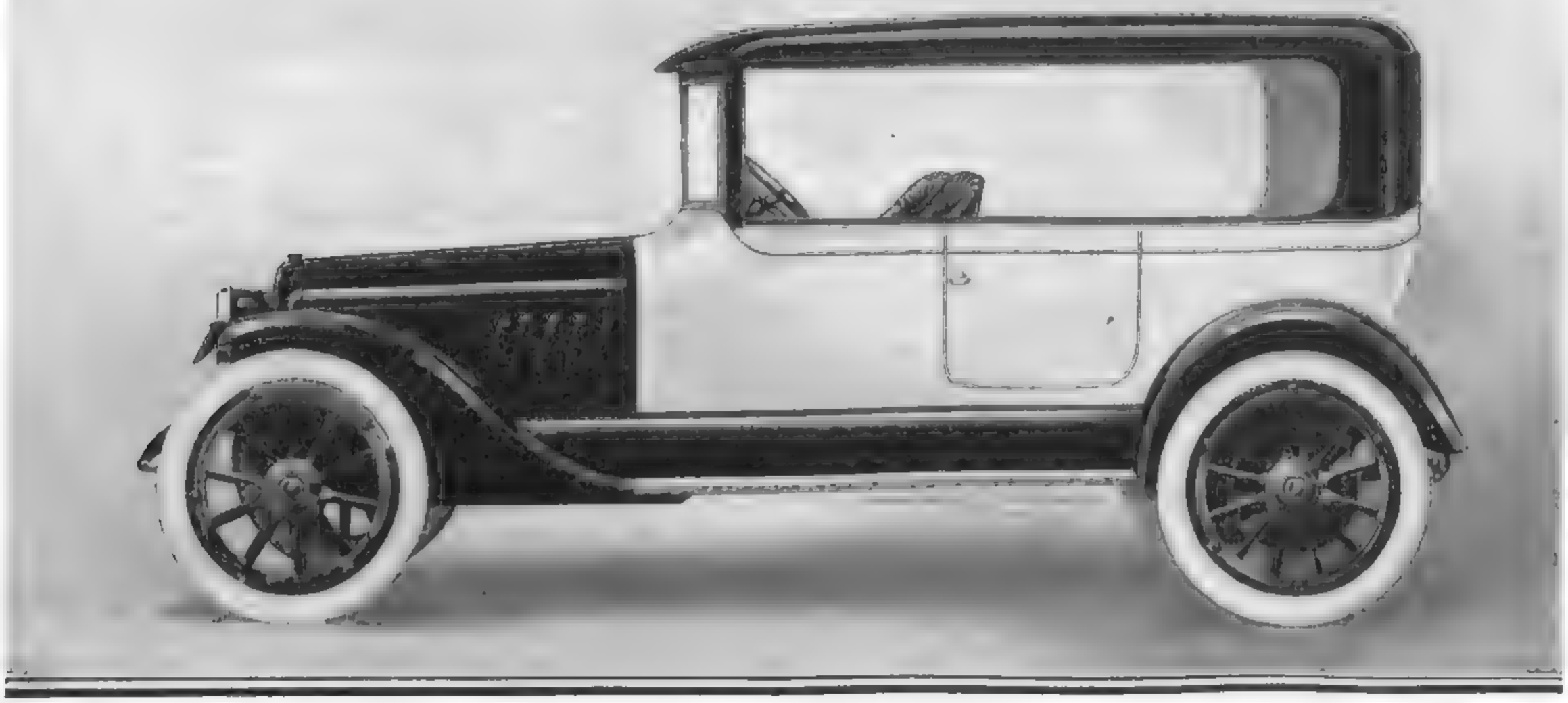
The Manager is keen to learn what his patrons want most, thus you confer a favor on him and gratify your own wishes at the same time.

Ask for BLUEBIRD Photo-Plays today.

"If it's a BLUEBIRD It's got to be good"

Current BLUEBIRD Productions
"The Eye of God" "The Three Godfathers" "Shoes"
Coming BLUEBIRD Productions
"Group of Greed" "Broken Fetters" "The Love Girl"

Springfield Type Bodies



A Touring Car one minute—

Here Is the Type of Body that Will Revolutionize the Entire Automobile Industry

Any one who now buys a car with the old-fashioned, fussy and mussy top will be as far behind the times as the man who buys a car without a self-starter.

The Springfield Type Body establishes a new standard of motor car utility, comfort and convenience.

It provides the very thing all America has been waiting for—a body that is both a closed car and an open car all in one.

For years the Springfield Type Body has been made on special order for thousands of the highest priced cars in the world.

But the production of individual special bodies was very costly. Realizing the possibilities of this great innovation we decided to build them in quantities.

By producing them in tremendous lots we have been able to effect great economies which have made it possible for us to supply them to manufacturers at a very nominal price.

Therefore, and now for the first time, you can buy your favorite car equipped with the Springfield Type Body which is the only recognized convertible type on the market.

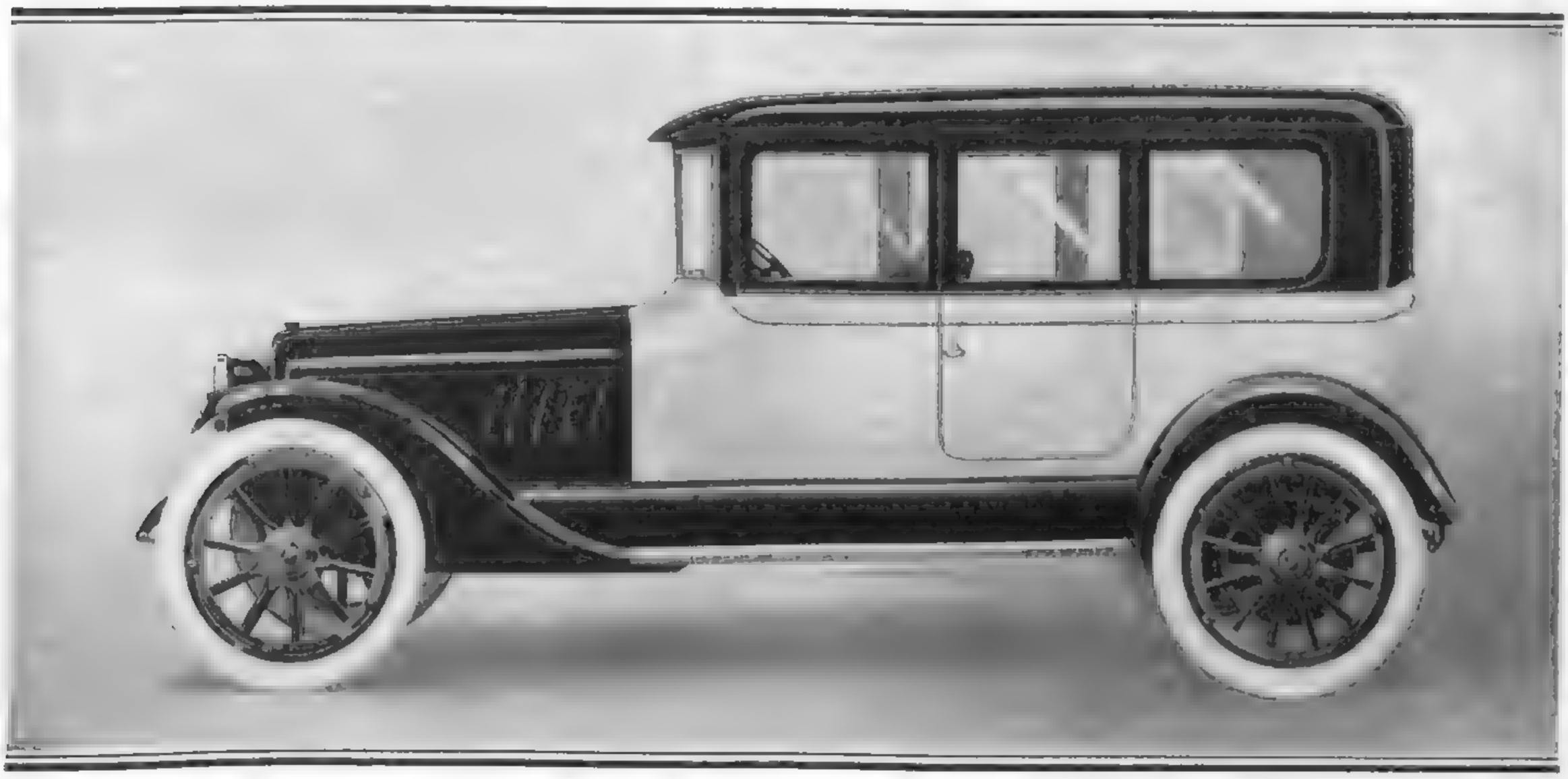
The Springfield Type Body is the original, simplest and most satisfactory convertible body in the world. It is covered by basic patents. There is nothing else like it, nothing else as practical; nothing else as adaptable; nothing else as luxurious and comfortable.

The Springfield Type Body is a universal necessity. Instantly adaptable for winter or summer—rain or shine—day or night service—combining all the protection, luxury and appearance of the finest limousine as well as the freedom and advantages of the open touring car.

The Springfield Body Company
Springfield, Mass.

New York **Detroit**

Springfield Type Bodies



—a Limousine the next

The Leading Cars Are Now Sold with the Springfield Type Body as Standard Equipment

Do not confuse the Springfield Type Body with detachable or removable tops.

The Springfield Type Body is a complete body—not a detachable or a put on top—a touring car and limousine in one unit.

It cannot warp; nor does it rattle.

It eliminates the old-fashioned, cumbersome, unsightly, dirty top and flapping side curtains.

The largest and leading automobile manufacturers have adopted it. The following manufacturers are using the Springfield Type Body as standard equipment on their 1917 models:

Abbott-Detroit	**Oldsmobile**
Cadillac	**Overland**
Chandler	**Paige-Detroit**
Cole	**H A L Twelve**
Davis	**Reo**
Haynes	**Stearns**
Interstate	**Studebaker**
Marmon	**Velie**
Mitchell	**Westcott**

Winton

It is only a matter of a very short time before all manufacturers will adopt the Springfield Type Body as standard equipment on all cars. It is a greater invention and convenience than the electric starter and electric lights.

When you buy your next car insist on its being equipped with the Springfield Type Body.

Take no substitute—take no makeshifts. Insist on the original—the Springfield Type Body—it costs no more—and you get the best.

You will then get two cars (a touring car and limousine) for practically the price of one.

The Springfield Body Company
Springfield, Mass.

New York **Detroit**

Patrick Henry Addressing the First Continental Congress, Philadelphia, 1774

One Nation; One People

WHEN Patrick Henry declared that oppression had effaced the boundaries of the several colonies, he voiced the spirit of the First Continental Congress.

In the crisis, the colonies were willing to unite for their common safety, but at that time the people could not immediately act as a whole, because it took so long for news to travel from colony to colony.

The early handicaps of distance and delay were greatly reduced and direct communication was established between communities with the coming of the railroads and the telegraph. They connected places. The telephone connects persons irrespective of place. The telephone system has provided the means of individual communication which brings into one national family, so to speak, the whole people.

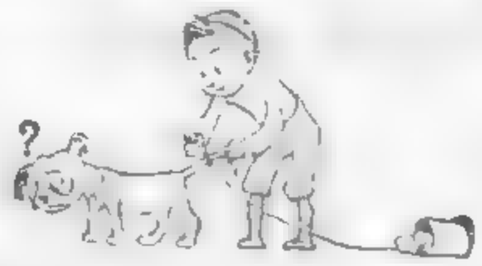
Country wide in its scope, the Bell System carries the spoken word from person to person anywhere, annihilating both time and distance.

The people have become so absolutely unified by means of the facilities for transportation and communication that in any crisis they can decide as a united people and act simultaneously, wherever the location of the seat of government.

In the early days, the capital was moved from place to place, because of sectional rivalry, but today Independence Hall is a symbol of union, revered alike in Philadelphia and the most distant American city.

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

One Policy *One System* *Universal Service*



In Vacation Time

a boy is likely to be his mother's care and the neighbors' aversion. His mischief, his noise are generally the result of having nothing particular to do.

Few boys can be taught industry by the willow-stick method. You must substitute some incentive to his voluntary action in conformance with your wishes. You must get the boy *to teach himself.*

How you can solve your boy problem

is told in "What Shall I Do With My Boy?" an interesting, to-the-point booklet written for parents. About 10,000 parents and not a few "neighbors" have written for it. Upon request we will send you a copy, free of charge. Write to

Sales Division, Box 472

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.

(Continued from Page 51)

more poured into his purse from the City Bank—with compliments attached. His policy had won. He had found someone who appreciated being told the whole uncolored truth. After all, the world had not trampled its ideals into the mire of money chasing. Even to-day the sound things of life commanded a market value. Business men, in high places of trust, business men of tested capacity, placed the moral before the material risk.

The president of the bank had said: "I would rather lend a known, honorable man money on doubtful security than to venture a loan to a dubious man on government bonds."

So Jim brought back from the city more than money. He brought back a renewed, an increased faith in the virtue of mankind. It was an asset not to be despised. The mighty hand of business reached out to encourage, to help with concrete aid, the honest man. It withheld its support, even though ample security were offered, from the man whose honor was dubious. Therefore, this modern god of business was a virtuous god. If evil were committed in its name the god itself was not smirched save in the eyes of the ignorant; if false sacrifices were offered to it by charlatans and liars and cheats, by jack priests of commerce, the god was not more dishonored than is the God of Israel by horrors that have been committed in His name.

As Jim rode home on the train his first feeling of elation dwindled. Doubt returned. He weighed the sides of his ledger against each other and determined all was not yet secure. How could it be secure when he had but added to his liability the not inconsiderable sum of twenty-five thousand dollars? Part of his debts he could pay. The balance must wait, for he could not divest himself of ready money, nor would the reserve he could set aside last forever.

The demand note of thirty thousand dollars reared itself as a threat, assumed the guise of a poised bird of prey biding its moment. No, he was not free from the chains of his difficulties. His competitors—he thought of them as enemies—were as yet strong, untouched, unready for peace. They were capable of striking, would strike if a telling blow could be launched. There was Michael Moran.

The task of defending his own was just begun; the feat of bringing his enemies to overtures of peace was distant from accomplishment; and, again, there was Michael Moran. It was Jim's first contact with that black spirit called hatred. He hated Michael Moran because it was inevitable he should do so, because Michael Moran was the exponent of all things at the remotest pole from Jim's ideals.

With something like consternation he admitted to himself that he hated Michael Moran because the man's life orbit had touched with pitch the life of a woman who had assumed preponderating importance in Jim's universe.

As he alighted from the train at Diversity he saw Marie Ducharme as he had first seen her weeks ago. She stood motionless, a statue with lines of loveliness surmounted by a face of hopeless discontent. In her eyes was the look of hunger, like that of the starving woman in the bread line. She gazed after the departing train as one might gaze after a hope dispelled.

Jim walked toward her. She saw him and nodded coolly.

"School's out early," he said.

"It's Saturday," she replied shortly.

She turned away from the depot, no cordiality in her manner, but Jim was not to be rebuffed. He kept at her side.

"Since I have been here," he said, "I have never driven out along the lake shore. They tell me it is a beautiful drive."

"Yes," she replied without interest.

"The train was warm, the dust got into my throat. Seems as if I were filled with it. All the way I kept thinking of expanses of clean water and of breezes off the lake. Won't you extend our truce to a drive out there with me this evening?"

She turned to him with a queer, abrupt, birdlike, startled movement. There was no pretense about it, she was surprised, jolted so that one peeped for an instant through her mask of sullenness to the loneliness, the yearning within. The crack closed instantly.

"Why do you ask me?" she demanded. "You don't like me."

"I asked you because I want very much to have you go. And I do not dislike you."

"Everybody does."

"I can't speak for everybody, but I doubt it. You—you have a way of shouldering folks off, of retiring behind the barbed wire. Folks would be willing enough to like you if you'd let them."

She pondered this and shook her head slightly.

"Part of what you say is true. There aren't many people here I want to like me. Haven't you lived here long enough to see that the people who stay here are the culls, the weak ones? Is there a young man or a young woman here with gumption? Just as soon as a boy amounts to a row of pins, gets an education or has ambition, he goes away. It is the same with the girls. The desirable go, the other sort stay. This is a backwater of life with nothing in it but human driftwood."

Jim appreciated the insight of her words. She spoke with some exaggeration, but with more sound truth. Her words might be a true arraignment of the average small town, secluded, with insufficient outlet or inlet. They might apply to a thousand villages in Michigan, in Vermont, in New York, in Tennessee. He understood her better than ever before—indeed, here was his first step in comprehension.

"You're lonesome," he said, more to himself than to her.

"Yes," she said simply. "Lonesome—and bored, horribly bored."

"I am lonesome too. Lonesome, but not bored. I have too much on my mind to be bored—which is better for me probably. So won't you mend my lonesomeness for one evening by driving with me?"

"If you will say on your honor that you want me to," she said. Jim listened for a note of wistfulness in her voice; fancied he distinguished it; was not certain he did.

"On my honor," he said half-laughingly, "I do want you." Then: "Might we not ask Mrs. Stickney to put up a lunch for us and start right away?"

Again she looked at him, for there had been a note of boyish eagerness in his voice, and she smiled a very little. The smile was a revelation; while it lasted her face was not the face of a discontented woman, versed in the unpleasant things of the world, but of a girl, an eager, wistful girl.

"I should like it," she said.

How was Jim to know this was an event in Marie Ducharme's life? How was he to know it was her first social invitation from a man whom she cared to have as a companion, who was fitted by intelligence, by ideals, to be her companion? How was he to know that she had never driven with a young man as other country girls drive with neighboring boys? She was excited. Something welled up inside her that made breathing difficult, but that was delightful.

Jim, too, was young. His experience had not taught him how hard is the problem of the girl in the village; how marriage looms before her as the sole end to be desired, and how difficult is a suitable marriage to attain. He did not know how many girls with brains, with ideals, with ambitions, have, to escape spinsterhood and its dreariness, allowed themselves to be married to bumpkins, whose sole recommendation was their ability to provide support. Nor did he know how many such girls wore out their souls and their hearts in bitterness through lengthening years. Such a fate Marie Ducharme was determined to escape.

XV

JIM and Marie Ducharme took the north road out of Diversity. There were eyes that saw them and tongues that wagged when they were gone. Many supper tables were supplied with a topic of conversation that had been barren without.

"Some day," said Jim, "I'm going to have a farm, and raise red pigs and black cows and white chickens."

"Horrors!" exclaimed Marie; but there was just a note of playfulness in her voice, the first Jim ever had heard there. "Some day I'm going to have an apartment in a hotel, where there's a Hungarian orchestra at dinner, and servants to answer push buttons, and taxicabs in front that take you to theaters. And I'm going to raise—well, not pigs and cows and chickens."

"I shall come in off my farm twice a year to eat with you while the orchestra plays and the push buttons buzz and the taxicabs click off exorbitant miles on their meters as we go to those theaters. Pigs and cows and chickens wear, they're durable company; the other thing is too heady for me. Like champagne once in a while. But one prefers water as a steady diet."

(Continued on Page 57)

73 New Touches
257 Cars in One

Mitchell
Mid-Year Six

$1325 f. o. b. Racine
26 Extras Free

We Save $2,000,000

Through John W. Bate—Note the Extras That Result

Here is a concrete example of factory efficiency, as developed by John W. Bate.

This Mid-Year Mitchell is built in a factory where waste is reduced to the minimum. Mr. Bate has worked out here ten thousand economies.

It saves us, we think, at least $2,000,000 on our output for this season. That is, under what a like car would cost built in other plants.

That saving is spent on 26 extra features. Also on extra strength. We want you to see the car that results, and say what you think of Bate methods.

The Car—Above All

But don't think that Mr. Bate's efficiency methods apply to the factory only. They apply, first of all, to the car. Under his régime over 700 improvements have been made in the car itself.

Every part has been studied. Chrome-Vanadium steel has supplanted cheap steel. And 440 parts are drop-forged or stamped, to combine lightness with surplus strength.

The margins of safety have been greatly increased. Undreamed-of endurance has been attained. Operating cost has been minimized.

This Mid-Year Mitchell—Mr. Bate's 17th model—shows the final results of those efforts.

Years to Discover

You can see in ten minutes the results of factory efficiency. They show in the Mitchell price, in superlative value, in 26 extra features.

But it will take you years to know all the results of Bate engineering efficiency.

A Bate-built car has run 218,734 miles, and it isn't worn out yet. Six of his Mitchells have averaged 164,372 miles each—or over 30 years of ordinary service.

That is what he aims at—lifetime service, freedom from trouble, and safety. As these results show themselves, by years of use, the prestige of the Mitchell will multiply.

But these are things to consider now, with you who buy cars to keep.

$1325 F. o. b. Racine

For 5-Passenger Touring Car or 3-Passenger Roadster

7-Passenger Body $35 Extra

High-speed economical Six; 48 horsepower; 127-inch wheelbase; complete equipment, including 26 extra features.

The greatest factor in Motordom is John W. Bate, among men who get down to real values.

Things You See First

Still the things you see first—the outer attractions—give this New Mitchell a wealth of distinction.

It has 26 extra features—things generally omitted. They are things you want, like a power tire pump, ball-bearing steering gear, an extra-fine carburetor, easy control.

It has 73 new ideas and touches not found in our first 1916 model. The Mid-Year Mitchell is an After-Show design. Before its completion, our experts examined 257 this-year models.

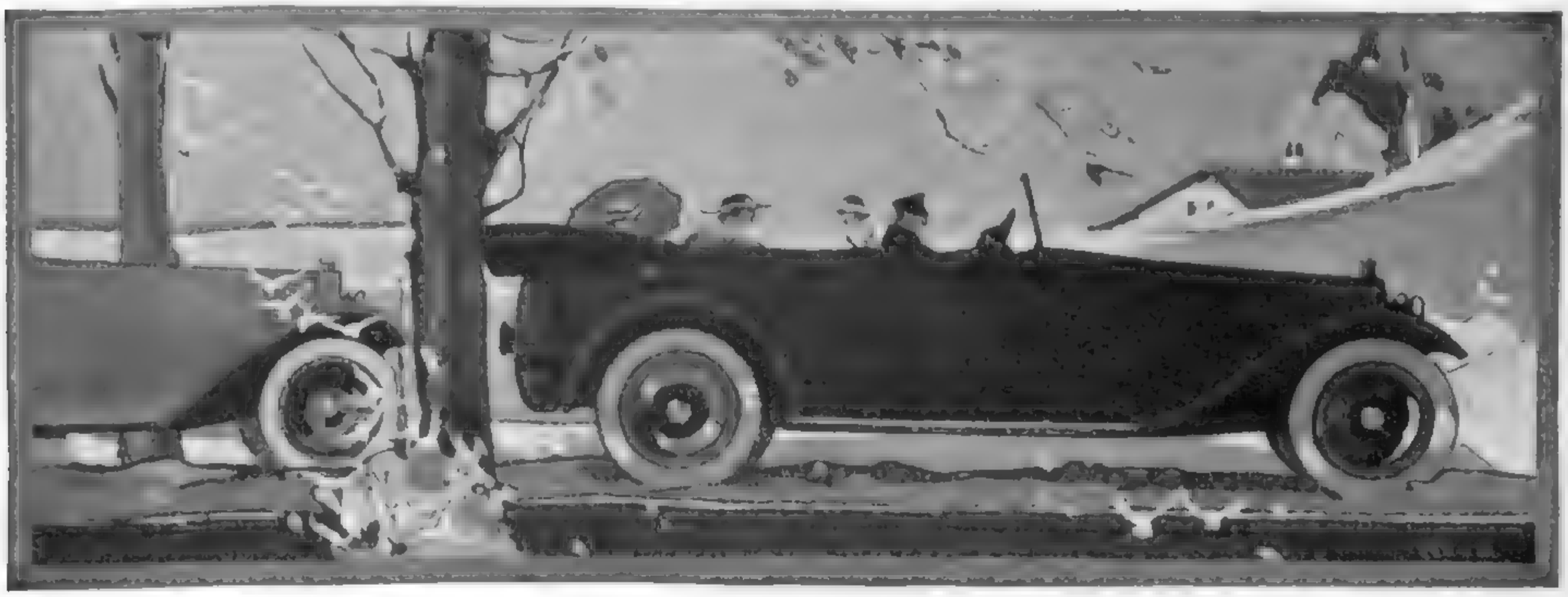
It has Bate cantilever springs, 52 inches long. Not one has ever broken. You never knew a car which rode rough roads so smoothly.

It has an enduring 22-coat finish. It has French-finished upholstery. It has a light in the tonneau, a locked compartment in front, an engine primer at driver's hand, and many like attractions.

In beauty and completeness, luxury and comfort, this car surpasses all your expectations. And every owner you meet will certify that the car is mechanically perfect.

Go see it, whether you want a car or not. It will show you what is coming.

MITCHELL-LEWIS MOTOR CO.
Racine, Wis., U. S. A.



STRENGTH—ECONOMY—SERVICE

These three words constitute the pledge the Saxon Motor Car Company makes Saxon owners.

They are to this company all that *"his word of honor"* is to a man of fine character.

They typify the essential characteristics of Saxon Cars. They epitomize the Saxon idea—the idea that brought the Saxon Motor Car Company into being and that is the cornerstone of its success. It is not merely an advertising slogan but a business ideal—an ideal that is given concrete expression in Saxon cars.

The first word, STRENGTH, implies not alone the ability to carry a certain load but the ability to carry it indefinitely under all conditions and with ease. It embraces the quality of endurance.

ECONOMY, as used here, refers to both first and last cost. In the case of the former, the latest manufacturing and marketing methods, the ablest engineering skill, and the advantages of big output have been combined to bring the first cost of Saxon cars to the lowest limit compatible with their character.

In the case of the latter, skilled design and fine quality materials have produced a car which will give the greatest number of miles of safe and comfortable travel at least expense.

SERVICE, means day in and day out availability to the owner. It means square dealing on the part of the Saxon Motor Car Company and every dealer in its organization. It means absolute satisfaction to the man who pays his money for a Saxon. No car can give more. No car can give less and long retain the respect of the motor car purchasing public.

Your nearest Saxon dealer has some interesting facts to give you about the abilities of Saxon "Six" Touring Car, $815; of Saxon "Six" Roadster, $815; and of Saxon "Four" Roadster, $395.

SAXON "SIX"

A big, roomy light-weight, 5 passenger touring car, yacht line design lustrous finish of lasting newness 112-inch wheelbase; light-weight six-cylinder high-speed motor, of Saxon design manufactured to Saxon specifications by the Continental Motor Company, of marked power on minimum gasoline consumption; 2⅛-inch bore x 4½-inch stroke; 32-inch x 3½-inch tires two unit electric starting and lighting system by Wagner, Timken axles and full Timken bearings throughout the chassis, Rayfield carburetor helical bevel gears, linoleum covered aluminum bound running boards and floorboards demountable rims, and a score more of further refinements.

SAXON ROADSTER

A handsome, rugged, powerful roadster; stream-line design; 96-inch wheelbase, 28-inch x 3-inch tires, 35 h. p. L-head, high speed motor of unusual power, smoothness, quietness, flexibility, operative economy and coolness under all conditions; four cylinders cast en bloc; crank case integral; 2⅛-inch bore x 4-inch stroke; 40-inch seat; three-speed sliding gear transmission (only standard roadster under $400 with three-speed transmission); Timken axles; Hyatt quiet bearings; honeycomb radiator; dryplate clutch; ventilating windshield; signal lamps at side, adjustable pedals, vanadium steel cantilever springs; and fifteen additional improvements.

SAXON MOTOR CAR COMPANY, DETROIT

THE SAXON MOTOR CAR COMPANY DOES NOT ANNOUNCE YEARLY MODELS

BLUE STREAKS

$2.50 Each

IT is unnecessary to pay more than $2.50 each for any bicycle tire.

Just consider that *Goodyear Blue Streak* Single Tube Bicycle Tires sell for but $2.50 each, non skid, instead of $3 to $5 as tires do when marketed the old way.

Blue Streaks give better service; last longer, and are *guaranteed* by Goodyear.

You can get Blue Streaks from any reliable bicycle tire dealer—$2.50 each.

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co., Akron, Ohio

GOODYEAR
AKRON
Bicycle Tires

Your Hands—

When you wash them with a hard cake soap you must depend on the lather alone to do the work.

This suffices ordinarily, but not when your hands are grimy or greasy after working around the garden, garage, auto, boat, etc., or a dusty ride in auto or train

Then you need

SKAT

a soft paste soap that works into every pore and wrinkle, "rolls out" every grain and particle of dirt, and rinses your hands perfectly clean, white, smooth and soft. (You can't do this with lather alone.)

Great for children's grimy hands. Guaranteed harmless—is neutral and contains fine light pumice (unlike substitutes).

If your dealer hasn't the genuine SKAT send his name and we will mail you a *full-size* 10c. can free. THE SKAT COMPANY, Hartford, Conn.

SPECIAL OFFER

Send us your name and address and say you saw this offer in the Saturday Evening Post, and we will send you FREE a book describing

EVERYMAN'S ENCYCLOPAEDIA

12 volumes. More articles by actual count than in standard 24 volume sets regardless of price. Up-to-date. Best for the home, the student and the class room. E. P. DUTTON & CO., 681 Fifth Ave., N. Y. City

WE SHALL GIVE TWELVE SHETLAND PONIES

to boys who will sell *The Saturday Evening Post* this summer. If you want to find out how you can get one of them, write to

Box 474, Sales Division

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, Philadelphia, Pa.

(Continued from Page 54)

"I've only read about champagne," she said, the sullen mask dropping across her face for an instant.

"I'm going to have my farm near the lake," he said, "so I can lie with my back against a tree and watch it. It is a hundred different lakes every day—and I'd like to get acquainted with all of them."

"And I'd like to be aboard the most palatial steamer that floats, and ride past you—on my way to great cities."

"I'd be happiest," he said.

"I'd be—most excited," she replied.

"The most pitifully bored faces in the world are to be seen in Broadway cafés after midnight."

"But don't you like to be where things are flashing? Where life is moving so fast you can hardly follow it? Doesn't it spell happiness for you to be where a new thrill is always at hand for the asking?"

"That sort of thing is bully for dessert, but I want it after a long, satisfying meal of quiet contentment."

"Such as you have in Diversity?"

"Such as can be had in Diversity," he replied.

"What makes contentment? I should like to have it."

"Contentment," he said slowly, selecting his words cautiously, "means to me the quiet feeling of decency and satisfaction and restfulness that comes to a man who is busy with a worth-while job. To have it fully there must be a home, a real home with a wife in it, and kids, and a dog and cat. All of them must be glad to see you come home at night, and sorry to see you leave in the morning. To have it your wife must believe in you more than you deserve, and you must trust her, and confide in her, and advise with her on all your concerns, sure of her interest. Yes, I think that is the indispensable element—marriage. The right sort of marriage; the sort the majority of folks are blessed with."

"It all sounds rather tame," she said. "Marriage. Must I marry to be contented?"

"To be so perfectly."

She laughed shortly.

"I shall depend on a steady routine of excitement to make me forget I'm not contented," she said. "Marriage!" She spoke almost savagely. "Of course marriage is the solution of everything. Women are taught to look forward to it from the cradle as—as their means of support. We're trained to please men; we're dressed to attract men; our whole lives are aimed at men. We catch one at twenty or at twenty-five, and our career is over. We've succeeded in life. Then we live on till sixty."

"You've read only the introduction to the story," he said soberly. "The book doesn't begin to get interesting until you pass that."

"Very well then. I must marry to be contented. But whom? Diversity isn't swarming with husbands of any sort. Among the few available male inhabitants, how many would you pick out as welcome husbands for a girl with ambitions above turnips and the number of eggs a day? If you were a girl, with reasonable intelligence, reasonable capabilities to appreciate what we consider it cultured to appreciate, what man here would you pick out from Diversity's young men who wouldn't be a constant horror to you?"

"You're not limited to Diversity."

"But that is exactly what I am."

There was no obvious answer to this, and Jim drove on in silence. He sensed something of the girl's position; appreciated, as he had not before appreciated, the feeling almost of despair that came over her as she looked into the future and found it gray, without gleaming lights or frightening shadows. She was a bird imprisoned among frogs.

Presently they came to a little bridge over a stream which added its little flow to the volume of the lake. It was one of those reed-bordered streams which travel with a soothing lilt, winding along leisurely, contentedly.

It was not such a boisterous stream as the speckled trout loves; it was the sort where tiny turtles sun themselves on root or log, to slide off with a startled splash as you approach. Cows would have loved to wade in it of a hot day.

"Wouldn't you rather be a stream like that," Jim asked, "than to go plunging and leaping and bruising yourself down the rocks of a mountain side?"

She smiled, but did not answer. The picture had soothed her; it lay gently on her spirit, softening her mood.

(Continued on Page 60)

When there's no room to pump as you use

SNATCH the extinguisher—give a few quick strokes of the pump. Then open the nozzle lever and you release a steady, powerful, pressure-thrown stream which shoots straight to the flames—from cramped quarters or in "hard to get at" places.

But, where elbow room permits, you can also use the J-M in the pump-as-you-use fashion. This *two-way* operation is an exclusive feature of the

$8.00
Brass or Nickel Finish, Bracket Included.

Johns-Manville Fire Extinguisher

The Last Word in Safety First

JOHNS-MANVILLE SERVICE
COVERS THE CONTINENT
Serves More People in More Ways Than Any Other Institution of Its Kind in the World.

This handy, compact fire-fighter is deadly to incipient fires originating from gasoline, oil, grease or electricity. The liquid is non-corrosive, non-conducting, and harmless to skin and fabric.

Don't buy just an Extinguisher Select a J-M on merit

Ask your dealer to show you this ruggedly built, handsomely finished machine. In either Brass or Nickel, $8.00 including bracket.

IMPORTANT. The liquid which should be used to recharge the J-M Fire Extinguisher is sold in sealed cans at $1.00. This is the only liquid recommended for use with the J-M Fire Extinguisher.

The J-M Fire Extinguisher is inspected and labelled by the Underwriters' Laboratories, Inc., and entered on the list of approved fire appliances issued by the National Board of Fire Underwriters. On the car it entitles every automobile owner to 15% reduction on his fire insurance premium.

To Jobbers and Dealers

The J-M Extinguisher has a merchandising policy behind it that is as sound and efficient as the machine. You are entitled to the same discount regardless of how small a quantity you handle; and because our policy is exclusively one of rigid protection, there can be no illegitimate inroads on your trade. Get acquainted with this policy through the J-M Branch nearest you.

H. W. JOHNS-MANVILLE COMPANY
Executive Offices, 296 Madison Avenue, New York

Boston, Pittsburg, Chicago, St. Louis, Cleveland, San Francisco, New York, Seattle, Philadelphia, Toronto

$595 Maxwell NEW PRICE

The Big Motor Car Value of the 1917 Season

Increased Production · · Economical Merchandizing and Standardized Manufacturing Permit Remarkably Low Price

THE prices of Maxwell Cars are again reduced—$595 for the Touring Car and $580 for the Roadster are the new prices—effective July 1st, 1916.

Only the price is changed—not the car.

We emphasize this point because you might well suppose that a lowered price would necessitate some changes in the Maxwell car—something taken from its complete equipment—or some lowering of Maxwell standards of quality.

The Maxwell car was an unusual value during the past season. For 1917 it will stand unrivaled as the great motor car value of this or any previous year.

Other cars may sell for less money—but no car having the Maxwell features of construction and the Maxwell completeness of equipment will approach it in price. A comparison will convince you on this point.

The reasons why we can make these new prices are:

Increased Production: The result of the enormous demand for Maxwell cars during the past season. The new prices will help us to double our output for the 1917 season.

Economical Merchandizing: We have cut the cost of selling Maxwell cars to the minimum. The Maxwell owner thus gets the most *actual* intrinsic value for the money he spends.

Standardized Manufacturing: We build a single chassis type and concentrate our whole effort, year after year, toward *perfecting* and *improving* it, but not changing the fundamental structure. The result is remarkable economy in production.

These policies made possible the great value offered in the Maxwell car last season—they make possible the greater value offered now.

But efficient production and economical merchandizing would not count if the product did not excel in points of serviceability—in comfort, performance and economy. The public knows that Maxwell cars have these qualities—the thousands of Maxwell owners know it—and the car has earned the title of

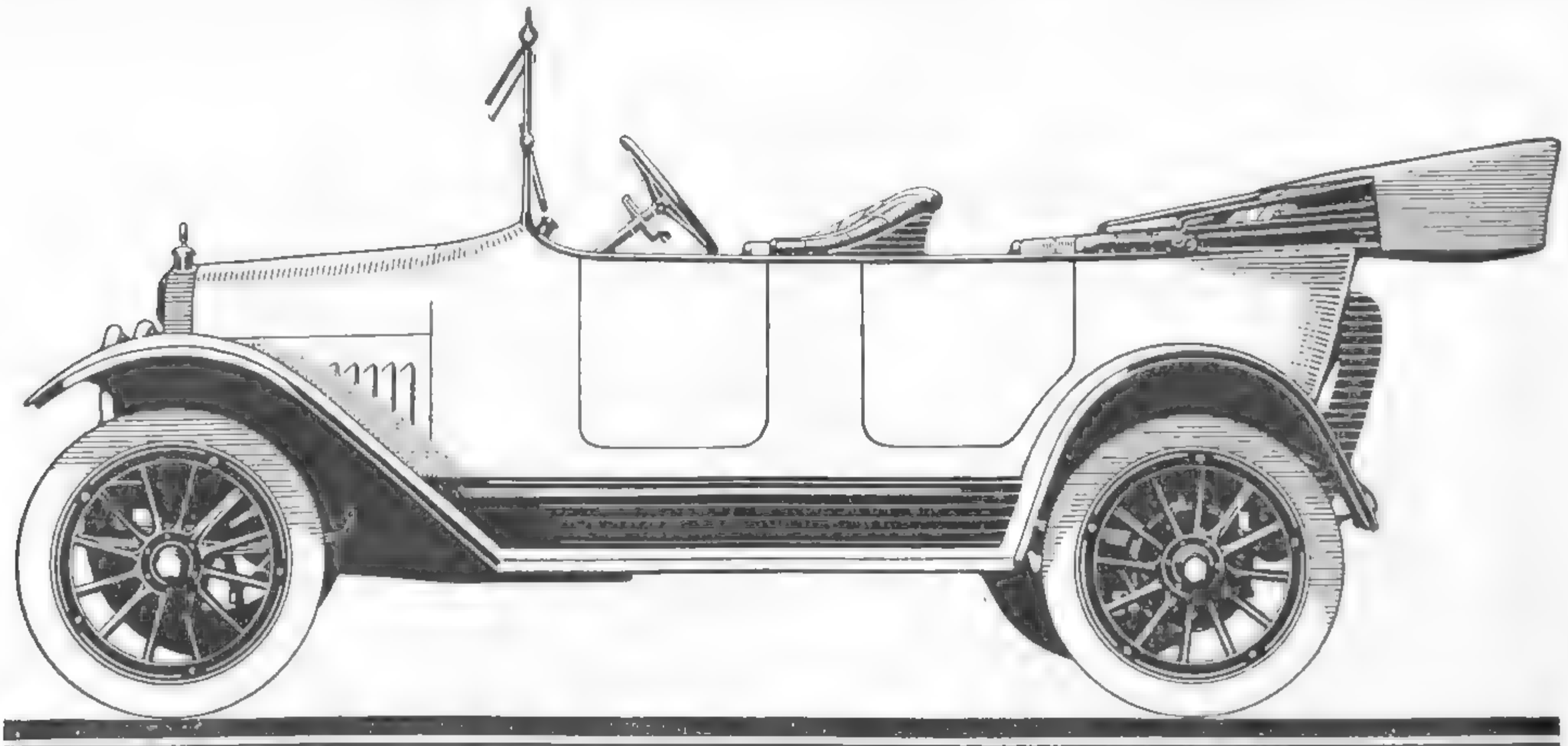
The World's Champion Endurance Car

Last January, a Maxwell stock touring car set the World's Non-stop Record by

In Canada: Touring Car, $850; Roadster, $830, F. O. B. Windsor, Ontario.

Maxwell

Motor Company · Detroit, Mich.



The World's Champion Endurance Car

traveling 22,022 Miles without a motor stop—thereby surpassing the best previous record by more than 10,000 miles. And the car from which the Maxwell took this honor was one costing thousands of dollars.

During this grind of 22,000 miles the Maxwell averaged 22 miles per gallon of gasoline, nearly 9,000 miles per set of tires and traveled 500 miles per day for 44 days and nights. Not a single motor adjustment was made on the entire run. All of these facts are verified by the American Automobile Association under whose auspices the run was made.

In this gruelling test, four or five years of hard service were crowded into a period of six weeks. The car that made this run is still in use and good for many years more.

Thus it is not alone the price of the Maxwell that should sell it to you. The merit of the product is to be considered first. The combination of the two as you find them in the Maxwell is one you cannot beat.

If you want the most car value that can be bought under $800 be sure to investigate the Maxwell and compare it point for point with anything else you may have in mind.

Be one of the army of motorists who will take advantage of the greatest car value that the 1917 season affords. See our local dealer about it *today*.

This announcement will be read by thousands of automobile dealers as well as prospective retail buyers. To those dealers who wish to know if there is any open territory, we will say that Maxwell sales contracts for 1916-17 are being signed now by our traveling salesmen. There will be some changes—particularly in the allotment of territory; therefore, interested dealers, wherever located, should write us now.

WHAT THE MAXWELL PRICE INCLUDES

Long-stroke, high-speed, four-cylinder motor; *20* to *25* miles to the gallon of gasoline (average).

Irreversible steering gear, automatic motor lubrication by splash and pump, 500 to 1,000 miles to gallon of oil.

Thermo-syphon cooling.

A running-in-oil clutch so smooth as to make the driving of a novice as free from gear clashing as that of a seasoned driver.

Tall, narrow, racing-type radiator, Maxwell-made.

Maxwell made axles—I-beam front and semi floating rear, heat treated alloyed steel.

Gasoline tank in cowl; short, accessible gas line to carburetor.

Maxwell-made stream-line body, well finished in every detail. Deep, comfortable upholstery.

30 x 3½ tires all around, non-skid on rear; average life from *8,000* to *10,000* miles. Demountable rims.

Tire carrier at rear, with extra rim.

Substantial, Maxwell-made crowned fenders and linoleum-covered running boards.

Electric starter, electric lights, electric horn.

High-Tension Magneto, an independent source of ignition.

One-Man top with quick-adjustable, storm-proof curtains.

Rain-vision adjustable ventilating windshield.

High-grade speedometer.

The Maxwell Touring Car is a *full five-passenger car.* Every Maxwell model seats comfortably the number of passengers which it is rated to carry.

Compare these Maxwell features with those of cars selling at higher prices.

***SEND FOR NEW CATALOG**—This new book is different from the ordinary automobile catalog. It not only illustrates and describes Maxwell Cars but it also tells an interesting story about the Maxwell Institution. Just write (plainly) your name and address and send this clipping to Dept. A., Maxwell Motor Company, Detroit, Mich.*

Name _____

Address _____

City and State _____

(A)

In Canada: Touring Car, $850, Roadster, $830, F. O. B. Windsor, Ontario.

Maxwell

Motor Company · Detroit, Mich.

DODGE BROTHERS
ROADSTER

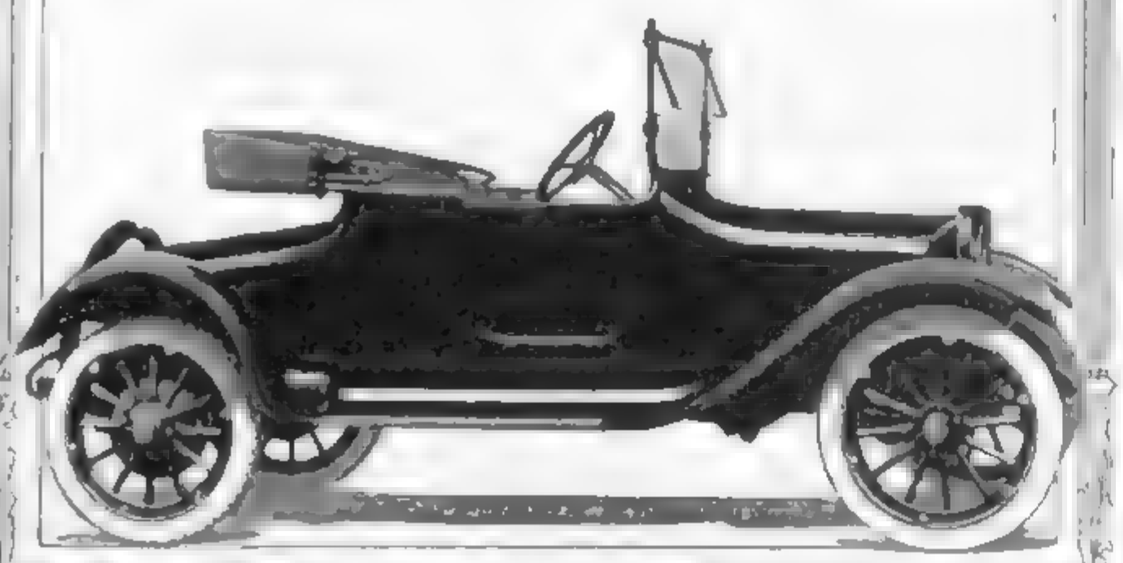
You must have noticed what ardent enthusiasts its owners are

This does not happen here and there. It is a universal condition. People believe in the car, admire it, and say so, frankly.

The gasoline consumption is unusually low
The tire mileage is unusually high

The price of the Touring Car or Roadster complete is $785 (f. o. b. Detroit)
Canadian price $1100 (add freight from Detroit)

DODGE BROTHERS, DETROIT



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If you want to attend college, musical conservatory or business school at our expense, write and find out how so many others have done it.

Educational Division, Box 473
THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
Independence Square Philadelphia

(Continued from Page 57)

"There's a catboat," Jim exclaimed. "Wonder if we can't borrow it. It'll be just a catboat to me, but you can turn it into your palatial steamer, if you want to. Shall we try?"

"I'd love it," she said. "I have never sailed."

Never sailed! Yet she had spent her whole life in sight of Lake Michigan.

"Then," said Jim, "you'll sail now if I have to turn pirate and steal us a craft."

But the transaction went smoothly. The little boat was rented, the horse unharnessed and stabled; they embarked their provisions, and with a brisk sailing breeze headed out for distant, invisible Wisconsin.

Jim handled sheet and tiller; Marie half reclined at his side. And because she was happy, for the hour she seemed beautiful to him—she was beautiful. Jim felt the force of her, not exerted in futile rebellion, wasted, but to be reclaimed by a wise hand and directed to the great work which falls to the lot of all good women. He saw her superior in mind to the women he knew; quickened by ambition. He saw her as she might be, indeed as she was at the moment. Her appeal was powerful. He compared her with women he had known; she made them seem faded, colorless. He glanced at her; his glance became a scrutiny of which she was unconscious. She seemed very desirable to him. It came over him suddenly that he must have her; that she was the necessary woman. It was as if he had known it always.

It was Sudden Jim who spoke.

"Marie," he said, and at the sound of his voice, the tremor in it, she turned, startled. "Marie," he repeated. No other word came for a moment, but his face, his eyes, were eloquent. The color left her face, left her lips first. "Marie, won't you be a part of that contentment? Won't you help me to it—and let me help you to it? I want you. I—love you, Marie. I want the right to love you always—and to take care of you and make you happy. I want you to love me."

She sat stiffly erect, unbelief in her eyes. Her hands gripped each other in her lap. She was amazed; not frightened, but something akin to it.

"I want you to let me try to make you smile always, as you have smiled once today. I want to make the world sing for you, so that you will love the world too. I want to take that look, that hunger look, out of your eyes forever, and put something else in its place. I want every act of mine, as long as I shall live, to add something to your happiness. You! You! Just you!" He held the sheet and tiller with one hand; stretched the other to touch her fingers gently.

"Marie, can't you—won't you—take me into your life? Will you marry me—very soon?"

"Marry you!" she said in a whisper.

She looked about her as if searching for a way of escape. Then she stood up abruptly and ran forward to the very peak of the little craft, and crouched there on her knees, her chin in her hands, her eyes closed, or opening to peer off across the reaches of the lake. Jim could see her shiver now and again as though a chill wind blew over her. She did not speak.

After a time he called to her.

"Marie, I did not mean to frighten you. I—I was abrupt ——"

"You did not frighten me," she said.

He plucked up heart. "I can't come to you," he said yearningly. "I can't talk to you so far away. Won't you come back to me?"

She shook her head. "Not now," she said. "I—— Oh, let me think. Let me be quiet."

He was patient. That much wisdom was given him in this hour. It grew dusk. Jim could only see the dark huddle of her body beyond the mast. It stirred. She was at his side again.

"You don't love me. You can't love me. I am not lovable, I know."

"Your word shall be my law—except for this one time. I do love you."

"No! No! It is pity, sympathy, something. I told you once what love would be if it came to me. It would be no gentle thing. It would make you hate me. You do not want my love."

"It is the one thing I want."

"I mustn't," she whispered to herself. "I mustn't." Then to Jim: "I don't love you. You would repent it if you had made me love you. While I was up there"—she pointed to the bow—"I thought of marrying you—to escape from Diversity. Yes, I thought of that—without love. But it would be no escape. You are tied to Diversity. It would be the same as before. I hate Diversity. It smothers me. If I loved you I wouldn't marry you. Diversity would stand between us."

Jim sat quietly. He had no hope on which to base expectation of any other answer. How could she love him? He had not tried to win her love; had pounced suddenly with talk of love.

"How could you love me?" he said, repeating his thought. "But won't you let me work for your love? I should try to earn it. If love came you would forget that Diversity was hateful to you. It would be a garden to you as it is to me—for my love had blossomed there."

"No," she said sharply. "If I worshiped you, and you asked me to live in that miserable town, with its miserable people, I should refuse. It would torture me, but I could not live there."

"Think," he urged. "Take time to think. This has come to you unexpectedly. Wait before you set your will against my love. Give me my chance."

"No. You must not speak of it again. I am only an incident in your life. Set me aside. Forget this afternoon. You must forget it."

"You won't consider? You won't wait for another day's judgment?"

"No."

Jim turned away his face, turned it away from her lest the embers of the sunset should show how gray, how tired, how discouraged it was.

"I—I'm sorry," she said softly.

He turned and smiled.

"I am glad," he said. "Glad I love you, no matter what comes between now and the end. I shall not worry you again with it, but I want you to know, to be sure in your heart, day by day, every hour, that I do love you and am longing for you. I have spoiled your evening."

"No," she said. "It has been—sweet. So sweet!" He was startled to see her burst into tears, and sob with great wrenching sobs that shook her small body.

Presently she became calm, dried her eyes, smiled, and her smile was the ghost of a spirit of wistfulness.

"If only," she said tremulously, "I were like other girls. But I'm not—I'm me. I'm selfish. I despise myself."

"No, no," he said; "don't remember this with a thought of pain. And do not withdraw from me altogether. Let us cancel to-night to start to-morrow on a new basis—as friends. You are lonely; I am lonely. I'll not worry you with love. But I'll try to be a dependable friend to you. Can we do that?"

"It sounds impossible," she said, "but we can try."

Love finds encouragement in trifles. The weight of Jim's heaviness became less. He hoped. If Pandora had not loosed hope into the world the lovers' portion would be miserable indeed.

It was late when they reached the Widow Stickney's, but she was waiting for them in her parlor. Her old eyes with their years of seeing were not to be deceived. She saw what she saw.

Marie went quickly to her room. They said good night at the foot of the stairs. Jim extended his hand, held her little one in his grasp.

"Good night, friend," he said, and smiled into her face.

She sat beside her window without undressing, motionless, even her eyes seeming without motion. She was wrestling, even as Jacob had wrestled, with an angel. But her angel had no divine touch of the finger to conquer her as the patriarch had been conquered.

The angel met defeat.

Marie lay face downward on the bed, tearless, passing through the agony she had brought on herself.

"I love him," she whispered. "I love him. But I can't. I can't."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

BURNING MILLIONS

(Continued from Page 13)

laboring man in the same community, who has no investment and whose wage is a fixed quantity, it must be evident that the junk gatherer is not securing more than a fair share of the toll which is being taken on the articles of his trampings.

This also carries the presumption that, on the average, under these conditions, the housewife is receiving for her waste about all the traffic will bear.

Of course it is impossible to determine the average profit taken by the junk dealer standing between the cartman and the mills. Generally there are two of these—sometimes only one, and sometimes three. Perhaps in rare cases rags may pass through a fourth pair of hands before reaching the manufacturer who makes them into paper, roofing, shoddy, or starts them upon any other career of reincarnation.

According to one large dealer who buys direct from the cartmen at certain points where he has local yards, and who also acts as a broker, buying carload lots from other local collectors, he is satisfied with a profit of from ten to fifteen per cent on the turnover.

"The ideal system of collecting rags and waste papers from households, small shops and places of business," says Mr. Israel Joseph, a junk dealer who has come up from the wagon and who now operates both local yards and a brokerage business in many parts of the country, "has perhaps too strong a flavor of socialism to suit everybody. But, just the same, it is the most efficient and economical plan that I have ever seen proposed. Briefly, it is to have the whole process of collection conducted by the Government. Through the post office a waste-paper sack would be issued to every household, and its textile, paper and rubber waste would be put into it. These sacks would be collected every week, or at least twice a month, and credit slips given out by the wagon men making the collections; and the slips would be redeemable at the post office or the treasury branch.

"I believe this is a thoroughly practical plan, but I confess that I do not expect to see it tried very soon in America. Very likely the most feasible plan that can be put into operation will be to interest and educate the country storekeepers to trade their merchandise for junk and household waste just as they do for eggs. This is already being done in some localities to a considerable extent; in fact, that was the common practice on the circuit I used to make on the wagon fifteen years ago when I traveled the roads of Illinois, Iowa and Minnesota.

"Then the village hardware stores, and sometimes the groceries, used to take rags in exchange for goods. They worked it on the tin-peddler plan, getting a profit on each end, and one or two in the middle sometimes. Some of the storekeepers used to make up carloads to sell, but most of them waited for somebody like myself to come along and combine purchases at various points into a carload. A good many dealers in waste have been greatly disturbed—not to say infuriated—because of the big publicity campaign put out by the paper makers, roofing manufacturers and the shoddy mills in order to protect themselves against a famine of waste materials."

Cash Better Than Tinware

"It is true that this has been mighty upsetting and that it has established false standards of value on waste materials in the minds of housewives. However, I am convinced that it will prove to be a good thing in the long run, not only in an economic sense but also for everybody connected with the junk business or with any phase of reclaiming waste materials from the family scrap bag or trash barrel. In other words, I cannot doubt that it is going to result in multiplying the number of the patrons of the junkman.

"Many thousands of American families that have formerly given no attention whatever to saving household waste will, as a result of the campaign, become consistent and habitual thrifters in this particular sense of the word. This applies not only to the family but to business houses as well. For example, there is a good-sized factory right here in this city that has never saved its waste paper, but always burned it. The manager told me that he did this to protect his correspondence and to see that letters he had received did not get into the hands of those who would misuse them.

"Finally I convinced him that it would be entirely safe to purchase a baler and bale his waste paper, thus assuring himself that it would not be handled between his plant and the mill, where it would be immediately processed with thousands of other bales of paper. He followed this plan, buying a baler and using it consistently. His savings by this means amount to something over two hundred dollars a year. This same kind of experience has been repeated all over the country, and the number of consistent waste savers has been greatly increased.

"No sharper trader was ever born than the typical Yankee tin peddler. The only reason that he does not persist to-day is that he has been pushed from the field by the Jew, who pays cash to the housewife for her rags, waste paper and old metals instead of paying in tinware. The American woman may have very unthrifty tendencies, but the fact remains that in the course of time she is bound to find out on which side her bread is buttered. No doubt the Jewish junkman is capable of setting just as low a valuation on a bag of rags or a bundle of old papers as is the Vermont Yankee; but the Jew's valuation is a real and tangible one, because it is expressed in cash, in coin of the realm, instead of in tinware, about the cost of which the housewife has no knowledge and cannot make an intelligent guess."

A Pioneer Peddler in Illinois

"Right here is the reason why the Russian Jew and the other foreigners with money in their pockets have been able to crowd the tin peddler from the public highways. The junkman with his express wagon may not be quite so picturesque a figure as the Yankee peddler with his red cart, but he brought the descendant of the Pilgrim Fathers to defeat because he was satisfied to take one profit instead of two, and because his valuation was in cash and, therefore, in plain figures that the housewife could understand."

Only a few blocks from the junk yard in which this interview occurred is a transplanted Yankee who learned the tin-peddling business back in Vermont and later went to Illinois to introduce it to the prairies. Although Henry Ryan is now in his seventies, his memory of the details of tin-peddler traffic as it was conducted immediately before and after his removal from New England to the West, in 1866, is clear and definite.

For three years after his arrival in Illinois he was the manager of a string of peddlers' wagons and the shop that supplied them, owned by an acquaintance in Vermont who picked him to teach the women of the prairie states the advantages of household thrift in the way of saving the family rags and old papers and waste of every sort, and also to initiate them into the pleasures and allurements of that historic New England institution—the tin-peddler's wagon.

According to this pioneer of Illinois peddlers, the aim of the company was to make sure of a profit of twelve per cent on the tinware and other goods that were sold, and eight per cent on the old rags, papers, copper, pewter, furs, felt, wool and other stuff secured in barter. Some of the peddlers sent out on the wagons were paid on a commission basis of twenty-five per cent of the profit, while others were given a monthly wage of about thirty-five dollars and board.

The peddlers' carts were brought from Bennington, Vermont, and from Keene, New Hampshire. The New Hampshire wagons were of wider gauge and cost one hundred and sixty-five dollars apiece, while the narrow-track Vermont carts were a little less expensive. In general design these wagons resembled the old Frink & Walker stagecoaches, and had a folding rack at the tail on which rested the big sack into which were stowed the rags and waste paper as they were accumulated from house to house.

Illinois roads in the sixties and early seventies were extremely bad, and the transplanted New Englander soon found that if a peddler made ten miles a day with a cart, and thoroughly canvassed every house and cabin along the way, it was all

(Concluded on Page 64)

Smile Makers

At Rising Time

Do you know any food which greets you at breakfast so inviting as Puffed Wheat or Rice?

Airy bubbles of grain, flaky, toasted and crisp. Each morsel seems a bonbon.

But you know they are whole grains, made wholly digestible. You know that every atom feeds.

No elements are lacking—none are lost. For in these foods—and these only—every food cell is blasted by steam explosion.

At Dinner Time

These grains are so crisp, so toasted, so flavory that they take the place of nut-meats.

Folks garnish ice cream with them. They use them in candy. They dot them on frosted cake.

Yet Puffed Grains hold supreme place among scientific grain foods. They are made by Prof. Anderson's process. In every kernel a hundred million steam explosions are created. They are perfect foods—the best-cooked cereals in existence.

Puffed Wheat *Except in Far West* **12c**

Puffed Rice *Except in Far West* **15c**

Corn Puffs—Bubbles of Corn Hearts—15c

At Bed Time

The bowl of milk in summer is the favorite bed-time dish. But it's twice as delightful with Puffed Grains floating in it.

These grains are puffed to eight times normal size. They are four times as porous as bread.

You get the whole wheat in Puffed Wheat—all the phosphorus of the outer coats. You get it so it easily, completely digests without any tax to the stomach.

Do you know anything else which so meets the requirements of an ideal good-night dish?

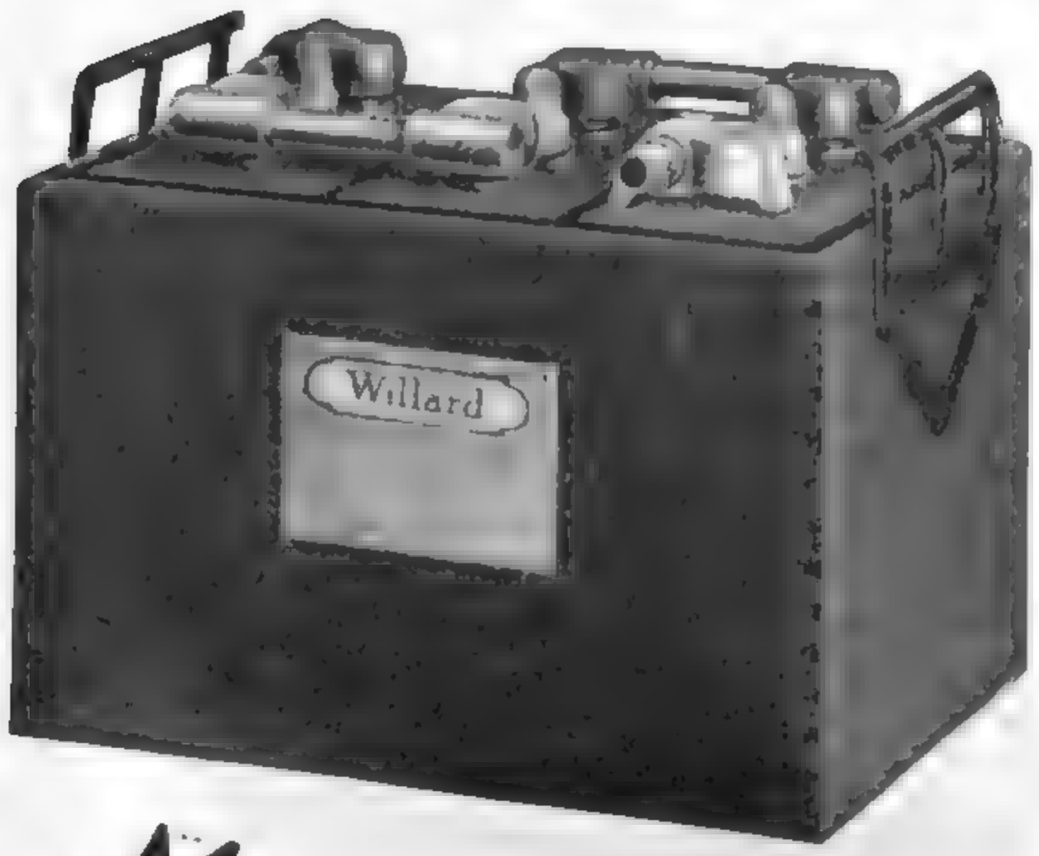
See if you have all these foods on hand.

The Quaker Oats Company

Sole Makers

1141.

Willard STORAGE BATTERY



The Living Link in an Endless Chain

The electrical system in your car is as near as man can come to perpetual motion.

Your battery flashes its message to the starting motor, touches off the vital spark that explodes the mixture in the engine cylinders—and the car moves.

The engine in turn drives the electric generator which gives back to the battery new energy and new life.

Your battery is the brain of the system—putting the spark of life into the mighty, throbbing heart of the motor and lighting the electric eyes that search out the road ahead.

To understand your battery's importance, and to keep it in good health, you must understand its relation to the other links in the chain.

These cars are equipped by their builders with Willard Batteries for the owners' continued satisfaction.

Abbott-Detroit
Allen
Alter
American La France
American Standard
Ames
Amplex
Anger
Apperson
Argo
Armleder
Atterbury
Auburn
Austin
Avery
Bartholomew
Bell
Bessemer
Blumberg
Briscoe
Brockville Atlas
Brockway
Burford
Case
Chalmers
Chandler
Chevrolet
Cozy Flyer
Colby
Coleman
Commerce
Consolidated
Crane
Crow
Cunningham
Daniels
Dart
Davis
Denby
De Dion-Bouton
Detroiter
Dile
Dixie Flyer
Dodge Bros. Motor Car
Dort
Elcar
Empire
Farmack
Federal
Fisher
Fostoria Light Car
Franklin
Front Drive
Gersix
Glide
Gramm
Gramm Bernstein
Grant
Great Western
Hanger
Harwood Barley
Haynes
Herff Brooks
Hoosier '8'
Houghton
Hupmobile
Imperial
Indiana
International
Interstate
Jackson
Jones
Kelly
Kentucky
King
KisselKar

Taking the Mystery Out of It

A few simple explanations make the whole electrical system understandable by any car owner. Here they are:

YOUR STARTING MOTOR is wired to your battery and connected by chain or gear drive to your engine or fly wheel. When you press the starter button, current flows from the battery and starts this little electric motor, which by pure mechanical force "cranks" the big gasoline engine, which sets the ignition system at work to keep it going.

The test of a good starting motor is this: Will it start as easily in cold weather as in hot?

YOUR GENERATOR—This is a dynamo—the reverse of a motor. Instead of receiving current and delivering mechanical force it is mechanically driven by the engine and generates current to supply the lamps and replenish the battery.

The test of a good generator is this: Does it give good output at low car speed and not an excessive output after you reach average running speed? This is very important, as it prevents *starving* your battery at low speed or *burning it up* at high speed.

YOUR BATTERY is chemical, not mechanical. It accumulates energy but does not originate it. As the current flows out of it to lights, starting motor and other parts it grows weaker because the elements of its plates are changing into different substances. But when a current is sent through it *in the opposite direction*, by the generator, these elements change back to their former condition and the battery is said to be "charged."

Unless the process is efficient, trouble results—each link in the chain must be perfect. And that depends, more than you may think, on *posting yourself thoroughly in advance* concerning all parts of the electrical system.

Don't wait till trouble comes, write today for booklet A-11, and learn how to insure your battery's life.

WILLARD STORAGE BATTERY COMPANY
Cleveland, Ohio

New York 228-230 W. 58th Street — Detroit: 236-40 Woodward Avenue
Chicago 504 [illegible] Wabash Avenue — San Francisco 14 [illegible] Street
Atlanta 840 East Ponce de Leon Street — Minneapolis 36-38-40 So. 10th Street
Indianapolis 116-118 No. Illinois St.

Direct Factory Representatives In Philadelphia, Boston, Dallas, Kansas City, Omaha, Seattle

Willard quality is backed by nation-wide expert service available to any car owner. Write for list of Willard Service Station addresses

If you are equipped to sell Willard Batteries or give Willard Service, there are a few good openings for men who can measure up to Willard standards.

Willard STORAGE BATTERY

Kline
Knox

Lane
Lexington
Liberty
Lippard-Stewart
Locomobile
Lozier
Luverne
Lyons-Atlas

McFarlan Six
McLaughlin
Mercer
Madison
Marion
Marmon
Martin
Mason
Meteor
Metz
Mitchell
Moline Knight

Monarch
Monitor 4-30 6-40
Monroe
Moon
Murray

National
National Motor Truck (Canada)

Ogren
Old Hickory

Overland
Owen Magnetic

Packard
Paige
Paterson
Pathfinder
Peerless
Pennsy
Pilgrim
Pilot
Premier

Reo
Republic
Richmond
Riddle
Russell

S G V.
Sandow
Sayers Scoville
Scripps-Booth
Simplex
Singer

South Bend
Spaulding
Stafford
Standard
Stanley
Stearns
Stegeman
Stephens
Sterling
Studebaker
Stutz
Sun

Thomas

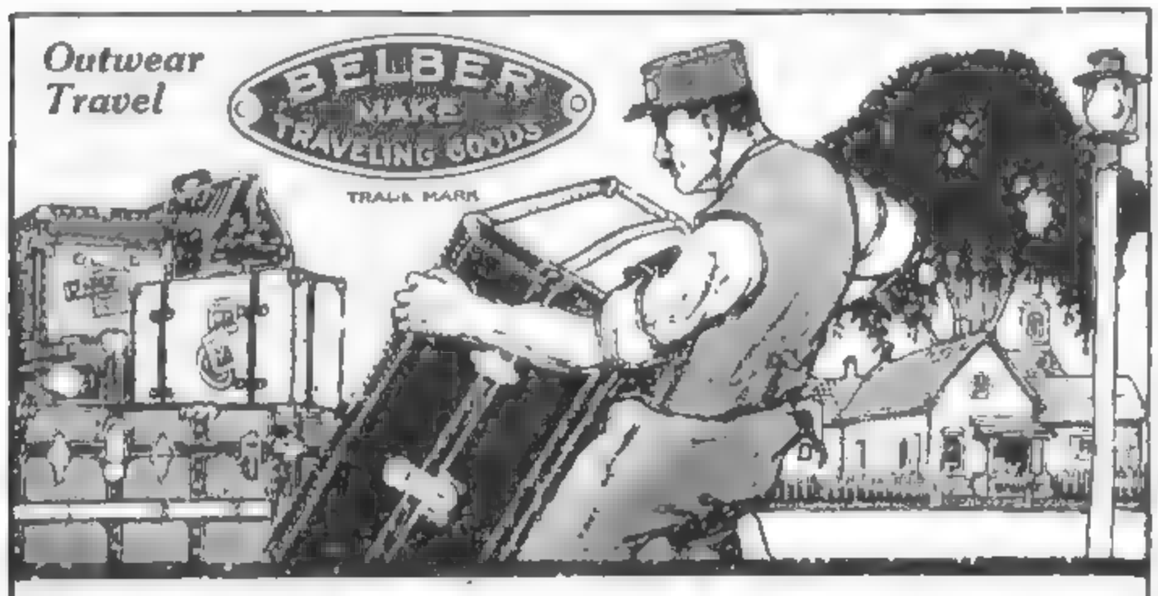
Union

Velie

Westcott
Wichita
Winton
Willys-Knight

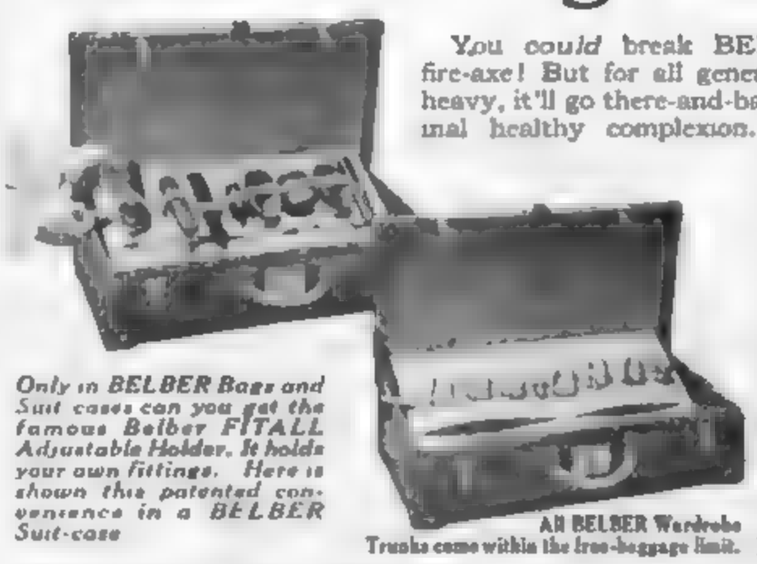
Zimmerman

These cars are equipped by their builders with Willard Batteries for the owners' continued satisfaction.



CLEVER imitations often "get by" the X-ray eye of even trained buyers—specialists whose business it is to *know* merchandise—so *be careful!* Even honest dealers are sometimes misled. Your absolute safeguard is the BELBER trade-mark. When a BELBER bag or suit-case is stamped "cow-hide," you can just bet your last Buffalo nickel that it IS cow-hide.

BELBER Traveling Goods



Only in BELBER Bags and Suit cases can you get the famous Belber FITALL Adjustable Holder. It holds your own fittings. Here is shown this patented convenience in a BELBER Suit-case

All BELBER Wardrobe Trunks come within the free-baggage limit.

You could break BELBER Baggage—with a fire-axe! But for all general travel, no matter how heavy, it'll go there-and-back without losing its original healthy complexion. "Outwearing Travel," the finest book we've ever seen on the subject, shows you 83 styles of BELBER goods—every number of which you'll agree is a *dandy*. Get on speaking-terms with this aristocratic luggage. Get the ear of Friendly Dealer and write for the handsome, free book in the meantime.

DEALERS—We've got a sales-plan that ought to "strike you where you live." Ask us about it.

THE BELBER TRUNK AND BAG CO., Philadelphia

New York Boston Chicago Pittsburgh Minneapolis

Branches in Foreign Countries

Spending Money for girls

Would you like to have Two or Three Dollars a week, all your own, to spend for just the things you want most?

MISS MARJORIE CHAMBERS, a Canadian girl, wanted some spending money, and she has found an easy way to earn it for herself. She takes care of the orders of her friends and neighbors who wish to subscribe for *The Saturday Evening Post, The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman*. She gives only a few spare moments to the work. She sometimes makes five dollars a week. If you want to try the same plan, write a note asking us to tell you all about it. The address is

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FEDERAL SCHOOL OF COMMERCIAL DESIGNING, Inc.
20 Warner Building, Minneapolis, Minn.

(Concluded from Page 61)

that reasonably could be expected from him. A gross daily trade of from ten to fifteen dollars was fairly satisfactory, while the man who bartered from fifteen to twenty dollars a day was regarded as a very successful trader.

"To say that I was a missionary of thrift to the housewives of the prairie country in those pioneer days of the tin-peddler wagon in the Middle West is to speak the literal truth. We had about six wagons to start with, and the men we first sent out came back with decidedly discouraging results. I saw that it was necessary for me to try out this new country and see what was in it. Also, I hoped to turn the trip into a demonstration—something of an object lesson to the other men who had become discouraged.

"So I, in company with a younger relative of the man who owned the entire business, took a new wagon, well stocked, and a sturdy team of mules and started out to make Livingston County, Illinois. The awful roads were a revelation to me, but I was still more astonished to find that many of the settlers had never seen a tin-peddler's wagon and knew nothing about trading in tinware. At first they were very backward about bartering, but in each case I made it a point to find out, early in the conversation, what they had in the shape of rags, furs and hides, old copper and old pewter. Almost every family from the South had a stock of old pewter plate and pewter tableware which was usually traded for brassware. I was very eager for the pewter, as I could combine it with lead and make it into solder, which was worth at least thirty-five cents a pound.

"The trip to Odell and back took just ten days, and the business had averaged ten dollars a day. This put new spirit into the other men and we got a new grip on things from that moment. In a short time we had the housewives on all our circuits saving every sort of household waste that was then in demand. Saving waste papers did not come into fashion out here in the West until about 1880, as I remember it.

"The spring season was always the heaviest for rags. After our preliminary work for rag-bag thrift had been done we would find anywhere from fifty pounds to three hundred pounds of rags awaiting us at a settler's house on the spring call. This meant that the families saved from a hundred to five hundred pounds of rags a year.

"The most depressing period in rag prices, so far as my recollection goes, was between 1879 and 1884. To say that rags were a drug on the market at that time is to put the matter mildly; you could hardly give them away. The housewife who received ten cents a hundred for the rags that were thrown on the tail of the peddler's cart was doing well. Furs, wool, sheep pelts and old copper and pewter were her most profitable articles of waste at that period."

When Rags Went Up

"I had gone into business for myself in 1870, and in the early eighties found that I had a whole lot of money tied up in rags which would not bring more than a cent a pound in Chicago. Then something happened that was not wholly different from the experiences of many men about the time when the present war in Europe began. I jumped over the heads of the middlemen, went direct to a big paper company at Appleton, Wisconsin, where I met with a warm welcome. By the time my first two sample cars had been received and sorted by this paper maker I began to hear rumors of a cholera scare in Europe, and knew that this meant the immediate shutting out of rags from foreign countries.

"Almost instantly the price of rags jumped to three cents. I had a big stock on hand and this naturally made me a very profitable year. The point, however, is that an embargo on rags from Europe means big prices in this country. The first rags I had sold on coming West, the year following the close of the Civil War, brought five cents a pound. These prices, five cents down to three cents, almost exactly parallel those of to-day.

"I think that paper flour sacks, made of the toughest kind of Manila, was the first waste paper we collected. These came mixed in along with the rags, and we were glad to pay a cent and a half a pound for the sacks, as we were able to get three cents. At that time we got from two cents and a quarter to two and a half for books, and the same for old letters.

"In the fall of 1898 the tin-peddlers' business began to wane and go out before the advancing invasion of the Jewish junkman armed with his leather purse filled with jingling coins. When I saw this weapon I knew that the old tin-peddler's wagon was about ready to retire. Why? Because I had recently noted that our most successful traders were those who met the housewife with the question: 'Haven't you something to sell me?'—instead of with the inquiry: 'Do you wish to buy anything in the way of tinware to-day?'

"The best trader we had was a Yankee-ized Scotchman, who never suggested to a housewife that he had goods to sell. From the instant he was able to push his boot across the doorsill, so that the door could not be closed in his face, he began to talk about the stuff he wanted to buy. And he could coax more old metal, rags, minkskins, coonskins, wolfskins and pelts out of their hiding than any other man who ever traveled dirt roads with a peddler's wagon. In twenty-four months this man saved up twenty-four hundred dollars in cold cash—and that was a good deal of money for those days. He invested it in a store and has become very prosperous; but the lesson that his trading tactics taught me was worth quite as much to me as were his two years' savings to him."

The Big Sums Involved

"In the first place, I drilled that principle into all the other men I had on the road—and at one time I had about thirty wagons making the circuit. In the next place, it helped me to recognize the beginning of the end, so far as the trade-and-barter business from the tinware peddler's wagon was concerned. It was an advantage to see this before it was too late. I saw that the man who came to the farmhouse to buy and not to sell, who came with money in his pocket, determined to leave some of it, was sure of a welcome over the man who came to sell as well as to buy, and who was also there for the purpose of making two profits.

"Occasionally there was a chance to take a big profit on the stuff secured in barter. For example, one year, while I was with my old employer, before I went into business for myself, I sent nine thousand sheep pelts we had collected to the principal of the firm in the East. These, of course, were in addition to the other stuff we had gathered. Some time later he sent me a letter congratulating me on the year's results and saying that the net profits of that period amounted to seven thousand dollars. Considering the fact that we then had only ten wagons on the road, this profit was at least worthy of comment. Also, I recall a time when we had almost three years' accumulation of old copper on hand and the price suddenly advanced fully one-third."

An old-time tin peddler who now operates a junk cart makes the confession that it is useless to try to buy household waste at a cheap price from a typical German *frau;* that she not only has a very clear idea of the value of what she has to sell, but she knows how to sort her rags and put up her waste of every kind in a way to make it most acceptable and bring the highest price; that he can make more profit from a hundred pounds of junk bought from the average American housewife than he can from two hundred pounds secured from a German *hausfrau* who has received her training in the old country.

To witness economic waste of this kind, hour after hour and day after day, can scarcely fail to be impressing to any person with an Old World training for thrift—unless, perhaps, that person happens to be in the junk business.

An Eastern authority in a position to observe the whole scope of waste-saving operations estimates the value of this year's reclamation of rags to be about two hundred and fifty million dollars.

Old rubber is divided into sixty sorts. Some idea of the traffic in old rubber may be had from the statement of Mr. Louis Birkenstein, president of the American Waste Dealers' Association, who says:

"I have just bought a hundred tons of old automobile tires in one bill. This year I shall take in fully fifteen thousand tons of old tires. As near as we can figure it, all the dealers together will get from eighty thousand to a hundred thousand tons of tires in the course of the present year. The scrap-rubber business of this country amounts to almost twenty million dollars a year."

SLIM FINNEGAN

(Continued from Page 7)

Now about the dynamiters: After I had marched in the prohibition parade because Mamie Little's father was a prohibition man—there was prohibition in Iowa, all over, and for a while Riverbank didn't have any saloons because it was against the law. So Slim Finnegan's father got a shanty boat and started a saloon on it across the river, where there wasn't prohibition; and Slim helped tend bar, and then other bumboats started, and pretty soon I guess folks got tired of that and the saloons started up again in Riverbank, so people could get drunk without having to hire a skiff and go across the river.

So three or four or five men made up their minds they would stop the saloons again, and they started in to do it. Mamie Little's father was one of them, because he printed the newspaper that wanted the saloons closed; so one night three of the men's houses were blown up with gunpowder, but the fuse went out on the other keg, so it didn't blow up its house. But three of them were blown up. That was about three months after me and Ting and Eddie saw Slim Finnegan steal the keg of powder; and right away we thought of that and that Slim Finnegan was one of the men that blew up the houses.

Gee! We was scared! All we could think of was that now Slim Finnegan would come round and stab us, so we wouldn't tell on him. One whole afternoon we hid in the old box stall in my barn and didn't dare talk above a whisper; and we had my target rifle, because if Slim came we were going to sell our lives dearly.

But that was afterward. We went to see the blown-up houses first—right after breakfast the morning after the night they were blown up—and they were all pretty bad. Everybody said it was a miracle nobody was killed, and how Mamie Little and her folks walked across the bare rafters and got out, and everything like that. So then the mayor offered five hundred dollars reward and the governor offered a thousand dollars more; and there was a big meeting downtown one night and everybody gave money to hire detectives to catch the dynamiters.

There were lots of detectives came to Riverbank; I guess maybe there were a thousand. Everybody said it would be just a little while before the dynamiters were all caught and sent to prison; but pretty soon everybody began saying the detectives were no good, and that Mr. Murphy, who was the one the committee had hired, was just pretending it was worth while to detect, and that he would never get the dynamiters, and that all he was staying in Riverbank for was to get the money the committee paid him every week. All he found out, I guess, was that the dynamite was gunpowder and that some of it was stole from the powder house across the river and some from the powder houses up the river. But me and Ting and Eddie knew who stole it. That's why we were scared.

And you bet we were mighty scared! We made a fort in the hayloft of my barn, with loopholes to shoot my target rifle through, so we could flee to it if Slim Finnegan came round, and pop him from behind the fort before he could stab us. Ting got us to do that. He was going to show us how to fix the barn stairs with each step on a hinge so when we pulled a rope the steps would drop and make a slide, so that whenever Slim tried to come up the steps he would get just part way and then slide down again; but when we tried to pry the treads of the steps loose the nails were rusted and the treads split; so we thought we'd better not.

We got up a signal word—only it was Ting thought of it—so that when any of us saw Slim we could say it, and we'd know we had to run for shelter to our fort. The word was Vamoose! But it was too long, so Ting shortened it. He made it Vam.!

We did everything we could to get ready not to be stabbed. We made daggers out of some kitchen knives I got in my kitchen, and Ting showed us how to do it while me and Eddie turned the grindstone. We sharpened them on both edges and made points on them and tied string round the handles in loops, so we could hang them on our suspender buttons and let them hang down inside our pants. Ting showed me how to carry my target rifle stuck down one pants leg, too, so it wouldn't be visible. It made me walk stiff-legged, like I was lame, but Ting said that was a good thing—it would throw Slim Finnegan off his guard. Ting showed us how to stand back to back when Slim Finnegan attacked us, so we would have a dagger in each direction and he couldn't stab us in the backs.

Whenever we could we got together and Ting told us new ways to keep from being stabbed, because he said he knew a feller in Derlingport—where he had visited once—who was fixed just like we were, with a big feller after him; and Ting remembered other things he had done. He didn't remember them all at once, but every day he remembered a new one. When he remembered them we did them. One of them was to rub our knee joints with sewing-machine oil, so they would be limber and we could run like a deer when Slim Finnegan took after us. Before he got through Ting remembered a lot of things like that. We did them.

Well, after a while I guess we sort of forgot about Slim Finnegan, because he didn't come round to stab us. Maybe it was because Ting couldn't remember any more of the things the feller in Derlingport had done, and maybe it was because school began again. We sort of turned the fort in my hayloft into a dressing room for a circus. Ting was ringmaster. So then Eddie's birthday started to come and his mother thought she'd have a party for him, because they had a new parlor carpet and had had the dining room papered. So she had it.

At first Eddie said he wasn't going to his party, because there would be girls there and they would want to play kissing games; but Ting said, Aw! he wasn't afraid to kiss all the girls there were in the world! and that if Eddie would go to the party he would go too. So I said if Eddie and Ting would go I would go. I said, Aw! I bet I wasn't afraid to kiss all the girls in the world, either! only I bet I wouldn't kiss Mamie Little if she asked me a million times, because she was mad at me. So we went to Eddie's party.

It was a pretty good party. Right at first it wasn't much because the girls sat on one side of the room and tried to keep their white dresses from getting wrinkled, and the boys sat on the other side. It wouldn't have been any fun at all, that first part, only Ting had brought some beans in his pocket and we had some fun shooting them at the girls with our thumbs. Every once in a while Eddie's mother would come in from the kitchen and clap her hands and say:

"Come, now! We must all have a good time! All you boys and girls think of a game and play it. Eddie"—only she called him Harold—"I'm surprised you don't start a game!"

So then Eddie wished he hadn't come to his party. So after a while Eddie's mother said to the cook:

"Well, Maggie, we'd better give them the refreshments now, instead of later; they won't liven up until they are fed."

We went into the dining room and all sat round the big table, and we began to have a good time. Us kids would get up and sneak round and steal a girl's cake or something, and she would holler and be mad; and then we started in to pull their hairbows, and maybe their hair a little, and they would slap at us and scold and giggle. They pretended they didn't like it; but they did. So pretty soon some of them got up and chased us round the table, and after the ice cream it turned out we were playing tag; and Eddie's mother said:

"Heaven save the furniture! But, anyway, I'm glad they've waked up!"

Well, I didn't pull Mamie Little's hair, or anything. I guess I wanted to, but I sort of didn't dare. All she did was to make a face at me once across the table, and when I threw a little piece of cake at her she brushed it off her dress and said:

"I consider that very rude!"

So then we went into the parlor again and got to playing kissing games—copenhagen and post office, and games like that. So then we played pillow. I guess the girls like it because there isn't so much game and there is more kissing, and I guess the boys don't care because by the time you get to playing pillow they're used to it. You take a sofa pillow and drop it in front of the girl you want to kiss and drop on your knees, and she drops on her knees and then she kisses you. Then she takes the pillow and drops it in front of the fellow

—Ditched by the Glare!

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Equip your lamps with Osgood Deflector Lenses and avoid exposing others to the dangerous risks of night driving, and insure safety for yourself.

The Osgood is not a dimmer, not a diffuser, but a prismatic glass lens that fits into your lamps and deflects the light rays downward along the road, giving ample light ahead for highest speed without blinding glare—places light where needed and avoids the necessity of dimmers.

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The Osgood Deflector Lens can easily be attached in a few minutes. Simply remove the plain glass lenses and insert the Osgood Lenses in place, then focus and point the headlights properly—no trouble—no bother and nothing complicated.

Good accessory and garage dealers sell them at $2.50 to $3.25 a pair, according to size. If your dealer hasn't them, send us the size of your illuminated lamp opening and we will tell you the price of your size and see that you are supplied.

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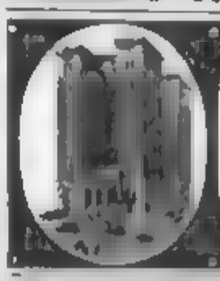

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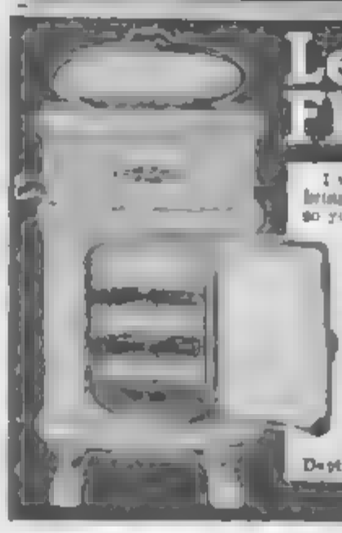

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THE GREAT White Frost SANITARY Refrigerator

A Necessary Task Now an Easy Task

when you use *Sani-Flush* to clean toilet bowls. A little sprinkled into the bowl every few days will thoroughly clean it and keep it spotless and sanitary. The hidden trap is reached by

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Dipping of water and scrubbing is thereby avoided. *Sani-Flush* is not a general cleanser, but a patented preparation to clean toilet bowls and keep them clean.

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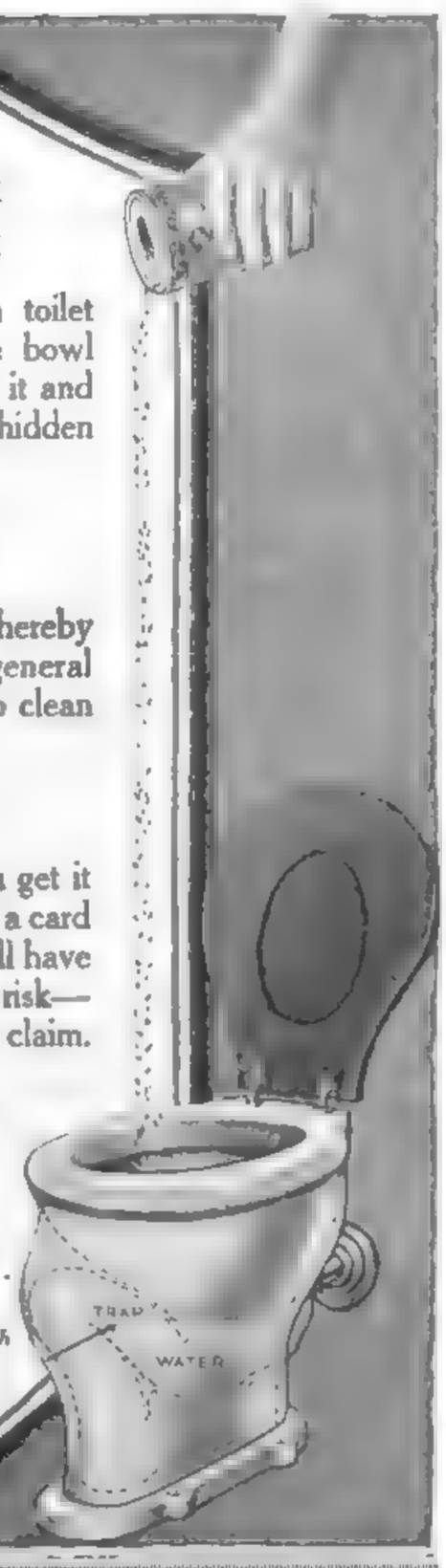
THE HYGIENIC PRODUCTS CO.
168 Walnut St., Canton, Ohio

The trap that *Sani-Flush* reaches, cleans, *keeps* clean



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Miss Sallie Williams
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who recently accepted our offer, writes: "I have determined to give my full time to your work because I believe it to be one of the best money-making opportunities open to women."

WE need local representatives who, like Miss Williams, will devote all their time to representing *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman*.

The amounts earned by a few of our women workers clearly indicate the opportunity that the plan offers you:

Miss Cora Haus, Colorado	**$100.00 a week**
Miss Stella Williams, Tennessee	**100.00 a week**
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WE OFFER a liberal commission to all our representatives and a weekly salary to those who show especial ability.

You can begin at once in spare time, and prove for yourself what the plan really means to you.

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THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, INDEPENDENCE SQUARE, PHILADELPHIA

she wants to kiss next, and he kneels on it and she kisses him. So I guess Kate White dropped the pillow in front of me and kissed me; and then I took the pillow and looked round the row of chairs.

I saw Mamie Little, and she looked as if she was trying to look as if she didn't want me to drop the pillow in front of her, but really did want me to. I didn't know what to do. I guess maybe I wanted her to kiss me, but I was sort of scared to let her try it. I got sort of hot. So all of a sudden I dropped the pillow right in front of her and plumped down on my knees. Everybody laughed and clapped their hands, like they always did when they thought the ones that ought to choose each other were doing it.

Mamie Little didn't plump down on her knees. She raised her chin in the air and said:

"No; thank you!"

I guess I got hotter than I ever was in my life. I was burning hot. I guess I was pretty mad. I got up and held the pillow by one corner.

"All right for you!" I said; and all I thought of was to make her sorry for making me silly like that. "I know something you'd like to know and that your father would like to know; and now I won't ever tell it. I'm glad he dynamited your old house—I am!"

Well, right away she got down on her knees, without the pillow on the floor, or anything. So I dropped down, too, and she let me kiss her on the cheek. It was the softest cheek I ever kissed! So then she got up and took the pillow and looked round the circle for a boy to drop it in front of; and Ting—he was in the chair next to the one Mamie had been in—said:

"Garsh! Now you done it!"

"Well," I said back, "I got a right to tell if I want to, haven't I?"

"No, you hain't," Ting said. "Slim Finnegan will stab the whole three of us if you tell."

"Well, let him stab!" I said.

That was the way I felt right then, because Mamie Little had put the pillow in front of Eddie, and when he went to kiss her she sort of drew back her head, so he hardly got a kiss at all; and she had let me kiss her good and solid. So I felt pretty good.

I felt as if she was my girl again. So then, after a while, when somebody kissed her again and she got the pillow, she came right to me with it and I did feel pretty good. It was a good kiss. I knew she was my girl again, all right!

When we boys were getting our hats Ting came up to me.

"If you tell her I'm going to lick you," he said.

"All right—lick!" I said. "I ain't afraid of your licking. Lick all you want to! I told her I'd tell, and you nor nobody can't make me out a liar, Ting Schwartz!"

So Mamie Little waited for me at the front door, and when I came out I knew she had waited so I could walk home with her, and I did.

"I'm glad we aren't mad any more," she said when we were walking along.

"Aw! I wasn't ever mad!" I said. "You was the one that was mad."

"Well, I'm not mad at you now," she said. "Who was it blew up our house?"

"Oh, somebody!" I said.

She walked a little way and then she said: "I think you kiss nicer than any of the boys at the party. Who was it blew up our house?"

"I'd rather kiss you than all the other girls put together. It was Slim Finnegan," I said.

"How do you know it was?" she asked.

"Because me and Ting and Eddie saw him steal the powder to do it with," I told her. "We was over in Illinois and we saw him steal it from a powder house that is over there."

So we talked about it some more, and when we got home to her house she told me to come up on the porch, and I did; and then she opened the door and called for her father, and he came to the door.

"Papa, this is Georgie," she said; "and he knows who blew up our house."

Well, he took me inside the house and asked me all about it and I told him, and Mamie Little sat in a chair and listened to me. When he had asked me everything he could think of he went to the door with me and said:

"George, you are a fine boy!"

I said:

"Yes, sir!" And then I said "Good-by, Mamie!"

And she said:

"Good-by, George!" And I went home.

That evening Mr. Murphy, the detective, came up to my house and Mr. Little came with him; and Mr. Murphy asked me all the questions Mr. Little had asked, and some more, and I told him all about Slim Finnegan. He asked where Ting and Eddie lived and how to get to their houses. So then Mr. Murphy said:

"If the boy is telling the truth this may be more important than we imagine. I have thought for some time that the reason Slim Finnegan skipped out was because he knew something about this affair."

So that was the reason Slim hadn't come round to stab us—he wasn't in Riverbank. I guess it was a month more before they found him down in Oklahoma and fetched him back to Riverbank because me and Ting and Eddie had sworn he had stolen the keg of powder. Petty larceny was what it was called. That was what they arrested him for.

Well, come to find out, Slim Finnegan hadn't blown up anything, and it wasn't even his keg of powder that did it. He had stole the powder to load shotgun shells with to go hunting, and he showed Mr. Murphy the very powder keg, with some of the powder in it. So he wasn't a dynamiter after all. But his father was. So when Mr. Murphy said "I guess you know who did it, and if you don't tell who did it I'll send you to Anamosa to serve a term," Slim Finnegan told that his father had done it; and when they got his father, his father told who else had done it. So they got them.

So me and Eddie and Ting talked about who would get the one-thousand-five-hundred-dollars reward, and we decided that Ting would get it because he was the one that went back and saw that Slim Finnegan was really stealing a keg of powder; and that if Ting didn't get it I would, because I had told Mamie Little: and that if I didn't get it Mamie Little would, because if she hadn't been mad at me I wouldn't have told.

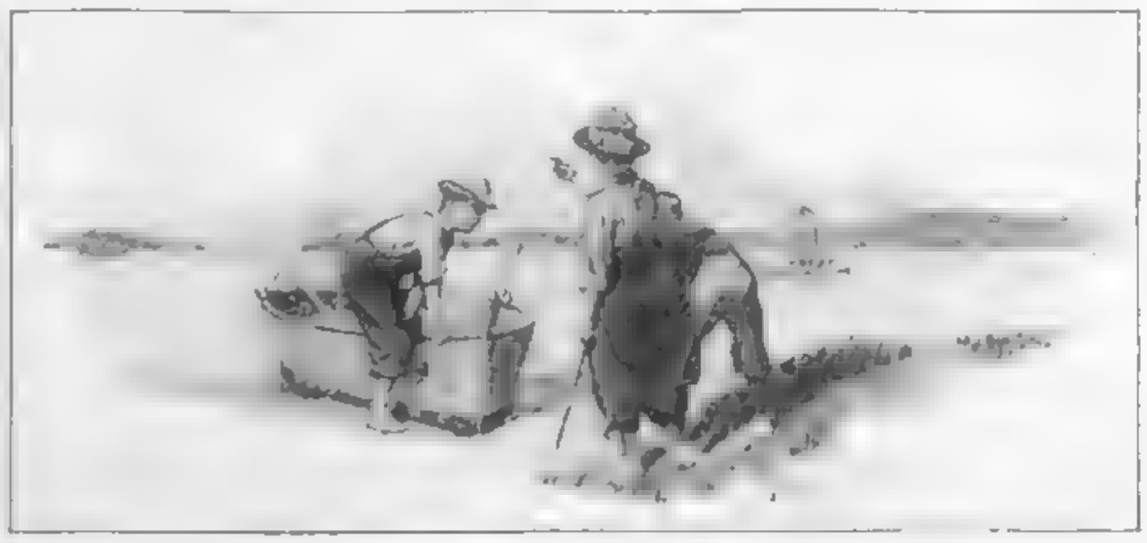
But none of us got it. Mr. Murphy got it. The only thing me and Ting and Eddie got was we didn't get stabbed. And I got Mamie Little back for my girl.

A Liquid Voice

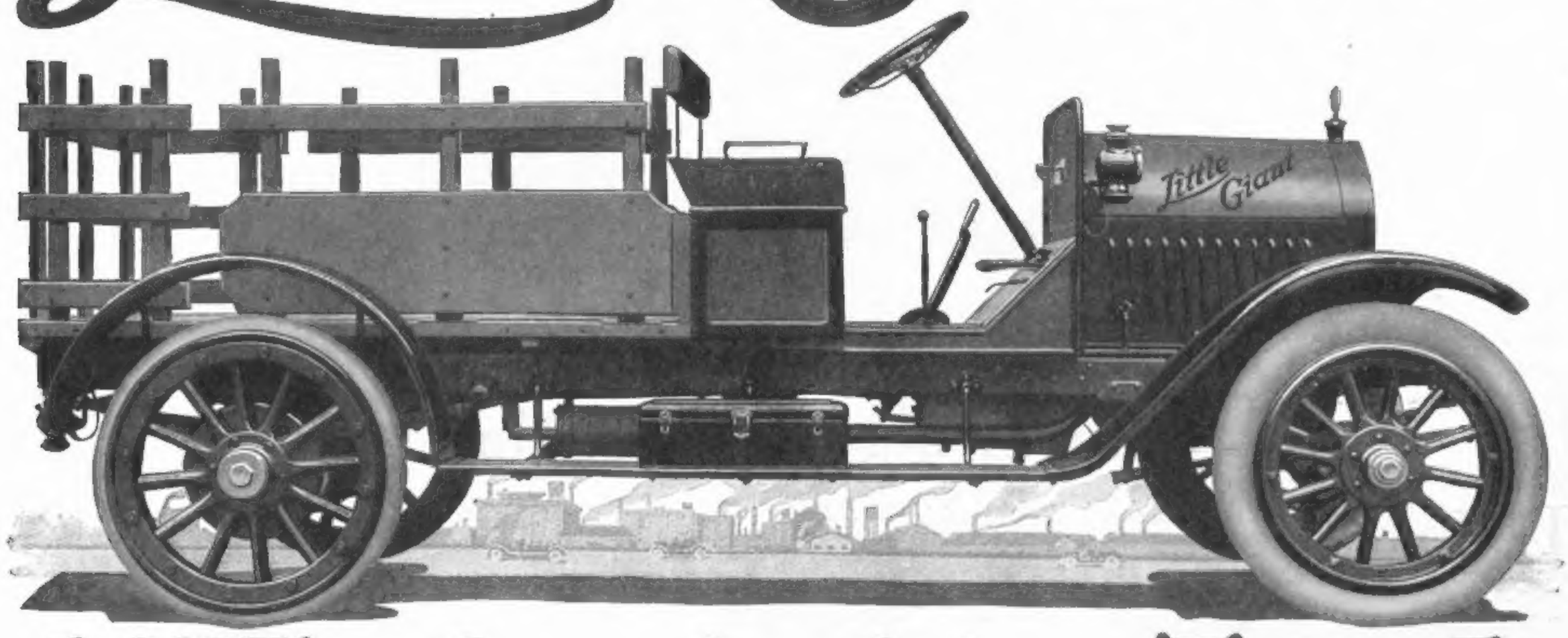
THERE is a certain actor, well known in musical comedy, who has a liquid voice—or, rather, a liquid manner of using his voice. In other words, when he talks he sputters—moistly.

The other day word reached the Lambs' Club that the actor in question had gone into the moving-picture business.

"Fine!" said Jack Hazard. "Now we can all go to see him without getting wet!"



"Little Giant"



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The picture shows Model 15 1-ton capacity, Worm Drive, Chassis Price—$1500. It has generous 138-inch wheel-base; Continental Motor; Eisemann high-tension magneto; Schebler carburetor; Multiple Disc Clutch; Timken bearings; Tires, pneumatic 34 x 4½ front, solid 34x3½ single rear. Complete chassis equipment. Special bodies to order.

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Converting the "Old Man"

THE Purchasing Agent entered the President's office one day in great distress of mind. "It's no use, Mr. Armstrong, something has to be done about young Thompson. The boy spends money like a drunken sailor."

"Hm! I've noticed he's rather generous with our funds. What's he up to now?"

"It's the catalog this time. Here I've been working for years to get the catalog down onto a solid economic basis. Through competitive bids, the cost of printing had reached bed rock. Jones Engraving Co. have made the cuts at 25% under standard prices. I have bought paper at two cents a pound under the market. And what does Thompson do? He lets the job out to a new printer for $500 more than we paid last year. He is actually paying more than scale prices for engravings. He has scrapped all of our woodcuts and ordered a brand-new lot of retouched photographs that will cost goodness knows how much. Finally, he has ignored my department entirely on paper and has bought a carload of a new paper at four cents a pound more that we ever paid."

The "Old Man" reached for his telephone with some vehemence and called for Thompson.

On his way down, Thompson rehearsed a gracefully worded but emphatic resignation. He knew what was coming.

"Thompson," said the "Old Man," "Williams tells me you are running wild on the catalog. Please let me know just what you are doing."

We never said Thompson was tactful; also he was young and so mad his knee joints sounded like a telegraph instrument, which accounts for the following disgraceful scene.

"I'm doing this, Mr. Armstrong. I've tired of getting out a catalog that would disgrace a general store in the backwoods. For ten years I've been trying to get results with paper not fit to print an auction notice on—with a bunch of woodcuts that look like old time magazine Civil War scenes—with a printer so poor he has to take our job to pay back salary to his printer's devil. I say I'm tired of it. This firm has spent twenty years building up a national prestige and if I've got to wreck it to hold my job, I quit right here. I've planned and ordered a catalog we can be proud of. I've got some engravings that will sell the goods instead of condemning them. I've bought paper with a superb printing surface that will make every cut jump off the page instead of trying to hide its head in a puddle of ink. If that's running wild, then you are running wild hiring gentlemen instead of hobos to represent you on the road. You ran wild in building this splendid factory instead of a shack."

"Steady, Thompson, steady," interrupted the "Old Man" with a grin. "You might hurt Williams' feelings. At that, Williams, the boy has the goods on us. You and I mustn't lose our ideals just because we are approaching middle life. I'm frank to admit I have been ashamed of that catalog for three years. I've never known why. It isn't like us. Go to it, Thompson. There isn't a printer in existence that can get out too good a catalog for this business."

What we started out to say, was that we make fine printing papers—not meaning by the word "fine" a sort of unnecessary de luxe-ness, but simply paper so surfaced that it will preserve all of the quality—the overtones, so to speak—of the finest engravings. We make a variety of fine papers, each better suited than the others to a particular style of drawing and engraving.

Warren's Cameo has a lusterless, ivory-like surface, beautiful in itself, and peculiarly adapted to subjects having soft, deep tones, as, for instance, platinum photographs or scenic views. Warren's Lustro, on the other hand, is a brilliant, polished paper which makes an engraving sparkle with life and snap.

Cumberland is a glossy, coated paper of moderate cost and splendid printing quality.

Silkote is made to supply at a low price part of the demand for dull finished paper created by the effectiveness of Cameo.

Printone, a semi-coated, is much in demand for large edition booklets and folders.

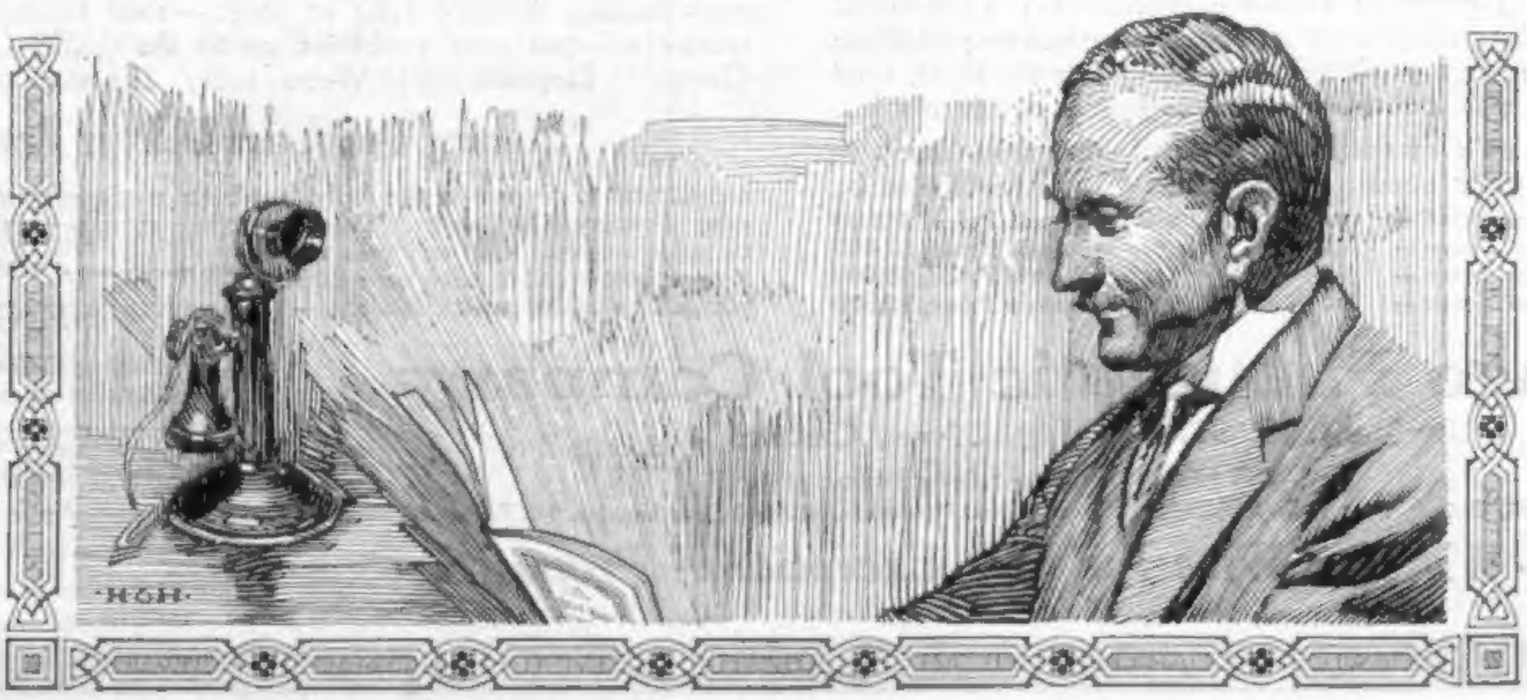
Don't you begin to see there is a lot to learn about paper? Our Suggestion Book and Supplementary Booklets constitute a liberal education on the subject. They are free if you will write on your business letterhead.

Warren's STANDARD

Printing Papers

S. D. WARREN & COMPANY, 162 Devonshire St., Boston, Mass.

Manufacturers of Standards in Coated and Uncoated Printing Papers



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Ask about it.

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